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THE LURE of the MASK

BY
HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"I will keep this simply till madame chose to reclaim it. Nothing has been advanced against it." A new thought came into the manager's mind, and he turned slightly pale. "If it is not madame's—"

"It is mine," said La Signorina. She was very angry, but her sense of justice admitted that Worth was perfectly right. "Once more I ask you not to make me miserable by forcing this trinket back upon me. Will you do me the honor to wait till tomorrow morning?"

The three men involved exchanged questioning looks.

"Till tomorrow morning, then," said Worth. "That will be all," he added to the manager, who was willing enough to make his escape.

"You will forgive us, won't you?" asked O'Mally. "It could not be. We men have some idea in our heads that you can't knock out with a club. It was fine of you. You've a heart as big as a'l out-doors. We'll keep the thought behind the deed. Eh, boys? Do not be angry with us."

"I am only sorry to have been found out," she answered, not ungraciously. Then she laughed. "You are the strangest people! One would think, to hear you talk, that I was giving you all this, when I merely advanced surity till your remittances come. Well, well, we shall say no more about it. I have a plan to lay before you that is vastly more interesting matter. It will be something of an adventure to us all."

"Adventure?" O'Mally ran his tongue across his lips like a thirsty man coming unexpectedy upon a pool of spring water.

"Adventure? Let us be gone upon it at once," said Worth, anxious to return into the graces of this singular woman.

"Any place, so long as there's board and keep in it," Smith declared.

Kitty tried to read La Signorina's eyes. What madness this time?

La S'gnorina again raised he veil. From her girdle-bag she took a letter, which she unfolded across her knees. "As I have said, I have friends in Italy, and some of them are rich and powerful. This letter is from a friend I have always known. Has any one of you ever heard of the Principessa di Monte Bianca?"

A thoughtful frown passed from one face to another; and each strove to recall this name among half-forgotten memories. Finally, one by one they shook their heads. The name had a familiar echo, but that was all. It was quite possible that they had seen it in the Paris edition of the Herald.

"Let me read this letter to you. She addresses me as Capricciosa, my stage name."

Her audience leaned forward attentively.

My Dear—I was very glad indeed to hear from you, and I shall be only too happy to offer you the temporary assistance you desire. You will recollect that I posses a villa just outside of Florence, a mile or so north of Fiesole. I have never been inside of it but once, in my childhood. The villa is furnished and kept in repair by an ancient gardener and his wife. You and your friends are welcome to occupy the Villa Ariadne as long as you please. You will find one annoyance: in the ravine below the Eighth corps has a shooting range, and it is noisy when the wind is in the east. Of course you will find all the chests, bureaus, sideboards and closets under seal; for I have not been there since the death of my father. None of the seals may be removed till I occupy the villa legally. However, the gardener and his wife have silver and linen and china, and with these you will be able to get along nicely. The fruits and roses and garden truck will be wholly yours, and if you are vegetarians you can live without expense for weeks. Take the villa, then, and enjoy yourselves. It is rather out of the beaten track, though at times it is invaded by tourists. Besides this letter I am giving you one of official authority, for there is always some formality. If you should need any financial aid, do not hesitate to call upon me.
LA PRINCIPESSA DI MONTE BIANCA.

"A villa!" exclaimed Kitty rapturously. So many villas had she seen, guarded by Lombady poplars or cypresses, that her mind hungered to live in one, if never so shortly.

"And the villa of a princess!" sighed O'Mally. "Fudge! I'm a patriot, all right, but may I be hanged if I shouldn't like to meet a princess, the real article, just once. What do you say, Smith?"

"Sure! It would be something to brag about. 'When I was in Florence my friend, the Princess di Whadeyuhcallit, said to me,' and so forth. Sounds good. But it's an idle dream, Tom, an idle dream."

"Will you permit me to read the letter?" asked Worth.

La Signorina consented. Worth had an idea; it was as yet nebulous; still, it was a shrewd idea, and needed only a small space to stand. The moment he saw the letter the nebulous idea became opaque. The page was neatly typewritten in Italian, and only the signature was in ink. It was a small, slanting, aristocratic signature.

"Do you read Italian?" she asked with pardonable malice.

"Very little, and nothing on this page." Worth felt embarrassed under her glance. Still he continued to stare at the letter. The crest on the paper, the postmark on the envelope, convinced him of the authenticity. The date was quite recent, and did not correspond with their unhappy sojourn in the Imperial City.

"The question is, shall we accept this offer?" She refolded the letter. "This was the plan I had in mind when we went to Monte Carlo, and a much better plan, too."

"Of course, we shall accept it," said Worth, confident that the mystery was still there, but that for the present he had been fooled.

"But what's the matter with your playing the princess to the neighbors?" suggested O'Mally, his eyes laughing. "I'll be the concierge, Smith the steward, and Kitty your maid."

"And I?" asked Worth.

"Oh, you can be her highness' private secretary and attend to the correspondence."

The laughter which followed this was light-hearted and careless. Once more worry had taken to wing and they were without burdens. Only La Signorina did not join the merriment. The sparks in her eyes the silver points of light, the flash of excitement, portended something. She rose with a determined air.

"Mr. O'Mally makes a very good suggestion. It will be an adventure worth recounting. I shall go as the princess. What sport with the country gentlemen! This will be an adventure after one's own heart. Her highness commands! Will it not be delightful?"

Worth looked at O'Mally, who looked at Smith, who looked at Kitty; then all four looked at La Signorina.

"Are you not lightening our trials by joking?" asked Worth dubiously.

"I am positively serious."

"Imposible! It would be nothing less than madness to fly in the face of this stroke of luck."

"Call it madness, if you like. I shall go as the princess."

"But the authorities! It will be prison."

"I am sufficiently armed for any event. It all depends upon your courage," with a veiled insolence calculated to make any man commit any kind of folly.

"It is not a question of courage," replied O'Mally; "it's prudence."

"Prudence in an Irishman?" more insolent than eyer.

"Oh, if you take that tone," said O'Mally, coloring, "why, the thing is done. Henceforth I am your majordomo. No one can call me a coward."

"O'Mally!"

"That's all right, Worth," said O'Mally. "I wouldn't turn back now for sixty-seven jails. You need not join."

"I shan't desert you in a strait like this," remarked Worth quietly. "Only, I think La Signorina rather cruel to force such a situation upon us, when it was entirely unnecessary. Put me against the correspondence."

"If I wasn't flat broke," said Smith, "I'd bow out politely. But where the grub-stake goes I must go. But I don't like this business a little bit. Signorina, do tell us that it's a joke."

"Yes," cried Kitty, still in doubt.

"I repeat, I am perfectly serious."

"But the consequences!" protested Kitty, now terrified.

"Consequences? I shall find a way to avoid them."

"But suppose some one who knows the real princess happens along?" said Worth, putting in his final argument.

"If I get into trouble of that sort, her highness will help me out. I thank Mr. O'Mally for his suggestion."

"Don't mention it," returned O'Mally dryly. Inwardly he was cursing his impulsive Irish blood.

"It is agreed, then, that tomorrow we depart for Florence as the Principessa di Monte Bianca and suite?"

Tears began to fill Kitty's eyes. To have everything spoiled like this! La Signorina would land them all in prison.

"There's a legal side to it," Smith advanced cautiously. "The law may not see the jest from your point of view."

"I believe I am clever enough to meet any contingency of that order."

"I give it up," said Worth despondently. "But your princess must be a very dear friend for you to take such liberties with her name."

"She appreciates a jest as thoroughly as I do; moreover, she will stand by me in anything I may do. Tomorrow morning, then. We shall go direct to Florence and engage carriages to take us out to the Villa Ariadne. We are all capable enough actors to carry out the venture successfully. And now, to relieve Mr. Worth's chivalrous mind, I shall reclaim my pendant. You will doubtless have enough money to forward yourselves to Florence. Once you arrive there you will leave the further burdens upon my shoulders. Come, Kitty, we must be going. I know that I can rely upon you gentlemen to enter with full spirit into the adventure."

"We are all crazy, but who cares?" O'Mally cried. But he trembled in his boots, and thought vainly of a certain comfortable chop house on old Broadway.

The three men bowed ceremoniously. Worth opened the door for the women, and when it closed after them he turned savagely toward O'Mally.

"You—ass!"

"There are others!" retorted O'Mally, afire. "You agreed; so drop it. But what the devil are we going to do?"

"That's the question!" Smith got out his pipe.

"We are all going to the Villa Ariadne, and from there to jail!" And Worth flung out of the salon.

"Jail," mused O'Mally. "Blame me if I don't believe he's right!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Giovanni.

It is in early morning that one should discover the Piazza San Marco. Few travelers, always excepting the Teutonic pilgrims, are up and about; and there is room for one's elbows in the great quadrangle. The doves are hungry then; and they alight on your hands, your arms, your shoulders, and even your hat. They are greedy and wise besides. Hidden among the statues above the arcades and in the cornices of the cathedral, they watch you well; this is as near saintliness as most of us will ever get.

How the warm sunshine brightens worn marbles, or flashes from the many windows, or sparkles from the oriental domes! And the colored marbles of the ducal palace fairly palpitate. In the bronze fountain at the left of the cathedral will be more doves taking their morning ablutions.

It was such a picture Merrihew and Hillard, his guide, came upon the morning following their arrival. They had not visited it during the night. They had, with the usual impatience of men, gone directly to the Campo Santa Maria Formosa for the great reward. They had watched and waited till near midnight, but in vain. For once Hillard's usual keenness had been at fault. He had forgotten that the Campo was to be entered from two ways, by gondola and by foot. He and Merrihew had simply guarded the bridge.

"I wonder why Giovanni ran away last night," said Merrihew, balancing a dove on his hand.

"I wonder, too," replied Hillard. "It is possible that he did not recognize me. I find that each day means a new wonder of some sort. Giovanni knows that I would do anything in my power to help him. But he runs away at the sight of me. In fact, they all run away from me. I must have the evil eye." He was shaking the cornucopia free of the last kernel of corn when he saw something which caused him to stifle an exclamation. "Dan," he said, "keep on feeding the doves. If I'm not back inside of 10 minutes, return to the hotel and wait for me. No questions; I'll tell you everything later."

Merrihew's eyes widened. What now? His tongue longed to wag, but by this time he was readily obeying Hillard in all things.

A neat little woman was buying corn. Hillard stepped over to her and touched her arm. As she faced him, he raised his hat, smiling.

"Oh!" The corn spilled in a golden shower, and the doves, fickle as all flighty things are, deserted Merrihew for the moment.

"And where may I find your distinguished mistress?" Hillard asked pleasantly.

"She is not in the Campo Formosa, signore." Bettina, recovering her scattered wits, laughed.

"But you were—last night."

"Yes. I watched you and your friend for some time." Bettina's eyes were merry. She would play with him. Everything was so tedious now.

"Your mistress is in Venice."

"Perhaps. At least her maid is."

"I should not dare suggest a bribe," he said slyly.

"You might make the attempt, just to see what I should do."

Merrihew stood watching them, having lost interest in the doves.

"Supposing I should drop a hundred-lire note, accidentally, and walk away?" Hillard twisted the ends of his mustache.

"But first I should have to tell you, accidentally, where my mistress is?"

"That, of course."

"A hundred-lire note!" To Bettina this was an enormous sum in these unfortunate days. Her resolution wavered. "A hundred-lire note!" She felt that she could make no strong defense against such an assault.

Hillard drew the note from his pocket and crinkled it. "A new dress and bits of lace."

Bettina saw duty one way and avarice the other. Her mistress would never know. Still, if she should find out that she, Bettina, had betrayed her! Was a hundred-lire note worth the risk of losing her mistress? She began to think deeply. At length she shook her head sorrowfully.

"No, signore. I dare not."

"But a hundred lire!"

"Ah, no, no!" Bettina put her hands over her ears.

"Then I shall follow you step by step, all the day long."

She searched for the jest in his eeys, but there was none. Yes, he would do it. How was she to escape him? Her glance traveled here and there. By the glass-shop on the corner she espied two carabinieri. There lay the way.

"Do you see them?" she asked.

"The carab'nieri? Yes." But he swore under his breath, as he understood the drift of her inquiry.

"I shall ask them to hold you."

"But I have done nothing."

"Not yet, but you will attempt to follow me."

"Begin," he said, with a banter.

"What's the row, Jack?" Merrihew called out impatiently. Why didn't they talk in a language a fellow could understand?

"Stay where you are, Dan." To Bett'na, Hillard repeated: "Begin."

She dusted her hands of the corn and walked resolutely toward the carabinieri. Hillard, equally resolute, followed, but with a roving eye which took in all things ostensibly save Bettina. He had a plan by which he proposed to circumvent any interference by the guardians. And Bettina aided him, for she never turned her head till she stood at the side of the carabinieri.

"Signori, this man is following me," she said.

Hillard came on and would have passed, but they stopped h'm.

"You are following the signorina," said one.

"I? What put such a preposterous idea into the lady's head?" Hillard demanded indignantly.

For a moment the carabinieri entertained some doubt.

"He is following me, I tell you," Bettina reiterated, "I do not wish him ill. Simply detain him till I am out of sight."

This was not unreasonable. "It shall be as the little signorina wishes;" and the carabinieri laughed. It was some jest, and they would take their part in it willingly.

Hillard resigned, and Bettina took to her hees. Her victory was a permanent one, for the carabinieri released Hillard only when they knew it would be impossible for him to take up the pursuit. So, taking his defeat philosophically, Hillard returned to Merrihew.

"Well, what was it?" asked Merrihew, scattering the doves.

"Did I ever tell you about Bettina?"

"Bettina? No."

"Well, she is the maid. The women we are looking for are here in Venice. Now, what's on the program for the rest of the morning?"

Merrihew jammed his hands into his pockets. "Oh, let's go and take a look at the saints. I'm in the mood for it."

So the two set out at the heels of the German tourists. They went through the cathedral and the ducal palace, and when the bronze clock beat out the noon hour Merrihew was bursting with information such as would have filled any ordinary guidebook. He never dreamed that the world held so many different kinds of stone or half so many saints. As they started off for the hotel he declared that he would be willing to give ten dollars for a good twenty-round fight, as a countrirritant.

"You ought to be ashamed of yoursef!" cried Hillard.

"I know it. It's like caviar; the taste has to grow. I'm capable of only a limited artistic education, Jack; so feed me slowly."

"You're in love."

"That's better than growing maudlin over a raft of saints who never did any good. Your Titians and your Veroneses are splendid; there's color and life there. But these cross-eyed mosaics!" Merrihew threw up his hands in protest.

Hillard let go his laughter. Merrihew was amusing, and his frankness in regard to his lack of artistic temperament in nowise detracted from his considerable accomplishments.

As they passed out of the quadrangle a man accosted them. It was Giovanni, with a week's growth of beard on his face, his clothes ragged and his shoes out at the toes. Swiftly he enjoined silence.

"Follow me," he said softly.

He led them through tortuous streets over canal after canal, toward the Campo San Angelo. He came to a stop before a dilapidated tenement and signified that the journey was at an end. The three mounted the dusty worn stairs of stone to the third landing; and from all sides they were assailed by the odor of fish and garlic. Giovanni opened a door and bade them enter.

"Why did you run away from me last night, Giovanni?"

"I was afraid. When I returned for you, you were gone. But last night I was a fugitive, in hiding. Today I am free," with an exultant note.

"Free?" said Hillard, astonished.

"I shall explain. I have been to Paris. Come."

Seated by the window which overlooked the little canal was a young woman. Her hands lay passively in her lap, and her head was lowered. The pose was resignation. She did not stir as they entered.

"You have found her?" whispered Hillard, a great pity swelling his heart. What, after all, were his own petty troubles in the face of this tragedy?

"Carissime?" called the father, his voice thrilling with boundless love.

At the sound she turned her head. Her face, thin and waxen, was still beautiful, ethereally beautiful, but without life. She was, perhaps, three and twenty.

"I have brought an old friend to see you," said Giovanni. "Do you remember the Signore Hillard?"

"Oh, yes! I am glad." She stood up. Hillard offered his hand awkwardly, and hers touched it with the chill dampness of snow.

"We are going back to the Sabine Hills, Enrichetta and I." The old man rubbed his hands joyously. "Eh, carissime?"

"Yes, father," with a smile which had neither gladness nor interest in it.

"But dare you?" asked Hillard in an undertone.

"Yes. A great noble has interceded for me. The news of his success came this early morning. I am free; I may walk with men again."

Merrihew leaned against the wall, uneasy and wishing himself anywhere but here. Tender and generous, he hated the sight of pain. They were talking in Italian, but intuitively he translated. What a devil of a world it was!

Giovanni made his daughter sit down again, patted her cheeks, then pushed his friends into another room, closing the door.

"I found her," he said in English, the chords in his throat standing out. "And Mother of Christ, how I have suffered! She was dancing. She had to sit at tables and drink with the men. That, or the Seine. When she saw me she gave a great cry and fell. She has not been like herself, but that will pass away in time. Now she sits in silence and broods. I went to the Italian ambassador. He heard my story in full. He wrote personally to the king. Today I am free. I have had to walk from Milan, almost. I had little money. That letter of credit—so you call it?—is with my cousin in Sorento."

"How much will you need to get to Rome?"

"Hold on, Jack," interposed Merrihew. "I'll take care of the financial end. I won money at Monte Carlo, Giovanni; so it will hurt nobody if you take five hundred francs."

Giovanni scorned to hide his tears. Ah, these Americans! Who could match them for impulsive generosity?

"I will pay it back," he said.

"No, I give it to you, Giovanni. It will ease my conscience of the sin of gambling."

"Both of you will live to a good old age," said Giovanni prophetically. "Good men are needed in the world, and God doesn't take all of them young."

"And the man?" Hillard could not refrain from putting this question.

Giovanni looked down. "The signore told me never to speak of that again."

"So I did," replied Hillard. "But all is changed now."

"Do you think so?" Giovanni did not smile.

"Go back to your hills with your daughter and leave vengeance in the hands of God. Forget this man who has wronged you. You are free now; and with care and love you may bring happiness back to her. Forget."

"If he does not cross my path; and if she lives. I have suffered too greatly to forgive and forget. I promise not to seek him."

This was a great victory, and Hillard thrust out his hand. Giovanni did not take it.

"No, signore. I have only promised not to seek him."

Merrihew, to divert the trend of conversation, counted out five hundred francs. "Here's your money, Giovanni."

"Thank you!" Giovanni put the bills away. In the best of times he was not voluble. "I shall now leave Venice at once. I have friends in Fiesole, near Florence."

"Good-by, then, Giovanni. Take good care of yourself," said Hillard.

"And you will visit me when you come to Rome?" asked Giovanni earnestly.

"Surely."

The old man went down to the street with them. They were so kind. He hated the thought of losing them. But let them come to the Sabines; there would be wine in plenty, and tobacco, and cherries. He remained standing in the door till they took the turn for the bridge. They waved their hands cheerily and vanished from sight. They never saw Giovanni again; yet his hand was to work out the great epoch in Hillard's destiny.

"Poor devil!" said Merrihew. "You remember, Jack, that I once went in for medicine?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have some part of the gift yet. That little girl will not live three months; heart. There is such a thing as a broken heart, and the girl has it."

"Then Heaven help Giovanni and the man who caused this!"

(To Be Continued.)

HOW TO PROVE A MYTH

NOTHING is easier than proving that every man in history was mythical. Archbishop Whately has shown conclusively that Napoleon never lived. By carefully scrutinizing Washington's addresses one can find cryptograms that establish the fact that Hamilton and Jefferson invented him. Why, one could prove in five minutes that Abraham Lincoln, the emancipation of slaves, and the late war are all legends, just as Renan and Straus suggest that many things in the life of Jesus are mythical. Two thousand years from now some Renan of American history will investigate the Lincoln myth. Then his argument will move along these lines: Beyond all doubt there must have been at some early time a collision between the black race and the white race. Patriotism needs heroes. Youth feeds upon the godlike qualities in great leaders. Needing a giant, therefore the far-off American fathers created martyr. They named him Abraham Lincoln, and made him tall of body as well as mind.

But in building up the myth they were very clumsy. If they had named him John Lincoln, they might have deceived us—but Abraham—that is too much. Abraham means the freeman and the emancipator, and inasmuch as they proposed to make him free slaves, they named him Abraham. This is in itself very suspicious. Not content with casting about until they found the title Abram, they kept on until they took the name Ham, which was the name of the colored race, the children of Ham, and then they tacked that word "Ham" on to the Abram. This not only stirs suspicion, but it gives absolute certainty of the mythical origin. Having now proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that this Abraham Lincoln was a myth, we now come to other arguments, though these are not needed.

In building this myth about an emancipator they made Abraham Lincoln's vice president to be called Hannibal Hamlin. Inasmuch as this administration was to emancipate the slaves, who were the sons of Ham, they ventured to tack this Ham on to the vice president's name, calling him Hamlin. Probably they did the same thing with his given name Hannibal. It may be that the printers of two thousand years ago changed an "m" to an "n," for without doubt the inventors of the myth named the vice president Hammibal Hamlin, which has been corrupted to Hannibal. But having now proved that the vice president also was a myth, let us now examine critically the growth of the idea that there was any rebellion on the part of the southern states.

Count the letters in the name of Abraham Lincoln and there are 14, and the letters of Hannibal Hamlin, and there are 14, giving us the exact 28 states that they represented, showing us how the creator of the myth worked it out mathematically. But today no man of culture can believe for a moment that there ever was any Lincoln or Hamlin, or that there ever was any war with the south. Our scholarship in the year 4000 has relegated the birthday of Lincoln to the limbo of exploded superstitions. Now, in the same way, one can take any personage in history—any orator, any philosopher, statesman or emperor—and in a single 24 hours produce a series of statements establishing a seeming myth or legend round about an historic figure.

A SURVIVING SWINDLE

Chicago Tribune.

SOMEWHERE in the United States a gray haired, gentle mannered, kindly old man of 50 years or more is in search of a farm for his son. All over the country there are sheriffs consumed by the desire to lay eyes and a heavy hand upon this same old man, for he is H. G. Fischer, or John H. Hoover, or John H. Kline, as he is said to variously call himself, who has the most remarkable profession known to the brotherhood of clever rogues. Always in search of a farm for his son, he has gathered to his sundry names farms enough to supply the sons of Brigham Young.

In the rogues' galleries of a score of large cities is a grist of information about Fischer. The data put together in the grim language of sheriffs and detectives from various points explains to the minutest detail how he accomplishes his ends and describes his personal appearance to an obscure scar on the temple. Yet Fischer passes through the land, the pleasant old man, eternally looking for a farm for his son.

After fixing his choice upon a piece of land and getting it for his offspring, Fischer invariably contracts a good-sized loan upon the property "to fit it up" for the coming of the youthful proprietor. Then he disappears and revelations ensue. From all accounts the mysterious speculator has gathered together $500,000 within the space of 10 years.

The story of how Reinhard Billerbeck, a farmer of Dodge county, Neb., suffered a cloud upon the title of his land and of how John O'Connor, for eight years a county register of deeds and necessarily an expert in land documents, was swindled out of $3,000 is the story of how Fischer gets farms for his fortunate, if conjectural heir.

A stranger walked into the town of Dodge, Neb., about January 20 and almost immediately opened negotiations with several farmers with a view to purchasing their property. He investigated the worthiness of all the land in the neighborhood and priced closely into the values of all the property that was offered for sale. A notary public, who was incidentally a banker in the little town, tendered capable aid to the apparently affluent purchaser. In the end the stranger, whose name was given as H. G. Fischer, caused Billerbeck to produce the deed to his property before the notary and have it sworn to with the assurance that the deal shortly would be closed for the sum of $90,000.

This done, Fischer next made his appearance in the office of John O'Connor, who had recently completed his last term as register of deeds and was a budding real estate dealer at Fremont, Neb. Fischer inquired of O'Connor as a final precaution into the validity of Billerbeck's claims to the farm in question and the personal integrity of Billerbeck. O'Connor, having a remembrance of the record showing Billerbeck's ownership and a personal acquaintance with the Dodge farmer, readily gave his recommendation on the property and the man.

On the following day Fischer made a second visit to the office of O'Conner. "Well, I've got the farm," he announced pleasantly. With the words he produced a deed showing the transfer of property. The document bearing the seal of the Dodge notary public and the familiar signature of Reinhard Billerbeck passed as faultless under the scrutiny of the expert ex-register. O'Connor's eyes showed the appreciation he felt in seeing such a fine transaction concluded.

In the even, suave manner he had exhibited throughout his dealings, Fischer then approached the final matter that remained unaccomplished before him. He had exhausted all his ready funds in completing his purchase, and it remained for him yet to install farm machinery, implements and stock upon the newly purchased property, he explained. It had become necessary for him to negotiate a loan About $3,000 would do nicely. O'Connor was only too glad to accommodate Mr. Fischer. A mortgage deed was quickly drawn and the two stepped briskly to a local bank. At the cashier's window Mr. Fischer was introduced and Mr. O'Connor's draft for $3,000 was passed through. O'Connor had just recently disposed of a house and lot for $3,500, which represented his account in the bank. The loan was handed through the window to Fischer in crisp $100, $50 and $10 bills.

In a few moments Fischer had gone. It was the last O'Connor saw of the man or of his life's savings. He telephoned Billerbeck at Dodge. Then the deluge. In rapid sequence of events, while a half dozen Nebraska towns were roused to thrills of excitement and conjectures and the sheriffs of many counties were "keeping the wires hot," the truth about Fischer, "the man who goes into a community and represents himself as looking for a farm for his son," was developed. Police circulars from a score of towns all over the country told how the old man had operated the self-same game in those communities. It developed that Fischer had obtained a facsimile of the notary's seal at Dodge and a memory of Billerbeck's signature in the brief scene that transpired when he caused Billerbeck to have his deed sworn. Later he made a duplicate seal, and with that and his skilled forgery of the signature he had executed one. A little band of rogues gathered quite a fortune in operating it 20 years ago, ot which time they were brought one by one into the toils of the law. Apparently Fischer is either the overlooked survivor of that original gang or operates as the sole inheritor of its forgotten knowledge.

The Rich and Unloved

New York Evening Post.

THERE is, however, a pathetic, almost a tragic side to the Rockefeller Foundation. It is the human, the personal aspect. Mr. Rockefeller bestows hundreds of millions upon a people who do not love him. The great outburst of acclaim which would ordinarily follow such a public beneficence will not be his. He is an unpopular man, and, so far as can be seen, nothing that he can now do will ever lead his fellow-countrymen to shower upon him praise and approval. Into the causes of this it is not necessary to enter. So far as public reasons go Mr. Rockefeller's identification for so many years with a company which came to touch the life of nearly everybody in the country, and which was believed to have long practiced oppression and extortion, is enough to account for the associations that have been fastened upon his name. But there are personal reasons as well. To see what we mean, one has only to compare Mr. Rockefeller with Mr. Carnegie. Each set about giving away a tremendous fortune in his life-time, but with what different results? The difficult art of being very popular while very rich seems to have been perfectly mastered by Mr. Carnegie, but missed almost completely by Mr. Rockefeller. The former is easy and jolly in his manners, with an air of good-fellowship about him, taking a kind of boyish and even boisterous delight in his philanthropies, and making himself with his smile and his bonhomie a welcome figure everywhere. But all of that is quite beyond Mr. Rockefeller's range. By contrast, he appears awkward and hermit-like and melancholy. The very care which he gives to his charitable work, scrutinizing all applications closely, and elaborating plans like a conscientious business man instead of a jovial flinger-about of his money, while in itself a most praiseworthy thing, has undoubtedly the effect of detracting from an appearance of abandon and exurberance in his philanthropies. All this is in a true sense pitiful, yet it is inevitable. To the end of his days, so far as men can see, Mr. Rockefeller will continue to be thought of personally by the mass of his countrymen very much as he has been for 30 years. This is surely the tragic stuff of which human life is made. Possibly 100 years from now some historical scholar under the Rockefeller Foundation will be set to studying the political and social conditions in the United States from 1875 to 1910 and will find to his amazement that the name of his benevolent founder had in his lifetime been held in execration by millions!

Never Met Her "Husband."

New York American.

Can a woman be married at 12 years without knowing she has a husband?

This is the question that Mrs. Sarah E. Nelson d'Utassy, of 57 West 39th street, asked herself last night when she was informed that Justice Blanchard in the supreme court had yesterday annulled her marriage to Charles E. Jackson.

The annullment was granted to the man on the ground that the woman whom he married at "the Little Church Around the Corner," in this city, in August, 1897, had refused to live with him or take his name. Ever since the wedding, he testified, she had maintained a separate residence. He declared that his bride was Sarah E. Nelson d'Utassy, the widow of Charles F. d'Utassy, and that they had become acquainted in Baltimore.

"This is the strangest thing I ever heard of," Mrs. d'Utassy said last night when asked regarding the annullment. "I am not the woman referred to in this case, although the name and initials are the same. It is an amazing coincidence.

"My husband was Gen. Charles F. d'Utassy, a Hungarian soldier. He died in May, 1892. I have since been a widow. It is true that I lived in Baltimore for a time just after my husband died. I know several persons there named Jackson, but I do not recall any one by the name of Charles E. Jackson. I certainly never married any one of that name."

Tricked the Auctioneer.

F. Charles Giddy in the February Strand.

The most curious recollection I have is, I think, that of an incident which illustrates very strikingly the tricky ways of some smart second-rate brokers, and the pains they will be at in order to take any advantaage they can of the slips which auctioneers or their clerks cannot help making sometimes. It was quite in my early days as an auctioneer that I was at a sale where there was put up one of those 'combination washstands with mirror and other fittings attached. The wash stand and the fittings had been set down in the catalogue as two lots, and a dealer who had obviously read through the catalogue with keen accuracy duly observed this fact. "Halloa!" said our friend; "I fancy I can make some money out of this." And this was the way he went about it. It is the custom of brokers to purchase articles at a sale for different people and under different names, and he accordingly attended the sale and bought the washstand under the name of Brown, and then the fittings under that of Robinson. The washstand being sent to Brown, he at once demanded the fittings as well. "Do you think I should have bought the washstand," he said, "if I hadn't also purchased the fittings to go with it?" Our representative thought that there was something in his argument, and, imagining that the fittings had probably been left out by mistake, promised that he should have them, and saw that they were sent on to him. Thereupon, the next person to see us was Robinson, and he insisted upon having the fittings which he had purchased. Needless to say, we were in a pretty quandary, and we did not get out of the matter until after the loss of a lawsuit. I think this incident will serve to show how sharp a lookout we auctioneers have to keep upon the wiles of brokers."

When the Sleeper Wakes.

United Presbyterian.

"John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2:17 a. m., "did you lock the kitchen door?"

And John, who is inner guard and was just dreaming over last evening's lodge meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign and responded: "Worthy Ruler, our portals are guarded!"

Oh, he hit the title right, even if he was asleep.

TAVERNAY

A TALE of THE RED TERROR

BY

BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XXV.

In the Shadow.

"So, Citizen Tavernay," he repeated, dwelling on the words with a malicious triumph, "you did not escape, after all—you and yonder pretty cidevant. God's blood, but this is a pleasant moment!"

He stopped and looked into my eyes, then burst into a roar of laughter.

"For me, I mean!" he cried, holding his sides. "For me—not for you. Come—look at it from my standpoint. Be large-minded enough to look at it from my standpoint. Could anything have been more perfect, more complete, more admirable in every way? It tempts me almost to believe in Providence!"

I could only stand and stare at him and wonder numbly whether he were man or devil.

"You wonder how I know you?" he continued. "True, I have never before had the supreme pleasure of meeting you thus, face to face, and of conversing pleasantly with you as I am now doing; but I know you perfectly, nevertheless. The Nation has a sharp eye for its enemies, and it never sleeps. That eye has been upon you from the moment of your flight."

But I had shaken off my stupor and got something of my boldness back.

"Nonsense!" I said, contemptuously. "I am not fleeing. I am on my way to join the forces at Thouars. You mistake me for someone else."

He looked at me and nodded, while his smile grew and broadened.

"Not bad," he commended. "But it is useless for you to lie. Even if you were not Tavernay, your fate is none the less assured. I can well underhtand your reluctance to part with life," and he cast a leering glance toward the still form on the cot. "You must have found life very pleasant recently. But do not despond. You are leaving your mistress in tender hands. She will not want for affection!"

"What is the charge against me?" I demanded, controlling as well as I could the wrath which devoured me.

"The charge?" he repeated, negligently. "Oh, I do not know—there are a dozen charges. I have not yet determined which I shall use. But what does it matter? Between ourselves, I will tell you, citizen, that I have decided on your death because you are in the way," and again his eyes wandered to that still figure.

"You would, then," I said, realizing that I must keep my calmness, "murder a patriot in order to be more free to wrong a woman?"

"A patriot?" he sneered. "Perhaps not—but I would murder an aristocrat for far less cause than that."

"I am not ah aristocrat!" I protested desperately.

"So you persist in that farce?" he queried coldly. "Really, you grow wearisome. Perhaps you will explain then, how you happen to be wearing the clothing of that traitor, Pasdeloup?"

My tongue refused to answer and he laughed again as he noted my confusion.

"I recognize it, every stitch," he went on evenly; "every stitch except the shoes. And I even think I can guess where you got those! More than that, I can have you identified in a moment. Perhaps you remember Sergeant Dubosq, whom you encountered on the road from Tours. I am sure that he will recall you readily, even in this guise, for he has an excellent memory. Shall I summon him?"

I saw that it was useless to persist.

"No," I answered; "don't disturb the sergeant."

"You admit, then, that you are Tavernay?"

"Yes," I answered boldly; "why not? I have committed no crime—"

"You have opposed the nation."

"In what way? By trying to escape?"

"You have abetted the nation's enemies."

"By accepting their hospitality? Come, this is childish!"

"You have murdered two patriots," he went on inexorably.

"Two?" I repeated, with a start.

"One you stabbed last night."

"It was his life or mine."

"The other you shot a few moments ago."

"To defend a woman's honor."

A sudden light blazed in his eyes.

"You pretend it still exists?" he sneered.

I gave him a look, which, had looks that power, would have scorched and shriveled him where he stood. But instead of shrinking, he came very close to me and stared into my eyes, a fiendish grin upon his lips.

"Really, Citizen Tavernay," he said at last, "it would appear from your countenance that this surprising thing is true, and yet I can scarcely believe it! Have you taken a vow? Are you—but no matter! I thank you, my friend, for your forbearance. I applaud your virtue, which is really unique, even in this age of virtue. Nevertheless, you must agree with me that your death is more than ever necessary. Indeed, I find you already one too many!" and he glanced toward the cot with a meaning unmistakable.

"What a brute!" I murmured, contempt mastering every other emotion. "What a brute! This is your whole life, then! You think of nothing but vileness! I might have guessed as much by looking at you! But one victim has already escaped you—"

"Yes," he broke in, his face suddenly contorted with rage; "if I knew the wretch who fired that shot, he would have been in hell long ere this!"

"She died in her husband's arms," I continued, seeing how the words stung him, "happy, his lips on hers. Of you, she had never so much as heard the name; during her whole life, not once did she so much as think of you. For her you have never existed—never will exist! She has escaped you!"

"Go on!" he said hoarsely, licking his lips with a purple tongue. "Body of God, go on!"

His face was convulsed with anguish, great drops of sweat stood out across his forehead, he was quivering under the blows I dealt him and yet he seemed to get a kind of fearful pleasure from them. And in that instant I saw how he had been consumed by a hopeless passion; how he had beaten himself against a lofty wall which he could never hope to scale; how he was at this moment eating his heart out—and I might have found it in my soul to pity him, if I had not so loathed and hated him for the evil it was still in his power to do.

"Go on!" he repeated savagely. "What more?"

"Nothing more," I answered, "except that your second victim will escape you even as the other. God protects his angels!"

"Pah!" he yelled, his wrath bursting forth like a whirlwind. "I will show you how He protects them!" and he sprang toward the cot like a wild beast.

A blind fury seized me—a fury maddening, uncontrollable. I saw red—literally and actually. I saw red, as though the world had been suddenly drenched with blood. I strained at the cord about my wrists until it cut deep into the flesh; I hurled myself toward him, only to be jerked back cruelly by the noose about my neck. I cursed him till I could curse no longer; I affirmed my soul's hope of eternity for a single moment's freedom.

Then, suddenly, I realized my impotence; a great calm fell upon me. I stopped and looked at him. He had left the cot and came back to me, bringing a candle with him in order to see more clearly, and he stood there regarding me with the air of a connoisseur.

"Well, citizen," he asked, with a diabolical smile, "have you finished? If you care to begin again, pray do so, for it is very amusing. If not, I fear I shall have to bid you adieu."

A long sigh from the cot interrupted him; he turned with a start, holding the candle above his head. In an instant I saw my chance; I drew up my leg and kicked him savagely, with all my strength, full in the belly.

He went back and down with one terrible yell and lay writhing upon the floor. Again I tore wildly at my bonds, but the flap of the tent was dashed aside and the guard rushed in.

Goujon sat upright, with an effort, swaying from side to side.

"String him up!" he yelled, his lips white with froth like a mad dog's. "Hang him! Out with him this instant! An aristocrat and a traitor!" the words rose in a scream of agony. "Oh, he has killed me!" he groaned, and fell forward upon his face.

"God grant it!" I murmured. "Oh, God grant it!"

Already their hands were upon me, dragging me away.

"Tavernay!" screamed a voice. "Tavernay! Oh, my love!" and I turned my head to see Charlotte starting from the cot, her hands outstretched.

For an instant, I shook them off, then they closed about me and hurled me from the tent. I fancied that death was upon me then and there, so merciless were the blows they dealt me. By some miracle I managed to keep my feet, and suddenly a gigantic figure drove itself through the crowd like a catapult.

"Murderers!" he shrieked. "Assassins!" and I heard the blows which sent them right and left. "What!" he continued, taking his stand before me, "you would kill a defenseless man—20 against one? What sort of cowards are you?"

"He is an aristocrat," broke in the man who held my halter. "Citizen Goujon has ordered that he be hanged."

"Hang him and welcome," rejoined the new-comer. "But don't let me catch you worrying him like dogs. Now off with you!"

The voice sounded strangely familiar in my ears, and when I had

THE GYROSCOPE AND GREASE

LUBRICATION is a vital part of the Brennan gyroscope car," writes Perceval Gibbon in McClure's. "Let that fail and the axles, grinding and red hot, would eat through the white metal of the bearings as a knife goes through butter. It is a thing that has been foreseen by the inventor; to the lubricating apparatus is affixed a danger signal that would instantly warn the engineer.

"'But,' says Brennan, 'if one broke down the other gyroscope would hold her up—till ye could run her to a siding anyway.'

"'But supposing the electric apparatus failed?' suggests somebody. 'Supposing the motor driving the gyroscopes broke down; what then?'

"'They'd run for a couple of days with the momentum they've got,' answers the inventor. 'And for two or three hours that 'ud keep it upright by itself.'

"On the short track at Gillingham there are no gradients to show what the car can do in the way of climbing, but here again the inventor is positive. She will run up a slope as steep as one in six, he says.

"There is no reason to doubt him; the five-foot model that he used to exhibit could climb much steeper inclines, run along a rope stretched six feet above the ground or remain at rest upon it while the rope was swung to and fro. It would do all these things while carrying a man, and for my part I am willing to take Brennan's word.

"It was over 10 years before he found the answer to the problem—10 years of making experimental machines and scrapping them, of filing useless patents, of doubt and persistence. But the answer was found—in the spinning top.

"A spinning top set down so that it stands at an angle to the floor will right itself; it will rise till it stands upright on the point of equal friction. Brennan's resource, therefore, was to treat his gyroscope as a top. He enclosed it in a case, through which its axles projected, and at each side of the car he built stout brackets reaching forth a few inches below each end of the axle.

"The result is not difficult to deduce. When the car came to a curve, the centrifugal action tended to throw it outward; the side of the car that was on the inside of the curve swung up and the bracket touched the axle of the gyroscope.

"Forthwith, in the manner of its father, the top, the gyroscope tried to stand upright on the bracket; all the weight of it and all its wonderful force were pressed on that side of the car, holding it down against the tendency to rise and capsize. The thing was done; the spinning top had come to the rescue of its posterity. It only remained to fit a double gyroscope with the wheels revolving in opposite directions, and, save for engineering details, the monorail car was evolved."

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Nature warns you when the track of health is not clear. Kidney and bladder trouble compel you to pass water often through the day and get up many times during the night.

Unhealthy kidneys cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease, the very worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, **who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects,** while the **original disease** constantly undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better, they will help the other organs to health. In taking Swamp-Root, you afford natural help to Nature for Swamp-Root is a gentle healing vegetable compound—a physician's prescription for a specific disease.

You cannot get rid of your aches and pains if your kidneys are out of order. You cannot feel right when your kidneys are wrong.

Swamp-Root Is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

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MAY TAKE one, two or three teaspoonfuls before or after meals and at bedtime.
Children less according to age.
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This great remedy is recommended for kidney, liver, bladder and Uric Acid troubles and disorders due to weak kidneys, such as catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism, lumbago and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney disease. It is pleasant to take.
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shaken the blood from my eyes, I saw that my rescuer was Dclosq.

"Many thanks, my friend," I said, and he started round, astonished. "It seems you do not know me," I added, as he stared his bewilderment, "and yet it was only two days ago that we met on the road from Tours."

He seized a torch from the hand of a by-stander and flashed it into my face.

"My word, citizen!" he cried. "Small wonder! You looked like a bridegroom, then—and now—. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have been trying to escape being murdered," I rejoined. "And it seems that I am not going to escape, after all."

"Oh, yes you will," he corrected, "you shall not be murdered. I will see to that—only prettily executed."

"There is a difference, then?" I questioned, with irony.

"All the difference in the world," he answered with conviction. "The one is irregular and is apt to be bungled; it is done without authority and without method, and is often needlessly prolonged. The other is carefully planned and quickly carried out; all unpleasantness is avoided—"

"Oh, it is!" I broke in, with a little laugh. "I am glad to know that!"

"Citizen, you surprise me!" protested Dubosq, and I saw that he was in earnest. "I thought you more of a philosopher. Since this is the end, why worry about it?"

"I will try not to," I said "but at twenty-one, the end comes rather early."

"True," he agreed, and gazed at me contemplatively. "I had forgot that you were so young."

"At any rate, I thank you for your interest," I said.

"Perhaps it is misplaced," and he looked at me, frowning heavily. "So you were an accomplice of the ci-devant Favras, after all. You lied very prettily that morning, citizen—and I would have sworn that you were fresh from the nursery! That's one on old Dubosq!"

"Not in the least!" I protested. "I did not lie—I had never seen Favras before. He took my horse by force, as I related to you; but I found him awaiting me at the next town. He restored my horse to me and insisted that I spend the night at his chateau."

"Faith, citizen," said Dubosq, with a laugh, "you'd better have lost your horse and spent the night under a hedge. As it is, you lose your life, and enter the eternal night."

"Yes; there's no help for that, I suppose?"

"Not if Citizen Goujon has ordered it."

"He did order it," broke in one of my persecutors, who had listened to all this with ill-concealed impatience, "and at once."

"Very well, comrade," said Dubosq, "come along, then. But he didn't order you to torture this fellow, and, pardieu, I'll see that you don't. If you have any message, Citizen —— I've forgotten your name."

"Tavernay," I prompted.

"Oh, yes; I remember. Well, if you have any messages, Citizen Tavernay, I'll be glad to take charge of them. It's the only kindness I can do you, I'm afraid."

"Thanks, my friend," I answered, tears in my eyes at this unexpected favor. "If you could convey news of my death to my mother at Beaufort—"

"Citizen," I said, lowering my voice, "for myself I do not greatly care. But I had a companion—a pure and beautiful woman. If you can save her from death or worse, you will be doing a noble action."

Dubosq pulled his great mustaches thoughtfully.

"Is she an aristocrat?" he asked at last.

"Not at all," I hastened to assure him. "She was merely a guest at the chateau like myself."

"I will see what can be done," he promised; "but it will be no easy task."

"I know it, my friend. Therefore I ask it of you."

"Come, Citizen Tavernay," he said, raising his head suddenly, "I can pledge you one thing."

"And that?"

"That she has nothing worse to fear than death."

"God bless you!" I said, with trembling lips. "God bless you! Now I can die in peace."

"Do you know, citizen," said Dubosq, in a voice almost tender, "I regret more and more that you did not accept my invitation to join us that morning, for, by my soul, you are a gallant fellow!"

We had reached a small oak which grew upon the hillside, and one end of the line was thrown over a lower branch.

"One minute to shrive yourself, citizen," called a rude voice.

I looked out over the hillside. The moon was sailing high in the heavens, and I noticed that the flock of sheep was moving down toward us. Just above us was the line of sentinels, and the fires of the camp gleamed along the road below. I could see the soldiers crowded about them, for the night was chill; could hear their jests and laughter. The tragedy which was enacting here on the hillside, and which meant so much to me, concerned them not at all. They would go their way, the world would wag along, only I would no longer be a part of it. My mother—this would be her death, too—the death of all her hopes, all her ambitions. She would have nothing more to live for. I wondered what she was doing at this moment—did some message of the spirit warn her that her only son was in deadly peril? Another woman would miss me—but aside from that, my disappearance would be scarce noted. It would create not even a ripple on the great ocean of the world. My life would count for nothing.

I thought of all this, and more, which I can not set down here—and commended my soul to God. So this was the end! How little I had foreseen it when I had ridden so bravely out from Beaufort! How deeply I had lived in those three days! They seemed to count more than all the rest of my life—

"The time is up, citizen!" called the same rude voice.

Dubosq was at my side.

"Courage!" he whispered. "It is soon over!"

"Adieu, my friend," I said. "Remember your promise."

"I do remember it. Trust me."

I raised my head. At least I would die worthily.

"Long live the King!" I shouted, "Death to the Na—"

There came a sharp pain at my throat—

Then, as though I had uttered a signal, a hundred muskets crashed from the hedge at our right; the rope relaxed; I opened my eyes to see with astonishment the sheep rising on two legs and charging down upon us. The night was filled with shrill cries, with hideous yells. In the camp, a drum was beating, and I could see the Blues running to arm themselves, dashing hither and thither in panic, their officers striving to bring order to the frenzied mob. But the savage flood was upon us—

"At least, aristocrat, you shall not escape!" hissed a voice in my ear, and the world reeled and turned black before me as a great blow fell upon my head.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Courage!"

For a time I thought I was again in that raftered chamber at Beaufort which had been mine for so many years; then I recognized uneasily that this was not the bed to which I was accustomed, nor were these dark and grimy walls the ones at which I had been wont to stare while building my castles in Spain.

Then in a flash I remembered—escape, flight, capture, rescue—and I started to spring from bed, but fell back again with a cry of pain. For an instant my head seemed splitting open, and I closed my eyes dizzily.

"Gently, monsieur, gently," said a voice, and I opened my eyes to see a kindly woman's face bending over me. "You must lie still," she added, and placed a cool hand upon my forehead. "You must go to sleep."

"But where am I?" I asked.

"You are with friends."

"And Mademoiselle de Chambray?"

"She is also safe."

I closed my eyes with a deep sigh of thankfulness. Safe, safe, safe—I repeated the word to myself again and again. Safe! Surely Providence had watched over us! Safe—

When I awoke the second time, it was night, and I lay for a long time staring up through the darkness and piecing together the adventures which had befallen me since that moment when Dubosq had halted me on the highway from Tours. My heart quickened as I recalled that evening in the garden, as I rebuilt it, as I lived it over again, second by second. Ah, that had been the one hour of my life! And yet, even in the shadow of the perils which followed, I had not been unhappy, for she had been beside me, with her clear eyes and smiling lips; and if she chose to smite me now and then, why certainly, I had invited the blows, and even, in a way, deserved them.

Then at the end, I had won. That final disaster had driven her straight into my arms, as the storm drives the boats to harbor. She had laid her head on my shoulder and whispered that she loved me! My pulses quickened at the thought of it. She loved me—that superb, matchless woman loved me! What did all the rest matter—the world's opinion, my plighted word? I would take her—I would never give her up! She loved me! That should be my justification. And gripping that thought tight against my heart, I dropped away to sleep.

The sun was shining brightly at the open window when I awakened for the third time, and again I saw that kindly face bending above me.

"You are better, monsieur?" she asked, and again her cool hand touched my forehead. "Yes—your fever is almost gone."

"I am quite well," I assured her, "except for a little soreness of the head. Where are my clothes?"

"You will not need them for some days yet, monsieur," she said, smiling at my eagerness.

"Nonsense!" I protested. "I must get up at once," and I made a movement to throw back the covers, but she held my hands and I found with surprise that she was stronger than I.

"You see," she added still smiling, "you are weaker than you thought."

"But I cannot lie here," I cried, half-angrily. "I must get up. I have many things to do."

I shrank, somehow, from asking her outright where my love was waiting, why she did not come to me. And a sudden fear sprang to live in my heart; perhaps she was ill and could not come! Only that, only a desperate illness, could have kept her from me.

"I must get up," I repeated doggedly, but again she held me back, her kindly eyes reading the trouble in my face.

"If you will lie still," she said, "I will bring you someone who will tell you all you wish to know—and who, besides, I think, you will be very glad to see."

"Thank you," I answered, "I will do as you say."

She nodded, went to the door and spoke a word to someone in the room beyond.

Then my heart chilled, for it was not the dear face I had hoped to see which appeared in answer to summons, but an ugly, bearded countenance, set on gigantic shoulders. And yet, at a second glance, I saw that the countenance, though ugly, was not repulsive, and that the eyes were kindly and that the lips could smile winningly.

"M. de Tavernay," said my nurse, bringing him to my bedside, "this is M. de Marigny."

He bent and pressed one of my hands in his great palm, and then sat down beside me, while I gazed with interest at perhaps the most famous among the leaders of the Bocage.

"And very pleased I am to find you doing so well, monsieur," he said, in a voice singularly rich. "In faith, I thought for a time that we had rescued you from the rope merely to condemn you to the bludgeon."

"Even that would have been a service, monsieur," I answered, smiling in response to him. "But it seems I am to get well again."

"Yes; you had youth and health to fight for you. Alas, they are not always on one's side!"

"But the rescue, monsieur?" I asked. "How came it so pat to the moment?"

"I must confess that it was an accident," he laughed. "My spies brought me word that this regiment was marching to Thouars. I determined to strike one more blow before Easter so I called my men together and we waited behind our hedges. When night fell, we turned our sheepskin coats, and mingling with the flock upon the hillside, gradually descended upon our enemy's pickets. It was then that a sudden commotion in the camp below attracted our attention; we saw a fracas, from which emerged that little procession of which you were the central figure. We saw them prepare for the execution, and supposing them to be about to hang some cutthroat of their own, waited until they should accomplish it. Then suddenly you cried 'Long live the King!' and brought us headlong to your rescue. In fact I had not even to give the word to fire."

"It was fortunate that I chose to make a theatric exit," I commented, laughing.

"Permit me to say that it was the act of a brave man, monsieur. I trust that I shall meet my end as bravely."

Poor, gallant gentleman! He met it more bravely still—the victim of a treacherous envy, he faced the muskets erect, with eyes unbandaged, and himself spoke the word which loosed the messengers of death.

"Tell me more," I urged. "You won?"

"Oh, yes; we cut them to pieces, and seized a store of arms and ammunition which will stand us in good stead. But we captured something else, a thousand times more welcome."

"What was that, monsieur?" I asked.

"That was Citizen Goujon," he answered, and his eyes grew cold as steel. "We found him writhing in his tent—"

"Yes—I planted one good blow," I said, and told him the story. "What did you do with him?"

"We brought him forth screaming with terror, begging for mercy, offering to divulge I know not what secrets, and hanged him with the rope which had been prepared for you. It was a pretty vengeance—even you could not desire a better."

"No," I murmured. "No."

His face softened into smile.

"It has a certain resemblance to a famous Bible story, hasn't it?" he asked. "I did not then know the full tale of Goujon's iniquities," he added, "or I might have chosen a different death for him. It was Mademoisellte de Chambray who told me of the assault upon the chateau and the death of my dear friend. Permit me to say that in that affair also, M. de Tavernay, you proved yourself a gallant man."

"Thank you, monsieur," I answered. "I did but what any gentleman would do. You found Mademoiselle de Chambray, then?"

I tried to ask it carelessly, but I fear my burning face betrayed me. At any rate, he laughed again as he looked at me.

"Yes," he said, "we found her lying senseless on the floor of Goujon's tent. At first we thought her dead, but she soon opened her eyes. Can you guess what her first word was, monsieur? But perhaps I ought not to tell you!"

"Tell me!" I murmured, striving to restrain the leaping of my heart.

"Well, I think you deserve some reward. Her first word was 'Tavernay!'"

"Yes," I said, my eyes suddenly misty; "she had just seen me dragged away to be hanged."

"And when we told her what had befallen you, she ran to where you lay—"

"But her ankle," I broke in. "Did you know—"

"Yes, but she had forgotten it. She ran to where you lay; she washed and dressed your wound; she had you borne hither on a litter; and she remained beside you until yesterday—until, in a word, it was certain that you would recover."

"Then she has gone?" I asked. "She has gone?" and my heart seemed to stop in my bosom.

"Yes, she has gone."

"But her ankle!" I protested. "Oh, how she must have suffered!"

"I do not think she suffered at all," said Marigny. "When she at last had time to remember her injury, she found that it no longer existed. She attributed its cure to you."

I lay a moment silent, striving to conceal my suffering—striving to appear composed. She had gone—she had been brave enough to go; she had sought to spare me the agony of that farewell which must, in any event, be spoken. She had been wise, perhaps; she knew my weakness; but I felt that I would give my whole life to see her again, to hold her hand, to look into her eyes, to hear her say once more, "I love you."

Marigny sat looking down at me with a queer smile upon his lips.

"She left no word for me?" I asked at last.

"She left a note; but I am not to give it to you until you are ready to set out for Poitiers."

"For Poitiers?" I repeated, trembling. "Did she herself name Poitiers?"

"Most assuredly. But why do you grow so pale, my friend? Is it not near Poitiers that her home is?"

"Yes, monsieur," I groaned; "but my journey ends two leagues this side of Chambray. Those two leagues I shall never cover."

"What nonsense! Take my advice—the advice of a man who knows more than you of women. Don't so much as draw reins at Poitiers. Press on to the end of the journey. You will find a fair prize awaiting you."

I shook my head—he may have known other women, but not this one!

"Nevertheless, I should like to have the note, M. de Marigny," I said. "It will comfort me somewhat. And, besides, I am to start tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" he cried. "A week hence, perhaps, if all goes well."

I smiled and continued to hold out my hand.

"Let me have the note, monsieur," I repeated.

He hesitated a moment, still looking at me, then went to the other room and brought the note, and placed it in my hands.

My fingers were trembling so I could scarcely break the seal; a mad hope possessed me that she had absolved me from my vow, that she summoned me to her. As I opened the paper a little heap of withered rose leaves fell upon my breast.

"Ah, you see!" cried Marigny. "I was right, then!"

I could not answer, but I held out the note for him to read. It contained but one word:

"Courage!"

"Well," he said, "that is good advice. That is precisely what you need in this affair, M. de Tavernay."

"Yes," I agreed bitterly; "courage to give her up; courage never again to see her. You see she has gone!"

"She could not well remain," he said drily, "after listening to you three days in your delirium!"

"My delirium!"

"Oh, I dare say she was not offended—what woman would have been!—but she was certainly red to the ears most of the time. Few maidens, I fancy, have been treated to such a continuous stretch of love-making."

I reddened, too, at thought of it.

"What she has suffered on my account!" I murmured.

"I tell you she did not suffer in the least," repeated Marigny. "You permitted her to see to the very bottom of your soul and she saw no image there except her own."

"She knew that from the first," I said sadly; "that does not alter matters. No; there is no way out, M. de Marigny. I can never hope to marry her—honor forbids it—an oath not to be broken. She herself has pointed that out to me in the clearest way. She has shown me what a coward I was when, for a moment, I permitted my love for her to blind me to my duty; and I know how she hates a coward. That is the real meaning of this message, monsieur; she is afraid, even yet, that I may not be brave enough."

Marigny had risen and stood looking down at me with a queer little smile.

"Ah, M. de Tavernay," he said, at last, "I understand now why that blow on the head failed to kill you."

With which cryptic utterance he left the room.

(Concluded Next Week.)

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Some one please explain to me how to raise currants from sets or cuttings from the bushes.—G., Ypsilanti, Mich.

I would be pleased to have some one give me a remedy for glanders. Is there a preventive?—P., Allegan, Mich.

Can some Farmstead reader tell me what to do to make my grapevines bear. They are always full of clusters of blossoms, but never "fruit."—S., Kennerdell, Pa.

Will some one please tell me what is the matter with my hens and give a remedy? I have found a pullet, several times, on the floor, unable to use her legs. She looks bright in the face and her comb is red. When picked up she seemed in pain, trembling all over. A neighbor has reported the same trouble.—S., Forestville, N. Y.

CHICKENS HAVE COLD

S., Nichols, N. Y.: Your chickens have probably taken a bad cold, which causes them to wheeze. A grain of corn or some foreign substance in the throat will often cause the same trouble. Take equal parts of coal oil and castor oil, mix and shake it well, and give a spoonful to each chicken, or if very bad, two teaspoonfuls won't hurt them. I find this nearly always a sure cure.—R., Guys Mills, Pa.

Would like to know how to remove growing rushes from a small fresh water pond, and also what I can do to exterminate them.—L., Port Townsend, Wash.

My milk cow has some kind of spells ever since we have owned her, the same in winter as in summer. She seems to get dizzy and reels around and her head shakes and at times she falls to her knees. In other ways she seems healthy. What is wrong, and what can I do for her?—H., Row, Okla.

THE MOON AND POTATOES

Scientific American.

After exhaustive experiments in potato planting, the United States department of agriculture has to say that in season one time is as good as another to put potatoes in the ground.

Almost every one, even if he were not reared in the country, has heard of the idea about planting potatos in the dark of the moon. The field workers of the department of agriculture have been investigating the matter and have found that 75 per cent of the farmers of this alleged enlightened country put in their crops and do a good many other things about the farm governed solely by the moon's phases. Many farmers will tell you that if you plant potatoes in the dark of the moon they will run to tubers, and if in the light of the moon they will run to tops, and crops are planted accordingly.

There is usually a basis in fact for any superstition, and the moon superstition is so deeply rooted that a number of experts from the department of agriculture, while going up and down and across the land, have made it their business to study the question and see whether there might not be a germ of truth, or, at least, some reason for the general belief that the moon's phases have an effect on animal and vegetable life. They have concluded, after patient investigation, that the moon myth is one of the comparatively few myths that date back to pure savagery and has absolutely not an atom of scientifis foundation on which to stand. The agricultural experiment stations all over the country have been defying this superstition for several years and raising just as good crops when the moon was one way as when it was the other. Therefore, once and for all, it is conclusively decided that there is nothing to the theory that potatoes should be planted in the dark of the moon.

All of this may not seem very serious investigation for a great government to undertake but the work nevertheless, has been interesting to the scientists, and if they have succeeded in weaning a few from the old superstition about planting potatoes, they have been well paid for their work.

PRUNING TOMATOES

The amount of pruning required to train plants in an upright position or to make "tree tomatoes" of them as advertised by some seedsmen, is considerable.

When training to one stem all side branches or suckers should be pinched off when small.

In training to two stems there is need of more care in pinching off the side branches.

As a rule the branch that is formed just below the first fruit spur is the strongest, and when possible it should be chosen as the secondary stem.

In pinching off the side branches or suckers it is necessary to go over the plants every few days, as these laterals grow very rapidly, and unless taken off when small they sap considerable strength rom the plants.

Care should be taken not to remove or break the tips of the primary or reserved secondary shoots when small, as that would stop their upward growth, and to train other stalks to take the place of those first selected would result in a considerable loss of time in the growth of the plants.

While it may be necessary to do some thinning of the foliage where the growth is rank, the removal of too many leaves would be an injury. It is in the leaves that the plant food is prepared for the use of the entire plant, and if the total leaf surface is reduced below normal a corresponding reduction in the rate of growth of the plant, including the fruit, will occur.

THE ELM TREE BEETLE

A correspondent writes to the Florists' Exchange to know how to destroy the beetles that eat the leaves of the elm trees, as trees are nearly destroyed by them, he says. This beetle has been known for the destruction it works on elm trees in all parts of the country. It is known as Galleruca Xanthomelana and its activity is to be met by spraying and by preventing the insects from ascending the trees.

Paris green was long the standard remedy, but of late arsenate of lead is preferred, because it adheres to the foliage better. Of paris green a pound to 50 gallons of water is sufficient, but of arsenate of lead three pounds to 50 gallons may be used and even when a little stronger it does not burn the foliage as an equal quantity of paris green would do. Sprayed on the trees when insects arrive is the proper time.

Another way to preserve the foliage of these trees is to band the trunks a few feet above the ground with cloth covered with a sticky substance, which prevents the ascent of the wingless females.

Many of those who advertise sprayers and spraying mixtures issue pamphlets containing valuable information on remedies and their application; these pamphlets are well worth asking for.

As to the question of the endurance of an elm tree attacked yearly by the beetle: Elms are not easily killed, but if the foliage be stripped three or four years in succession there would be but little life left in the tree.

The same correspondent asks for the best practical work on insect life. There are several works on injurious insects and their destruction. Bailey's Horticulturist's Rule Book is very good. The writer has Injurious Insects, issued 10 years ago by the W. Atlee Burpee company, of Philadelphia, which is excellent. It treats of insects connected with fruits, vegetables, grasses, domestic animals and of household, but not of ornamental trees, and shrubs. Still it is easily known what to do for such trees by what is recommended for fruits.

Some of the pamphlets issued by dealers in remedies for insect evils contain valuable information and are more up-to-date than some of the older works. For instance, scalecide, now so much used for San Jose scale, was not known a few years ago.

SOWING PARSLEY

After soaking the seeds of parsley for a few hours in warm water, they may be sown in the same manner as celery seed and the plants transplanted to the open ground. At the north, parsley will live over winter in a cold frame or pit, and in the south it will thrive in the open ground during the winter, but it cannot withstand the heat of summer. The plants should be set in rows 12 inches apart and every four inches in the row.

ANSWERS BY VETERINARIANS

Owners of Sick Animals Find Their Questions Anwered Here.

Dr. A. S. Alexander,
Wisconsin College of Agriculture

Chapped Sores.

The leg of my driving horse is swollen and stocks when he stands over night in the stable. There are cracks and small sores or chaps on the skin of the swollen leg. We have washed it daily and applied a mixture of glycerin and acetate of lead, but this does not seem to help much. The horse is well fed on oats, bran, corn and hay and has a comfortable stable. Any advice you can give regarding propert treatment will be greatly appreciated.—N. M., North Dakota.

Reply—The washing is all wrong and is quite enough to keep the trouble in a chronic condition. Consider that the case is similar to chapping of one's own hands and then it will be readily understood that frequent washing and imperfect drying will do harm rather than improve matters. Stop washing the parts. Dry them thoroughly with sawdust when the legs are wet. Then freely apply an ointment composed of one dram each of spirits of camphor and compound tincture of benzoin, two drams of flowers of sulphur and two ounces of lard. More sulphur should be worked into the ointment if it does not prove quickly effective. Drive or work the horse every day and if possible allow him a box stall in the stable. Feed lightly and add carrots to the ration. A bandage can be applied after drying the leg, as it tends to prevent stocking in the stable.

Pseudo-Luxation of Patella.

A 2-year-old filly has a lame hind leg and has been so for six months or more. When she walks there is a clicking sound in the joint near her belly and the leg is dragged behind to some extent at every step. The joint is some swollen and seems to hold water. We have rubbed the joint with turpentine and liniments several times, but no good has been done. Can this be cured, and if so how should it be treated?—N. D., Illinois.

Reply—In a severe case like that described there is not only weakness of the ligaments and muscles of the stifle joint, so that the patella (knee cap) slips out and in when the filly walks, but there probably is some chronic inflammation of the joint and its capsular ligament. In that case there will be excess of synovia, causing the distention referred to. Ordinary treatment will not avail and even extreme measures do not always succeed. Tie the filly up short in the stall so that she cannot lie down. Clip hair from stifle and if possible have the joint puncture-fired with a thermo-cautery and then blistered. From a collar around the neck pass a strap or padded rope between the fore legs and tie the free end to a hobble around the pastern of lame leg, so as to keep the foot of that leg advanced under the body and prevent it from being thrust backward. This will prevent the patella from slipping out of place and the firing, blistering and rest may strengthen the parts and remove the lameness. If not successful in a month, blister the stifle again with cerate of cantharides and again keep the filly tied up, but do not repeat the firing. The latter operation should only be attempted by an expert veterinarian.

Melanotic Tumor.

An old white horse we bought last summer from the gypsies has developed a large, unsightly black or purple colored growth under its tail and it has burst and keeps the rear parts of the horse daubed up with blood and pus. Is this a disease or an unusual case, and can it be cured?—M. E., Iowa.

Reply—It is a "pigment" or "melanotic" tumor, malignant, cancerous and incurable. Such tumors are practically peculiar to white and gray horses. It is likely that similar tumors are present internally. If cut out, which is the pro
treatment, the tumor will be likely
return worse than ever. Where the tum
is low down on the tail docking is t
best treatment, the tail being amputat
above the tumor and then well caut
ized.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE AND THE OPPORTUNITIES

Glenn C. Sevey, editor of the New England Homestead, delivered the weekly lecture before members of the Massachusetts Horticultural society, at Horticultural hall, Boston, the other day. His subject was "The New Agriculture and Its Significance to New England." He said in part:

What is this new agriculture? For the lack of a better summary I will say that the happy combination of science and practice, plus a redirected education equals this new agriculture. It is a matter of common knowledge that in the early days the science of agriculture was little understood. Farmers sowed their crops and were confident of a harvest. Yet the why and the why-for of this and that condition were not understood, if indeed they were even given a thought.

Later, the Yankee characteristic to know the reason why, developed a dissatisfied condition of mind, and questions were asked about why certain results followed specific conditions. This inquisitive spirit lead agriculturists to experiment for themselves and compare results. Then came the establishment of the Department of Agriculture, and in due time our agricultural colleges and experiment stations. Right here is where the new agriculture applies. At the start the pendulum swung far to the side of practice. Then followed the reverse swing to science, lightly called "theory." Now we have a happy combination of the two and that is where you get your new agriculture. If knowledge is power, applied knowledge is results, and we must remember results is the goal. Whatever the undertaking—be it agricultural, industrial, social or spiritual, what really counts is results.

Along with this, and running so closely as to really constitute a part thereof, comes a redirected education. As a nation we are only beginning to realize that our system of education is a false one. For centuries the subject matter, and even the process of education, have been as thoroughly agreed upon as are the orbits of the planets. It has been taken for granted that the education for a common man is the knowledge of the three Rs—readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic. The favored few might bask in the drying sun of Latin, Greek and the so-called arts.

Now we are beginning to learn that all this training bears no practical relation to success in actual life. Our schools have failed to touch the vital human characteristics of the soul of the child, of the man. The system has worked against the human nature rather than with it. The courses have catered to the head rather than to the heart and the hand. But this well-meaning though ill-advised system of education is being redirected, and that is another point bearing on our new agriculture.

Various agencies are contributing to this redirected education. There are the agricultural colleges, experiment stations, federal department of agriculture, our schools, board of agriculture, various associations representing dairying, horticulture, live stock, etc. There are our fairs, agricultural societies, boards of trade and commercial organizations, the grange, the church and the press. All these agencies, not to mention others, contribute toward a redirected education, which, among other things, is teaching the dignity of labor and of agriculture.

The second phase of the subject is what significance this new agriculture has to New England. In a word, it means the realization and appreciation of New England resources; also, the supremacy of optimism as opposed to conservatism. This one matter of New England's resources is broad enough to include an address of double the time allotted the speaker. I would like to tell you about the productiveness of New England soils as compared with other sections of the country. I can show you how New England beats the country in the production of crops and the income per acre from our farms. For instance, the average yield of corn in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa is only 37 bushels to the acre, valued at $14.09. Connecticut's average yield is 40 bushels, Massachusetts 37, with a value of $27.54 per acre for the former, and $25.26 for the latter. Notice the return for the New England product is nearly double that of the middle western corn states. Furthermore, the average income per acre of improved land on Connecticut farms is $26.50, Rhode Island $33.80, Massachusetts $32.75. The average for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa is only $12.58, less than half as much as for the New England states.

I would like to consider some specific cases of gratifying returns from New England produce. I would speak of roasters selling at $4 each, hothouse lambs at $10 to $15 each, strawberry returns of $200 to $1,500 an acre, asparagus at $100 to $600 an acre, onions at $1,000 to $1,500 an acre, many of the truck or market garden crops at $600 to $1,500 an acre. Large fruits, such as apples and peaches at $500 to $1,000 an acre, tobacco at $200 to $800, not to mention the profits of other special crops, live stock enterprises, and general line of farm activities. These figures are not exaggerated, for I have personally visited farms and have friends who are securing the returns indicated. I could cite dozens of instances where enterprising men have bought places, paid for them, made a living, given their children an education, and actually saved money besides. Compare these figures with some of the western receipts and note the superior results of New England. When I visit home people back in Michigan they can hardly credit the stories of New England possibilities, which I am not bashful about relating. Remember, too, the price of farm and fruit lands in New England as compared with that in the west. In the latter section prices have advanced from the early figure of $50 to $75 an acre to $100, $150 and $200. Here in New England thousands of acres of good fruit land are available at $10 to $25 an acre. In many cases buildings are found on these farms which are actually worth the price paid for the farm. Of course, nearer the large cities for the intensive market garden crops land values run to $1,000 or more an acre, but the fact that the owners are making money shows that a fine dividend can be declared on New England lands at an exceedingly high valuation.

Our system of doing business is the most extravagant on the face of the globe. Why should consumers pay 9 cents a quart for milk when the producers receive only 4, or at the most 4½ cents for the same amount? Why should meats for which the farmer receives 16 cents go into cold storage and be peddled out as the "fresh product" to consumers at 40 cents? I feel that part of these high prices is due to the unreasonably large dividends of middlemen. However, the system of doing business accounts for no small portion.

WHAT'S THE USE.

Sticking to a Habit When It Means Discomfort?

Old King Coffee knocks subjects out tolerably flat at times, and there is no possible doubt of what did it. A Mich. woman gives her experience:

"I used to have a liver trouble nearly all of the time and took medicine which relieved me only for a little while. Then every once in a while I would suddenly double up with an awful agony in my stomach. It seemed as though every time I took a breath I would die. No one could suffer any more and live.

"Finally I got down so sick with catarrh of the stomach that I could not turn over in bed, and my stomach did not digest even milk. The doctor finally told me that if I did not give up drinking coffee I would surely die, but I felt I could not give it up.

"However, Husband brought home a package of Postum and it was made strictly according to directions. It was the only thing that would stay on my stomach, and I soon got so I liked it very much.

"Gradually I began to get better, and week by week gained in strength and health. Now I am in perfect condition, and I am convinced that the whole cause of my trouble was coffee drinking, and my getting better was due to leaving off coffee and taking Postum.

"A short time ago I tasted some coffee and found, to my astonishment, that I did not care anything about it. I never have to take medicine any more. I hope you will use this letter for the benefit of those suffering from the poisonous effects of coffee."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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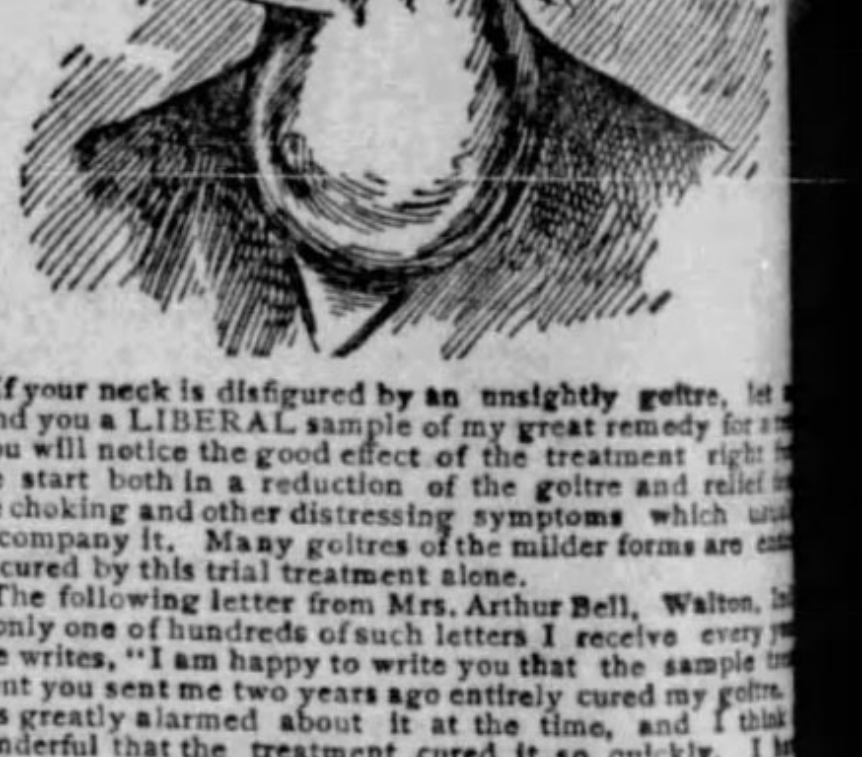

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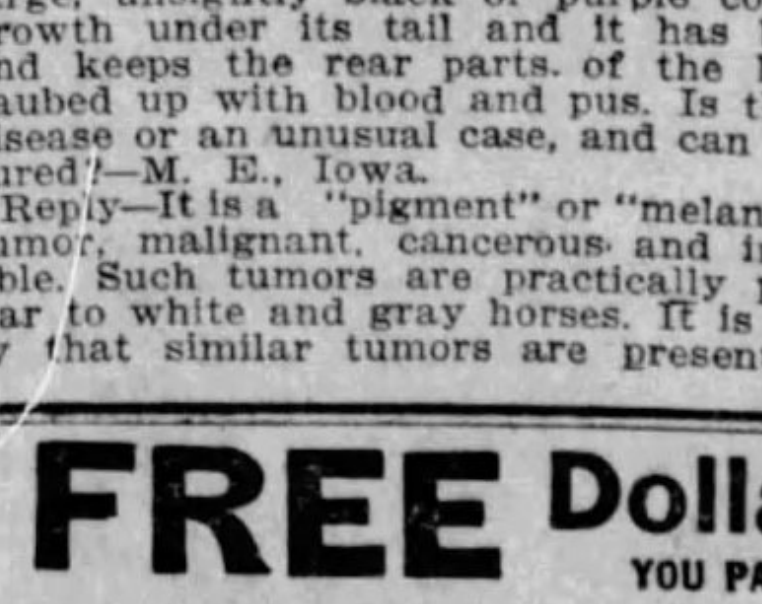

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CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

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CHILDREN'S GAMES UNALTERED

Favorites Today Were Also Favorites Hundreds of Years Ago.

Kansas City Times.

Youngsters grow up, develop and alter, but their games, the frivolities of school yards, street corners and vacant lots, are unchangeable.

A man who knows kids has investigated. He romped with half a dozen little bundles of huskiness in his neighborhood yesterday, parrying both shocks to dignity and loss of breath. He vouches for the statement that little folks' games never change. Further he reports as follows:

"The games are precisely the same as when I was small and robust, only maybe a little more rough and tumble. 'Technicalities' haven't changed a bit.

"'Hide and go seek'—why, I understand they played it years and years ago in England just as I played it and the way the children play it now. Some one is 'it' and everybody else scrambles away to hide, and then after 'it' has counted 50 or 60 or a hundred everybody is anxious to touch 'its' base before 'it' does. Of course you remember that whoever is caught first has to be 'it' the next time.

"And 'Pussy Wants a Corner,' where 'pussy' or 'it' again tries to slip into a corner while one boy or girl is changing places with another. Not a fractional change can be found in it. And 'London Bridge is Falling Down,' where some one is caught by the bridgeholders and has to pay a penalty or choose to support one of the halves of the bridge in the tug of war that finally results. Can you find any alteration?

"And all of the varieties of 'tag'—wood, iron, grass or paper 'tag'—how could it be supplemented to make it any more enjoyable? And 'Run, Sheep, Run'—you remember it, of course, don't you? And 'Cheese,' another sort of 'Hide and Seek,' where you can run only while 'it' is counting 10 and holding 'its' eyes shut. And 'Saratoga,' or 'Guess,' or 'New York,' as it used to be called when I played it, with the procedure all the same. One 'side' illustrates some process, as picking cherries, for instance, and the other side guesses what they're doing. And as soon as they guess they rush to tag members of the other side and include them in their party. Of course you know all about it. Didn't you play it the same way 20, 30 years ago?

"Grownups have to abridge and revise their games and sports every year to keep up interest. They're jaded and satiated. [illegible] us are more consistent and more simply satisfied. They like their games and there are enough of them for variety."

Taking Issue With Lombroso.

Everybody's.

It is a curious fact—one at variance with the doctrine of heredity but borne out by police records—that the children of crooks of all classes rarely turn out to be crooks themselves. Deeper study of the subject might reveal that they are possessed of the criminal instincts, but that the tragically close example of the punishment and wretchedness that attend a criminal career has been a terrifying deterrent. The fact, at any rate, remains. The "rogues' galleries" of Scotland Yard, New York and Chicago may be studied in vain for the photographs of a father and a son.

Criminals are ever alert to keep their children from adopting similar lives. The rage of old, ugly Mother Mandelbaum, the famous receiver of stolen goods, was frightful when she found that her daughter, whom she had been at unstinted expense to educate, had secretly married "Sammy, the Jew" (Koehler) a thief with whom the old criminal had long traded. She disinherited the girl and a flock of relatives were the beneficiaries of her ill-gotten money. In her Chatham Square headquarters Mother Mandelbaum maintained a room where thieves could smoke and drink, but she felled with a bronze lamp a pickpocket who attempted one night to invade the private parlor where she was overseeing her daughter's French studies.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Alexander Campbell through the Question Bureau?—L. M., Lowman, W. Va.

Alexander Campbell, the American clergyman, was born in Ireland, September 2, 1788, and died in West Virginia, March 4, 1866. In 1807 he came to the United States. He was originally a Presbyterian, but withdrew from that church in 1812, and received baptism by immersion the same year. In connection with his father, he formed several congregations, which united with a Baptist association, but protested against all human creeds as a bond of union, accepting the Bible alone as a rule of faith and practice. Many opposed him when he asserted this principle, and in 1827 he was excluded from the fellowship of the Baptist churches. Certain vaguely defined expressions in his writings have been interpreted as implying a belief in baptismal regeneration, a doctrine which the Disciples repudiate. By his discussions on public platforms, and his serial publications, as well as by his assiduity in preaching tours and in training young men for the ministry, Campbell formed a large party of followers. About 1827 these began to form themselves into a sect which was commonly known as Campbellites. In 1841 Campbell founded Bethany College in West Virginia.

BAD LANDS OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Please give a description of the bad lands of Dakota.—S. E. H., Van Wert, O.

N. H. Darton gives the following description of the bad lands of South Dakota:

"In the bad lands of western South Dakota, east of the Black Hills, there is an area of about 2,000 square miles, which consists largely of bad lands occupying extensive basins cut in a plateau along the White and Cheyenne rivers. They present wonderfully weird scenery, but are rarely visited by the average sight-seer. Typical bad lands present ridges and mesas from 200 to 400 feet high in greater part, eroded into fantastic shapes and cut by ravines and gullies into an endless variety of rugged buttresses and pinnacles. The materials are mainly light-colored, sandy clays, and soft sandstones in nearly horizontal strata, and their bare slopes are dazzling in the bright sunlight. Most bad land regions were tablelands originally, and areas of the old surface remain in level topped, grass-covered mesas of various sizes, with bad land slopes extending to flat-bottomed valleys of greater or less width. Bad lands exhibit clearly the close relations of topographic form to rock texture, the homogeneous clays being carved into regular slopes, in which sandstone layers give rise to benches, or protect columns and pinnacles of clay. Bad lands are developed in soft rocks where a region has been so uplifted that there is rapid erosion, under arid or semi-arid climatic conditions. The occasional rains cut gullies which eventually are deepened into ravines, and, as the rocks are soft, the erosion progresses more rapidly than vegetation can establish itself. In regions of abundant rainfall, vegetation is so vigorous that it usually forms a protective mantle on all but the steeper slopes, but in arid lands, a thin sod is the principal growth, and it is quickly removed by the rapid run-off of the torrential rains. The bad lands of Dakota have yielded large numbers of fossil animals of the late Eocene age, which have made the region famous as a collecting ground.

ACETIC ACID

Please tell what you can about acetic acid.—D. V. W., Lowell, Mich.

Acetic acid is an organic acid belonging in the fatty series, and is important on account of its extensive use in arts and its properties viewed from the standpoint of the theoretical chemist. It is a monobasic acid. In its dilute state it has been known for centuries as vinegar, and in strong vinegar the characteristic odor of the acid is quite marked. It may be formed by the oxidation, decomposition, and destructive distillation of many organic bodies. The greater part of the acetic acid of commerce is obtained by the destructive distillation of wood, acetate of lime being a by-product in the manufacture of wood alcohol. Acetic acid is not inflammable in its liquid state, but its vapor burns with a fine blue flame. It is used as a solvent for organic substances, being a useful substitute for alcohol in certain cases on account of its relative cheapness.

WILLIAM QUANTRELL

Will you please give a brief biography of William Quantrel, and tell whether he had another name or not?—W. H., Tekoa, Wash.

William Quantrell, the American guerrilla, died in Kentucky, 1864. His depredations first became widely known when he raided Lawrence, Kansas, destroying 185 buildings, killing 140 inhabitants, and leaving the town completely devastated. His operations were then continued through western Missouri and eastern Kansas, but when he began to raid Kentucky he was outwitted and killed. We don't know whether he had another name or not.

JOHN W. HAWKINS

Will you please give a short sketch of John Hawkins?—L. G., Jasper, Mich.

John Henry Willis Hawkins, the reformer, was born September 28, 1797, and died August 26, 1858. While a boy Hawkins was apprenticed to a hatter, and speedily became a skilled artisan, but while engaged in his trade he formed habits of inebriety which caused him suffering in later life. In 1814, while England was at war with this country, Hawkins joined a volunteer company and participated in the fighting. In 1819 he set out on a trip to the western part of the country, remaining there for two years. He returned to Baltimore where he married and then went to Virginia, entering into the manufacture of hats. He was unsuccessful and went back to Baltimore, to his trade again. In 1840 he associated himself with a temperance society and did what he could for the cause. He developed such great power in influencing audiences that he gave himself entirely to the work of reformation. So great was his influence that many drunkards were reformed after they had heard him.

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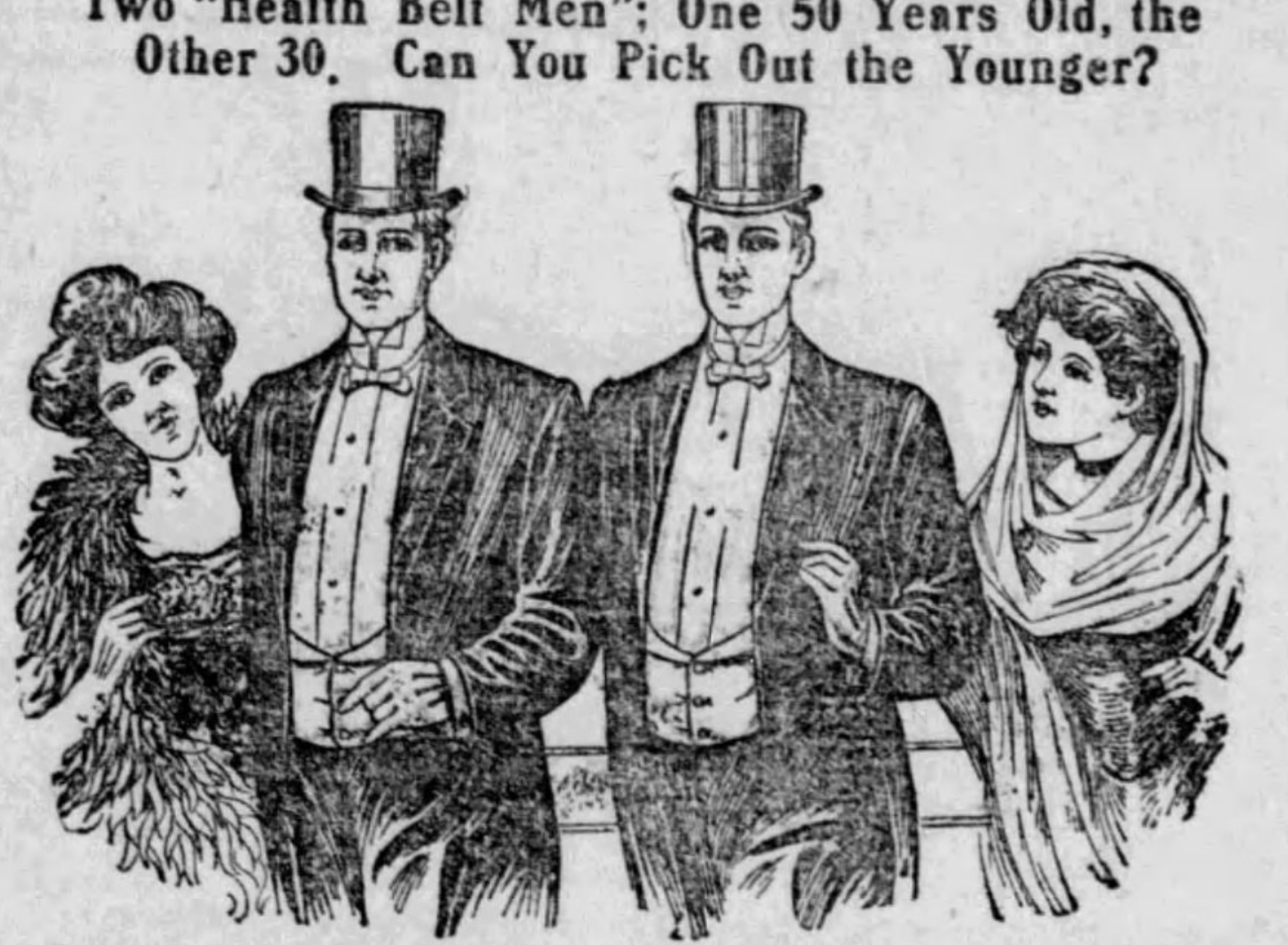

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PANAMA CANAL

Will the Question Bureau please give a full description of the Panama canal?—I. S., Crystal, Mich.

The general type of canal proposed is to form a summit level about 85 feet above the sea, which is to be reached by a flight of locks located at Gatun, on the Atlantic side, and by one lock at Pedro Miguel, with two others at La Boca, on the Pacific side; the locks are all to be in duplicate. The summit level will be formed by the construction of a large dam at Gatun, and a small one at Pedro Miguel. A second lake, with a surface elevation of 55 feet, will be formed on the Pacific side between Pedro Miguel and Panama bay by the construction of a dam at La Boca, across the mouth of the Rio Grande, and another dam between Sosa Hill and high ground near Corozal. The Colon section is from the Caribbean sea to the mouth of the Mindi river, where a channel is to be excavated, having a bottom width of 500 feet and a depth of 42 feet below mean tide. The Gatun locks are to be built in duplicate—that is, there are to be two sets of locks, side by side. The lift will be overcome by a flight of three locks of 28 1-3 feet ordinary lift each, or a flight of two locks of 42½ feet lift each. Neither the details of their construction nor their exact location has yet been definitely fixed.

The area of Gatun dam will be about 110 square miles. It will have a height of about 135 feet above sea level. The width on top is to be 100 feet. Its length will be about 7,700 feet, and the width at the bottom about 2,625 feet. From the Gatun locks to San Pablo, a distance of about 15½ miles, the width of the channel will be at least 1,000 feet. The depth is to be 45 feet. Further up the lake the width of the channel will be decreased, first to 800 feet for a distance of 3.86 miles, from near San Pablo to Juan Grande; then to 500 feet from Juan Grande to Obispo, a distance of 3.73 miles; then to 300 feet from Obispo to Las Cascades, a distance of 1.55 miles, where will begin the Culebra cut. From Las Cascades to near Paraiso, known as the Culebra cut section, a distance of 4.7 miles, the width of the canal will be 200 feet. This is the heaviest portion of the work. From near Paraiso, the end of the Culebra cut, to the Pedro Miguel lock, a distance of 1.88 miles, the canal will have a width of 300 feet. The Pedro Miguel lock will have a lift of 30 feet. It will be in duplicate, and will have approach walls constructed at each end. The details of the lock have not yet been determined. From Pedro Miguel lock the channel will have a width of 500 feet for a distance of 1.87 miles. It will then increase to 1,000 or more for a distance of 3.61 miles to near Sora Hill, on the shore of Panama bay, where the Sora locks will be located. From Sora locks to deep water in the Panama bay, a distance of about four miles, the channel is to have a depth of 50 feet below mean tide. The mean rise and fall of the tide is about 15 feet, but it may reach as much as 23 feet.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

Will you please give a short biography of James A. Garfield?—W. H. P., Glen Easton, W. Va.

James Abram Garfield, the twentieth President of the United States, was born November 19, 1831, and died September 19, 1881. While in his boyhood he was engaged in hard labor, including work on a canal. He entered Hiram college in Ohio, and from there went to Williams college, from which he graduated in 1856. He then taught classics in the first college, and the following year became president of that institution. Two years later he entered the state senate. When the civil war broke out Garfield was appointed lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. Having been successful with a small independent command he was made a brigadier-general, served at Shiloah, and became chief of staff in Rosecrans' army of the Cumberland. Because of his important services in this capacity he was made major-general after the battle of Chickamauga. In 1863 Garfield took his seat in congress, becoming one of the leading debaters and orators on the Republican side. He served on several important committees, was a member of the electoral commission of 1877, and was made senator from Ohio in 1880. The same year he attended the national convention, and through the influence of Blaine was nominated for President, and was elected. As soon as he took his seat many clammoring officeseekers surrounded him, demanding offices. In the midst of these troubles Garfield was shot a Washington, July 2, by a fanatic named Guiteau. He lingered between life and death through the summer, was removed to New Jersey in September, where he passed away soon after.

LAFAYETTE

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Marquis de Lafayette?—H. A. S., Sandusky, Mich.

Marie Jean Paul Joseph Roche Yves Gilbert du Motier Marquis de Lafayette, a French general, was born September 6 1757, and died May 20, 1834. His family was noble and distinguished. As a boy Lafayette was a page to the queen. When the American revolution broke out Lafayette and many other high spirited young Frenchmen became sympathetic and wanted to do something to help the colonists. In 1777 Lafayette sailed from France in a ship equipped at his own expense, though under the nominal disapproval of the French government. He landed in South Carolina, proceeded northward, was appointed a major-general, and soon became a fast friend of Washington. After serving in several campaigns he went to France in 1779, returning in time to sit on the board of judges against Andre. Two years later Lafayette commanded in Virginia against Arnold and then against Cornwallis, earning distinction by his conduct of affairs against the able British general. After the war he returned to France and was one of the foremost figures in the French revolution. By 1792 the Jacobins removed him, as a moderate, from the eastern department. Lafayette escaped to Belgium, but fell into the hands of the Prussians and Russians, and was imprisoned until 1797. While Napoleon was the head of affairs he did not accept office, but was a member in the chamber of deputies during the restoration period. In 1824 he made a visit to this country for one year, being received with the utmost enthusiasm. His last conspicuous service was as commander of the National Guard in the revolutionary days of 1830.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON

Please give a sketch of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson.—V. L. S., North Lima, O.

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, the Scottish novelist, poet, and essayist, was born November 13, 1850, and died December 3, 1894. He went through Edinburgh university, was called to the Scottish bar, and was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates in 1875. But literature was his real vocation. His works are numerous and make interesting reading. Stevenson's health was always precarious and after various changes of residence, including one to Saranac lake in the Adriondacks, he went to the southern Pacific in 1888, and finally settled in Samoa, where he died.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAY

Please give a description of the national road. How far west did it extend?—F. H., Graux, W. Va.

Henry Clay was the person largely responsible for the construction of the highway across the Appalachian mountains. It was only through his perseverance that congress made enough appropriations to build the road. The highway connected the District of Columbia with the Ohio river. Commenced in 1806, and built at a cost of $1,800,000, it was the first internal improvement of any magnitude undertaken at public expense. Before the close of the year 1831 over $200,000 had been expended upon it in repairs. The road ran from a point nearly opposite Steubenville, Ohio, and Wheeling, in West Virginia, through Ohio and Allegheny counties to Cumberland, thence through Cumberland and Washington counties and in Frederick county to Fredericton, all in Maryland. Connecting there was a road that led to Baltimore and one that led to Washington, D. C. The national road had a uniform width of 80 feet and was afterwards extended westward from the Ohio river to Indianapolis.

OREGON

Please tell when Oregon was first settled, and whatever else that concerns it up to the time it came into the possession of the United States.—J. S. B., Aspinwall, Pa.

In 1558 Oregon was visited by Drake, and in 1792 Vancouver, an English officer, surveyed part of the coat. Robert Gray, an American, had previously discovered the Columbia river. It was claimed by the United States that the Oregon territory between 42 and 54 degrees and 40 minutes formed a part of the Louisiana cession, but England refused to recognize the claim. In 1804 Lewis and Clark surveyed the country. In 1818 the United States and England agreed upon a treaty of joint occupancy, which was renewed in 1827. Emigration from our country into the region was stimulated by the reports of Dr. Whitman, a missionary, who made a perilous journey to Washington on horseback to urge the government to assert the claims of the United States to that region. In 1843 the people of Oregon formed a provisional government. The Oregon question which threatened war with England was settle by a treaty whereby the northern boundary of this country was extended to Fuca strait.

JENNY LIND

Can you give me a sketch of the life of Jenny Lind through the Question Bureau?—A. P. M., Springdale, Ark.

Jenny Lind was a celebrated Swedish singer, born at Stockholm, 1821. She was of humble parentage, and her musical gifts were first noticed by an actress, by whose influences she was admitted, at the age of 9, into Conservatory of Stockholm, where she received lessons of Croelius and Berg. She sang befoer the court with success at the age of 16. Four years later her voice was thought wanting in volume, and when she appeared at the Grand Opera two years later her failure was so mortifying that she is said to have resolved never again to sing in France. Returning to Stockholm she was heard with enthusiasm in Robert le Diable, and at the instance of Meyerbeer was engaged in Berlin in 1845. After singing two years in Prussia she visited Vienna and other German cities, and made her debut in London in 1847 with a very marked success. Her return to Stockholm was greeted with an ovation, and the tickets to the opera in which she apeared sold at auction. She returned to London in 1849, and won an immense triumph. In 1850 she made an engagement with P. T. Barnum for a concert tour in America, extending through the United States, British Provinces, Mexico and the West Indies. The receipts of which Mademoiselle Lind received $302,000. While in America she was married to M. Otto Goldschmidt, a native of Hamburg, who accompanied her as pianist. They returned to Europe in 1852 and resided at Dresden, after she had visited Stockholm and expended $200,000 in endowing schools in her native county. Since then Madame Goldschmidt has rarely sung at concerts. In 1874 she and her husband became leading professors at the Rhenish Academy of Music in Wiesbaden. Her voice was contralto of moderate range, but much power and expression. Her kind manners and abundant charities contributed to her popularity and success.

JAMES LONGSTREET

Will the Question Bureau please give a short biography of General James Longstreet?—G. M. B., Watervliet, N. Y.

James Longstreet, the American soldier, was born January 8, 1821, and died January 2, 1904. After he had graduated from West Point in 1842, he entered the army as a lieutenant of infantry. He received the brevets of captain and major for gallantry in the Mexican war. After this war he was stationed on the Texas frontier until 1852, and six years later he became paymaster with the rank of major. When the civil war broke out he resigned from the regular army and entered the service of the confederacy as a brigadier general. At the first battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade, and in 1862 was made a major general He fought in the Peninsular campaign, in the Seven Days' Battle, and at the second battle of Bull Run he displayed the promptness, energy and generalship to which the confederate victory was largely attributed. He commanded the right wing at Antietam and the left at Fredericksburg. After this latter battle, he was made lieutenant general, and with that rank commanded one of three corps of the confederate army of invasion, known as the army of Northern Virginia. Longstreet commanded the right wing during the second and third days at the battle of Gettysburg. This wing sustained the chief burden of the conflict and furnished the columns that made Pickett's charge. Transferred to the Army of the Tennessee, Longstreet arrived on the field in time to save the day at the battle of Chickamauga. His next move against Burnside was unsuccessful, and early in 1864 he rejoined Lee in Virginia. In the battles of the Wilderness he was severely wounded and for some months was disabled. However, in the latter part of 1864 he took some further part in active field service, retaining to the last his distinction as a general and a fighter, and coming out of the war at its close with the respect of the whole country, which has never diminished. After the war he engaged in business at New Orleans, and having become a Republican in politics, was surveyor or customs in that port from 1869 to 1873. Later in life he was United States minister to Turkey, United States marshal of Georgia, and U. S. railway commissioner.

TANNING SKINS

Will you please tell me how to tan muskrat skins?—W. O. B., Kalamazoo, Mich.

An excellent plan for tanning any kind of skins with the fur on is to proceed as follows: Cut off all the useless parts, soak the skin in order to soften it, then remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak the skin in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about ½ ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Spread this mixture with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean, and apply, in the same manner as before, a mixture of 1 ounce of sal-soda, ¼ ounce of borax and 2 ounces of hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil, fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt and 2 ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring it out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. S. A., Branch, W. Va.: Pennsylvania leads the states in the production of coal. We have no statistics showing which one leads in producing oil.

J. G. M., Berne, Ind.: The reason why the justices of the supreme court hold office for life or during good behavior is because the national constitution says that they shall.

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: We do not possess a copy of "Nasby in Exile," and cannot give a description of the clock you mention.

J. C., Harbor Springs, Mich.: Consult a lawyer for what you want to know.

M. R., Canton, Ill.: The Greek god of the lower regions is Pluto. There are various books on mythology published throughout the country.

E. P., Sumner, Ill.: The capital of Canada is Ottawa. The Canadian secretary of state is Charles Murphy, and their minister of finance is William S. Fielding.

J. J. G., Morgantown, W. Va.: The Mountain Meadow massacre took place in Millard county, then called Zion county.

I. H. H., Camp Creek, W. Va.: Any reliable jeweler will tell you if what you found is a diamond or not.

J. M., Grand Ledge, Mich.: The last assault upon Petersburg was made from the south.

R. R. H., South Boardman, Mich.: The harlequin snake is an inhabitant of all the southern states as far north as Virginia.

G. G., Jefferson, O.: Your question was answered in these columns recently

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Ascum—"I see there's some talk upon the question of abolishing capital punishment. Would you vote to abolish it?" Logie—"No, sir; capital punishment was good enough for my ancestors, and it's good enough for me."—Presbyterian Standard.

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Do you want to take a ride
Over on the Jersey side?
See Morgan.
Would you ride to Boston town,
Where the beans are all done brown?
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Do you want to get a boost
To put some feathers in your roost?
See Morgan.
Do you want to buy some art
Of the kind dear to your heart
See Morgan.
If you want to raise some Ned,
Tell what's happened all to Ted,
He'd see Morgan.
When the doctors all draw nigh,
With your toes turned to the sky,
You'll see Morgan.

—St. Louis Times.

Beginning of History.

Selected.

When we speak of prehistoric times, we almost always refer to periods before history was reduced to writing, and in a sense that is a true meaning of the term. But history is more than written record. Everything done by man that has left a record is a part of human history. A shell heap on the shore of history, and when from within it we dig up an arrow head or a stone hatchet we learn something of the people who ate the clams, whose broken shells are piled up many feet in thickness. When we find on the wall of a cave a rude drawing of a mammoth, we know that there was a race of men who lived contemporaneously with these huge beasts, and as we have no reason for supposing that any race of men has been introduced upon the earth since the first one dwelt in the gorgeous forests of the tertiary period, we seem driven to the conclusion that our own ancestors were among these rude peoples, whose fragmentary remains have come down to us.

Mankind about 10,000 years ago emerged from his former condition in some parts of the world and began to make records of his doings. He was no longer content to live from day to day. He had grown ambitious of distinction. He had organized society, had learned the necessity for government. Perhaps he had done all these thinks long before the time of which we speak, but we can only deal with things that are known. Therefore, speaking in a general way, human history may be said to begin about 100 centuries ago in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris and that of the Nile.

False Doctrine.

The late Dr. Theodore Wolf, professor of chemistry at Delaware college, set officeholders a rare example of unselfishness by having his fees as state chemist greatly reduced on the ground that they were exorbitant.

"Dr. Wolf," said a Newark man, "was a delightful lecturer. I often dropped in to the college to hear him. I'll never forget one of his lectures on quack medicines.

"He told us about a near-by patient of his, a man who dosed himself with about a half-peck of pills and two or three gallons of quack medicines every week.

"There was nothing the matter with the fool, but all this silly medicine swilling, and Dr. Wolf told him so, but it did no good.

"Then Dr. Wolf appealed to the man's wife to stop him, but she declared that it couldn't be done. She had quoted at him again and again, she said, the verse in the lithurgy that pointed out his sin, and——

"'But where,' interrupted Dr. Wolf, bewildered, 'where does the lithurgy say anything about quack medicine?'

"She was prompt with her reply.

"'From all false doctoring . . . good Lord, deliver us.'"

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Very few fat people seem to take things seriously.

If hogs get much dearer the newly rich may adopt them as household pets.

A pessimist is a person who believes the leaning tower of Pisa is going to fall.

China has 250,000,000 people. This is an estimate. There are too many to count.

Some married man must have originated the idea of sending kisses by wire.

After looking through a seed catalogue one is led to wonder why anybody eats meat.

Vesuvius is spouting again. It is getting to be as great a bother as a state legislature.

Some people can find fault with everything and still be interesting, but they are not popular.

Farmers never go on a strike. Living close to nature is all the excitefent they yearn for.

It won't be long until Halley's comet tail and Mr. Roosevelt can be seen with the naked eye.

Mr. Rockefeller expects his reward a hundred years hence. He is certainly a patient man.

War has been started against the hatpin. The housefly and the mosquito will have their turn soon.

"A microbe doctor says no one should put straw or hay in the mouth." Stick to porterhouse steak and potatoes.

Mr. Carnegie found $3,000,000 that he didn't know he had. That sort of thing doesn't happen to many men.

Congress may yet want to go on a junket to the North Pole, to see if Commander Peary's flag is still there.

A Virginia man of 75 eloped with a woman of the same age the other day. They are probably no older than they feel.

The Illinois minister who has resigned his pastorate to become an umpire must expect his future audiences to talk back to him.

Cardinal Gibbons says that the rich cannot corner joy. And the poor do not have to suffer all the pain. Life is still worth living.

Senator Jeff Davis thinks somebody is trying to ruin him. He doesn't realize the fact that he is ruining himself by talking too much.

During his first year in office President Taft traveled 25,000 miles. No record was kept of the number of banquets he attended.

The supreme court of Georgia has decided that a woman has a legal right to change her mind. There are some wise judges in the country.

Thomas B. Reed defined a statesman as a dead politician. Mr. Platt, however, has not been dead long enough to make the definition applicable.

Ex-Governor Odell, of New York, says he is wise enough to know when he is politically dead. That is more wisdom than some statesmen possess.

Queen Wilhelmina, it is said, borrows spoons and napkins from the neighbors. Naturally she is regarded by her people as a wonderful woman.

It is said the average man eats 1,000 pounds of food a year. Nobody has figured what the average boy eats, but it must be considerable more than 1,000 pounds.

The ways of women are past finding out. The divorced husband of an Ohio woman broke his leg and his wife came back and remarried him out of sympathy.

An Ohio woman declares that piano playing makes the hens lay. But even the piano has its limitations in the poultry yard. It cannot be used as an incubator.

"Now they propose to hatch chickens by electricity." We are slowly approaching the time when man will have nothing to do but touch a button here and there.

"No man can foretell the weather correctly," writes John Busby, "but I can hit it as well as any man on earth today." Then he adds that spring is here. What more could we ask?

One man suggests that Mr. Rockefeller might divide his surplus wealth among those who earned it for him. That would be better than trying to distribute it among oil consumers.

A Harvard botanist declares that Leif Erickson was never near Boston, that he got no farther south than Labrador. All history must be in doubt. Did Eliza cross the ice?

A psychologist is experimenting with the hope of determining beyond question whether monkeys are mentally superior to men. Even if they are no monkey can ever be elected President.

George Bernard Shaw advocates the abolition of property and marriage and the authorization by the state to kill undesirables. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Shaw is not going to run for office on that kind of a platform.

ROCKEFELLER BENEFACTIONS.

Estimates of the size of the Rockefeller fortune vary from 200 million dollars to a billion. It is probably much less than the larger figure and a good deal more robust than the smaller. Still were the philanthropies which have been undertaken and pledged for the future to gain the interest on 200 millions they will stand high among the great gifts to the cause of humanity.

The possibilities for doing good which have lain in Rockefeller's hands for so many years have long excited the imaginations of Americans. More than 130 millions have been given away, but this has seemed but a trifle to that which might have been given. It appears now that these ideas have been nourished by the one most concerned. Having no yearnings for self-glorification and little taste for the advertisement in a name carved over a public building, Rockefeller has been satisfied to let time arrange a method for effective distribution and develop an heir competent to control it. Learning, the banishment of disease, the narrowing of the territory of poverty, the extension of the blessings of scietnific discovery and the encouragement of religious faith, are to be the labors of young Rockefeller. His training and inclination doubtless make these tasks most congenial to him.

The Rockefeller fortune was founded and accumulated in a business which has been the target of more execration than any other institution in the world. It is evidence that no man is all good or all bad that John D. Rockefeller should at once take money from a source considered tainted and give it away in a manner that may prove the most beneficent of any philanthropy so far established.

A VIEW IN THE ROCKIES.

A resident of Colorado writes to an eastern newspaper:

> Government "withdrawal" of forest land, water power, coal or oil land, amounts to their destruction so far as their present use is concerned. The forest rots or burns, the water power is as useless as it was in the Eocene period, if it then existed, and the sources of much needed fuel in oil or coal lands are only useful to feed a few miserable sheep. The worst private or corporate monopoly is not so deadly to industry as our government.

No fences are raised by those who preach the doctrine of conservation against the use of the natural resources. The aim is to save waste, to prevent abuse. "The forest rots or burns." But it is not to rot if the forestry division carries out its policies. Trees are to be cut for lumber at the climax of their growth. They are to be felled in such a way as not to destroy the young trees. The undergrowth is to be kept down so as to give trees the greatest amount of earth food, the light they need and protection against ground fires. The old-time wasteful lumberman left a tract of smouldering woodsland behind him or barren hillsides of stumps. The new lumberman is to gather his crops from the forests year after year and not show a single evidence of destroying a natural resource.

"The water power is as useless as it was in the Eocene period." But it is not always to be useless. When soon it is to be developed under the enlightened watchfulness of conservation it will be for the benefit of the greatest number of citizens and at a proper rate of interest to the property owner—the people of the United States.

"The sources of much needed fuel in oil or coal lands are only useful to feed a few miserable sheep." Better feed sheep upon them than swine.

The man from Colorado seems to look at the world from the windows of a smelter's office.

IS THE PROGRAM WORKING?

The house committee on interstate and foreign commerce has used the scissors with a free hand on the administration bill providing for further regulation of the railroads. The senate committee on public lands has modified and soothed and taken the ginger out of the conservation bills.

President Taft, when he entered the White House, adopted a policy to govern his relations with congress. He was to ignore factional fights, keep out of capitol politics, be blind to insurgency and the disturbances arising between those who rule and those who desire to rule. In theory, no better policy could have been chosen. It meant freedom from annoyance and a pleasant sense of aloofness from trivialities. Results only were to count. The President was to expect only the carrying out of his legislative program and the politicians were to have the whole ring to themselves for their quarrels. It has been understood that congress recognized this policy as a treaty. Each faction, being treated with impartial fairness, was to give in return the fullest support to the administration measures. The last few weeks have shown how well congress was sticking to its side of the agreement—that is, it was not sticking.

The American people were glad to acclaim their approval of an attitude of dignity toward petty politics. The nation likes a president who has his eyes set fixedly upon the welfare of the country. But it, too, demands results. If the policy of aloofness will not prevail, then the policy should be discarded. If the Big Stick is the only weapon which will keep congress at the business of toeing the mark, then let the Big Stick be used. To get to a given point the straight line is not always the most expeditious route.

GENERAL REDMOND.

A passionate appeal was made in the recent British elections that the votes be cast as solidly as possible in support of the late government in order that the program of banishing the relics of feudalism in the house of lords be carried out with due dilligence. After the election returns were in and the Liberals were safely assured of the retention of their authority the premier was reminded of his pledge. He said, in effect, that he didn't know about that. If he made any such promise he had let some words loose carelessly and, since this happened when all was excitement, he should not be held to that line of action.

A man named Redmond has been attending Parliament for many years. He has, in fact, grown bald in the advocacy of the idea that Ireland should be free. His temper has taken on a wire edge, for he hasn't succeeded in gaining many things for his native sod from the various cabinets he has had to address. But this time he and his were greatly needed. Without the Nationalist vote there would be a Unionist premier, not a Liberal. A home rule bill was promised if the Nationalists entered into alliance. But such a bill meant nothing more than an empty honor unless there was some show of getting it through the house of lords. That body had to be reformed, remade, disciplined and trained. When Premier Asquith balked over his pledge Redmond balked over his. Unless the lords were made powerless to obstruct legislation there would be no alliance between the Liberals and the Irish members. The country might just as well start for the polls. There was to be a new election.

Mr. Lloyd-George, making a magnificent speech in the commons at a critical time, said the government would proceed at once to take the stinger out of the house of lords. He spoke, of course, for Mr. Asquith, of feeble memory. It would have been interesting to see if Redmond could so far imitate the British stolidity as to refrain from smiling.

COULDN'T BE.

Captain Fritz Duquesne says it will be astonishing if Colonel Roosevelt fails to show symptoms of the sleeping sickness, but then Captain Duquesne is a German and has been living many years in outland places. Otherwise he would know that if there were anything astonishing which had not yet become associated with the name and person of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt it would hurry up and do so. Since, as this traveler infers, it is the usual thing for hunters in East Africa to become tainted with the dread disease, then it can be taken for granted that the former President has neither hide nor hair, sign nor symbol of a germ. The conventional thing would go forty miles around through swamp and jungle to avoid him. The usual happening might occur to John McCutcheon or Bill Snooks or someone else who is following up the Roosevelt trail, but not to the Big Chief himself. Only the truly amazing and unique would receive any welcome to his camp.

THE DAY OF CHANGE

> When a man is real young there seems to be so much going on in the world that he regrets the loss of the little time he has to devote to sleep; but in time he learns that sleep is about as interesting as the rest of it, and more satisfactory.—Atchison Globe.

There can scarce be any more tragic moment in the course of a man's life than that hour when he realizes he is putting a value upon sleep. It is no less tragic because it is a commonplace and that all must go through the experience.

The youth, which is so stupidly called early manhood by some and callowness by persons more frank, is a period of marvelous freedoms. All the world is but a fallow field for exploration. Few things are uninteresting. Nearly everything has its entertaining quality and the greater part of life is as amazing as a miracle. Time abed seems the most criminal of wastes. As the saloonkeeper in the mining camp told the inquisitive stranger: "It is late for day before yesterday, but for last night it is only the shank of the evening."

Then comes the transforming hour when the introspective man finds himself giving thought to sleep as a pleasurable prospect. It is a consideration warranted almost to produce perpetual pessimism. We know it has brought on gray hairs and baldness and, in one instance, it was responsible for a close study of a coat front to see whether age was breeding careless habit along with an outrageous liking for the pillow.

"Life is but a span," said the old New England Primer. We know the writer was no more than 22 when he said that, for none beyond those years understands so fully how much there is to behold and how little time should be wasted with work and sleep.

THE "EASY BOSS' IS GONE.

The instinct of the newspaper headwriter is sometimes uncanny. The other day he wrote above the portrait of Thomas C. Platt: "Noted Politician Dies."

This is the whole history of Platt. He was noted, but only as a politician. He had held high office, but only in the way a politician holds office. He had the genius of leadership, but he chose to use it only for politics. He had the chance to develop statesmanship, to become renowned as a great man, unselfish, inspired, the righter of wrongs, the crusher of evil, the soldier to charge the ramparts of privilege, but he lived only a politician. He was the symbol of a school of office-holding, office-making men. He was one who profited beyond dreams when that school was in the zenith of its power and his passing may be taken as the signal of the passing of his kind.

Platt's career as a politician, however, was not without its high light of creditable action. It was the "Easy Boss" who caused Theodore Roosevelt to be made vice president. He did it to bury him, get him out of the way, take him forever from the arena of New York politics. Fate ruled without consultation with Platt, as sequences disclosed. It is said that in his unmanly moments Platt wept at remembrance of that deed. Yet the country, if it is ever to praise the man for anything, will remember this—and keep discreetly to the subject.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

James J. Hill said that if he had his way, he would build one battleship the fewer every year and use the money saved to found test farms in every county in the United States.

The Ohio house of representatives agrees with Hill that experimental farms are highly desirable institutions. It has passed the Wilber bill, which authorizes the establishment of these plots at county cost. Should every county take advantage of such a measure, this would do very much toward redeeming Ohio as an agricultural state. It would serve to put us with the advance guard instead of with the rear. The bill should have the senate approval and the signature of the governor. It is difficult to see how either can afford not to give endorsement.

THE WIRELESS AMATEURS.

A curious phase of wireless telegraphy is the interest taken in it by the amateur. It is, in fact, so great an interest that it has become a nuisance and threatens to become a source of danger.

Vessels at sea striving to communicate with land stations have received no response, but their operators have been at liberty to listen to the gossip of a couple of tinkers practicing with small outfits. Government officials experimenting with apparatus have been interrupted in their work by strange messages out of the ether telling them just what to do. Protests have been answered with new flippancies, or new forms of annoyance.

When the Kentucky was sinking off Hatteras last winter she succeeded in sending through just one call for help. Had the amateurs been playing then the vessel would have gone down with her crew of 48 and those ashore interested in her and her people might be wondering today what had become of her. The wireless has not been generally adopted upon the lakes, but most of the bigger passenger boats have the mechanism. If the amateurs along the Atlantic coast can cause so much trouble, consider how much might be caused along the lake shores, where the radius is shorter and hence the capacity of small apparatus to make itself a nuisance so much greater.

Fifty years ago measures had to be taken to keep settlers in the far west from cutting telegraph wire when some piece of farm machinery needed repairing. Congress is now discussing the means by which the medium of wireless telegraphy can be brought under control.

MORE PAY ON THE RAILROADS.

The wages of the engineers on the Lehigh Valley railroad are to be increased. It is expected that the company will accede also to the demands of the conductors, brakemen and firemen. The Lehigh Valley was the first eastern line to make the advance so long agitated for and so long admitted as justly due by the railroad managements.

Many months ago it was known that the companies were entirely friendly to the proposition of wage increases. The relationship between officers and men on the railroads are more democratic than they ever were before and there is also a realization on the part of both sides that a strike is an immensely costly and disastrous experience. Yet the railroads have put off granting the increases. Why? Because they had particular use for the needs of the men and immediate employment for their sympathy with that need. Leverage was wanted to move the Interstate Commerce commission to issue a permit to raise freight rates. The permission hasn't come. It may not come at all.

Whether it does or not, the workers are to get their higher pay. Ability to grant it was questioned only when the subject of boosting freight rates also came up.

IN TIME OF DROUTH.

When a reporter went to see John D. Rockefeller to ask for details about his great philanthropic foundation the only answer the old man made was "a hundred years hence."

A friend standing nearby said:

> "A hundred years hence, Mr. Rockefeller, and you will stand out as one of the finest figures in American history."
>
> That prophecy touched the old gentleman. Grasping the man by the hand he said warmly: "Thank you; thank you."

A candid acquaintance of James R. Keene once asked him why he surrounded himself with flatterers and jesters.

"Because I have too few real friends. A poor man can have as many friends as he likes, but a rich one sometimes is in luck if a stray dog will take up with him."

There may, perhaps, be vast areas of loneliness in the richest man in the world and even the sickening sycophancy of a toady may be as welcome to his heart as the gentlest fall of rain to a parched field.

WHAT THE STRIKE IS FOR.

The strikers in Philadelphia believe they are striking for their livelihood and the fellowship which binds workmen together. The general public in Philadelphia believes it suffers inconveniences, rioting, violence to the person and destruction to property for these causes and from the weakness of a currupt administration. The Wall Street Journal, which knows more "inside" financial information than any other newspaper in America, says:

> Guaranteed dividends on stocks of constituent companies have left the P. R. T. with a deficit after charges in each of the past three years. A reorganization could free the syndicate of this embarrassing obligation. And the public, which rides a short way and then pays three cents for a transfer, makes such a crime possible by its votes, or its still more reprehensible apathy.

A public that puts men in power known for years as "the gang," naturally might he expected to stand for the machinations of unscrupulous capitalists. An easy mark hasn't even the right to choose who shall pillage his pockets.

OPPORTUNITY.

Black Rock and Buffalo once struggled for supremacy. Each hoped to become the metropolis of the eastern end of Lake Erie. There was great rivalry between the towns, which sometimes took the usual forms of such competition along the frontiers, fighting, sharp trickery and the publication of extravagant claims.

The first steamer on Lake Erie was the Walk-in-the-Water, but in the third season she was wrecked. Black Rock and Buffalo fought for the contract of building the successor. Buffalo won by promising to deepen the harbor in order that the boat could enter and be assured safety against the gales which had sunk the Walk-in-the-Water. From that day Buffalo grew and Black Rock dwindled and faded. As the prosperity of the one became greater the trade and population and high hopes of the other waned. Black Rock was done for.

Destiny rules the affairs of cities as she does those of men. "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door," said a great man. It is so also with communities. There are thousands of Black Rocks in this land, decayed, forgotten and scarce to be seen in the shadows of their Buffalos.

Even the devil has his friends.

SPUNK IN CHINA.

Doubt as to the reality of that awakening proclaimed so long from China is dispelled by the news that the Dalai Lama of Tibet has been officially declared an exile. This were as if any country should suddenly pronounce the strongest religious organization an outlaw and its lands and property forfeit.

The Dalai Lama is the spiritual head of more than 200,000,000 people. In Tibet he is looked upon as a god. He is hedged about by the most complex of ceremonials. His life is sheltered and even his goings and comings through the corridors of his palace are heralded and attended by scores of functionaries. Thousands of Buddhists in India and China and Japan yearly have faced the hardship of a long journey and the terrors of one of the most inhospitable climates on the globe to make pilgrimage to the sacred city of Llasha, which scarce a half-dozen Europeans had entered until the British sent a military expedition thither.

Doubtless the influence of the Dalai Lama has always been adverse to the development of China. Yet not until this year has the government at Peking dared to fix the frontier of his power. The action is significant of the trend of affairs in the Far East.

FOR DEFENSE AND OFFENSE.

The fire alarms for the American-Japanese war now consist of the following:

Richmond Pearson Hobson, former naval officer, now member of congress.

General Homer Lea, holding a commission in the Chinese army.

Jacob Schiff, banker. His firm has recently been "turned down" in the promotion of a railroad in China.

Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, banqueter and lecturer. He is the mirror for Schiff.

William E. Humphrey, congressman from Washington. Lawyer. He says he speaks for the whole Pacific coast.

For the war with Japan we respectfully offer the following nominations:

Hobson—admiral.

Lea—board of strategy.

Schiff—commissary of subsistence, disbursing officer or contractor.

Shaw—major. Whoever saw a better set of side whiskers for the command?

Humphrey—in charge of submarines. There are few public men more obscure.

But what about the rank and file? Well, well! We'll probably have to do without that. Besides it would be immensely interesting to see a war carried on—for once in the history of mankind—by the alarmists and camp-followers.

THE FLEXIBLE CONSCIENCE.

Clarence Cunningham, of Alaskan coal notoriety, testified in Cleveland that the affidavit in which he swore the Guggenheims were not interested with him had been dictated word for word by Glavis. This had been done solely, he said, for the purpose of expediting the patents through the land office, and he was vastly surprised to learn later that he had been tricked by a government investigator.

In other words: Cunningham was willing to swear to an untruth if he were brought to believe his patents could thus be obtained. He is exceedingly indignant over the trick practiced upon him, but suffers no pang of conscience over his own wrong-doing.

We are not inclined to admire the zealous Mr. Glavis. He stretched the rope of propriety pretty far in order to make his points. But as compared with Cunningham and that outfit Glavis is an angel with 40-foot wings.

WEAKNESSES IN THE CNSUS.

The Abstract of the Twelfth Census (1900) differentiates the foreign born resident to the United States according to the great families, as white, negro and mongolian. The country of birth is given, but purely as to political division. No distinction is made as to race, except where the name of the country defines it.

For example: There is no way of discovering by means of the census report how many Jews there are in this country, though that population is known to be a large one. There is given the number of Japanese and Chinese, but one might search in vain for the true number of Poles. Those born in Hungary are compiled, but there is no way of learning what among these are of Slavish, Turanian or Jewish stock. For some reason, hardly consistent with that process of census taking, Bohemians and Austrians are listed separately and Irish, Welsh, English and Scotch. French Canadians are distinguished from English Canadians, yet Pomeranians and Bavarians are lumped under Germans.

The census for 1910 is to follow the old scheme, it is said. We are glad to see that protests are made. To be a Pole among these statistics one must have been born in Russian Poland. The Poles of Germany are to be classed as Germans. The Jews enumerated as such must have come from Judea.

Convenience seems to have ruled the census taking among the foreign born more than the desire to gain an accurate count.

THE HOME COMER.

In a moment of grudging frankness Joseph Cannon said:

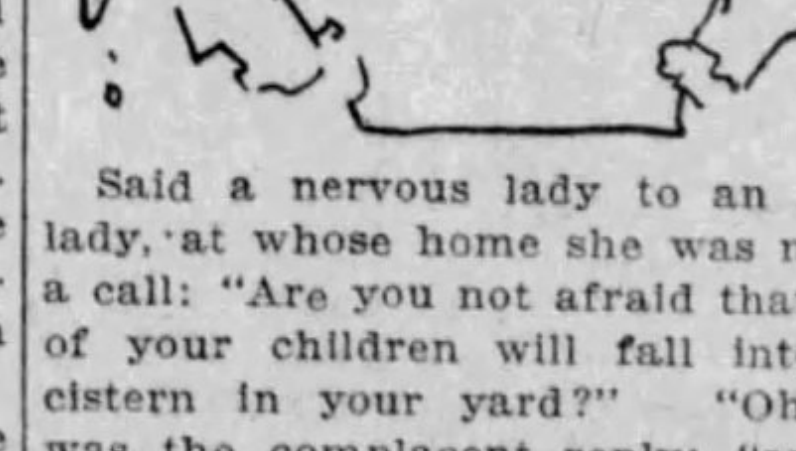
"Roosevelt is the most popular President since Lincoln."

Cannon might have gone farther; Roosevelt is the most popular American since Lincoln. The admiration for him has not waned with departure from the White House. Rather it has waxed. Today the ex-president holds as firm a grip upon the national liking as he did when he bombarded congress with messages or advised his countrymen from the tail of a train. Because of him East African geography is fairly well known to most Americans, its fauna is the subject of intelligent discussion at any cross-roads store. There was applause for him when he sent word to a correspondent racing with others to meet him that he wouldn't talk politics. The applause would have been just as hearty had he unburdened himself of all the stored-up political thought of the last year.

Throughout the Roosevelt exile his enemies have been engaged in digging up and presenting all the malicious unkindnesses they could discover or invent to besmirch his record. They could not have forgotten him dead. He will be a thorn in their flesh while flesh remains above ground. At the same time another group, which had haunted the White House kitchen doors for whatever unsavory rejectamenta might be gossiped about, now parades as the friends and upholders of the Roosevelt administration. The hyena snarls at the lion's heels and fattens upon his kill.

The Roosevelt popularity swells to mightier waves. Imagination speculates upon what far shore that tide will beat.

The Edge of Things



Said a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose home she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

A friend of the late Fr. Tabb said in Ellicott City:

"This fine poet and good man thought that class hatred was due to ignorance; that the rich knew too little of the poor, and vice versa.

"He once illustrated this ignorance with the story of a Methodist bishop's wife, who addressed a meeting of slum housewives on their home duties. The address made the home life seem all very fine and ideal, but one housewife voiced the opinion of the rest, perhaps, when she said to her neighbors, with a sniff:

" 'She's all right as far as she goes, but what I'd like to ask her is this. What does she do when her old bishop comes home on pay night with his envelope empty and a fightin' jag on?' "

While Henry Clay was a senator a resolution, in accordance with a sometime custom, was introduced into the Kentucky house of representatives instructing the senators from that state to vote in favor of a certain bill then pending in congress. The resolution was about to pass without opposition, when a hitherto silent member from one of the mountain counties, springing to his feet, exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, am I to understand that this legislature is undertaking to tell Henry Clay how to vote?" The speaker answered that such was the purport of the resolution. At which the member from the mountains, throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "Great Geod!" and sank into his seat. It is almost needless to add that the resolution was immediately rejected by unanimous vote.

A farmer was asked to assist at the funeral of his neighbor's third wife, and, as he had attended the funeral of the two others, his wife was surprised when he declined the invitation. On being pressed to give his reason he said with some hesitation: "You see, Mirandy, it makes a chap feel a bit awkward to be always accepting other folks' civilities when he never has anything of the same sort of his own to ask them back to."

When a negro was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for wandering around the streets, he wore one of those invincible smiles. When he was taken before Magistrate Briggs he was still smiling.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah don't know, sah," smiled the negro.

"Ah don't know, sah."

"Where do you work?"

"At the Tem Hotel, sah."

The magistrate thought that perhaps there was some truth in the negro's place of employment, so he thought he would see if the negro knew any of the students in the college near this particular hotel.

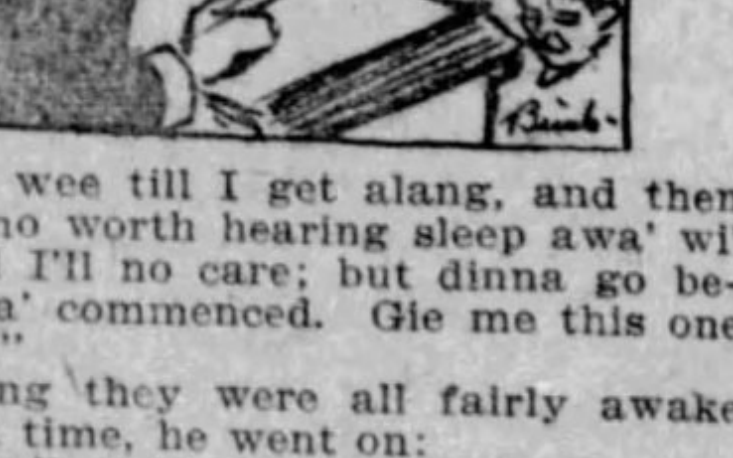
"Do you know any of the students at Tem College?"

"No, sah," answered the negro, his smile bigger than ever. "Ah nebber goes in de bar!"

A certain Scotch minister a newcomer in the parish, finding it impossible to arrest the attention of his congregation, became esperate. No sooner did he appear in the pulpit than they promptly composed themselves to sleep, says Tit-Bits.

One evening after taking up his position, he rapped scharply on the ledge in front of him and addressed his somnolent flock in tones of severe remonstrance:

"Now, bretheren," he said, "it's not fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done directly I begin my sermon. Ye might wait a wee till I get alang, and then if I'm no worth hearing sleep awa' wi' ye, and I'll no care; but dinna go before Iha' commenced. Gie me this one chance."



Finding they were all fairly awake by that time, he went on:

"I shall take for my text the two words, 'Know thyself,' but I will say before I begin the discourse that I would no advise this congregation to make such profitless acquaintances."

There was not a snore nor a nod in the kirk that evening.

Commission Form of Government

By Calvin Goodrich.

The commission plan of government can wave aside most criticism and argument because it can show results. It has done things. It has cleared the atmosphere of several municipalities of pernicious politics and it has banished there, it may be forever, the idea that politics and grafting are inseparable.

Under the commission government Galveston has raised itself from the wreck of the great hurricane. The city has been administered cleanly, fairly. Immense sums have been gleaned where it seemed impossible to take one more penny of taxes. Debts have been paid and money saved. It is said that in a single year the commission put aside a million dollars to care for obligations coming due, a wonderful achievement when it is remembered how Galveston had to build itself anew, had to assess taxes on property fallen tremendously in value, and had extraordinary demands upon its charity.

As Binding Material.

The other Texas cities which have adopted the commission plan have also profited. Kansas City, Kan., will probably do well under the altered government because the ward system there was unable to bind the scattered and warring interests together. Leavenworth, Kan., is happy to have wiped its slate clean of ancient feuds and grievances and to settle down into its big village rut comfortably and sleepily. The Des Moines experiment has been the most brilliant of all. The city is delighted. It enjoys exceedingly an unusual interest in civic affairs. The 35 or more other communities which have adopted the new scheme are apparently well content with it, for so far there has been no movement to return to the old system.

But the best of ointments are not always free of flies. There are flaws and serious ones in the commission government, though most of them are apparent only as possibilities.

The opportunities for grafting are greater under this form than under a representative municipal administration. This cannot truthfully be denied. For it requires only three votes to carry a measure through the council and, of course, any three commissioners, if they so desire, can form a combination. In Galveston and a few other cities the mayor has not the power of the veto. This is but another opportunity for a government which, by the chance of politics, might be dishonest. In one town a cynical contractor told me that if he wished he could "reach" three of the members of the commission without difficulty.

Not Always on the Job.

It is declared that under the commission plan the council must stay constantly on the job. In Des Moines alone did I see the commissioners together. And I was informed there that one member had within the year taken a six weeks' vacation on a fishing trip and another was in the pay of a municipal league and spent much of his time lecturing about the country on the merits of the Des Moines charter.

The party label has been wiped out. This is a good thing, one of the very best of the successes of commission government. But let no one believe that politics has been done away with for all that. When I was asking about the occupations formerly followed by the commissioners in Des Moines I was told sneeringly that one had been a "professional politician." This fact—if it is a fact—hadn't prevented the man being elected. It is surely more than incidental that the other commissioners lean heavily upon the practical experience of this "professional politician," and further that his advice as to policy "goes."

Machinery Cumbersome.

The referendum and the recall are still to be tested effectually. The machinery is excessively cumbersome, and it would be a very painstaking and persistent citizen who would attempt to carry either one of them to the point of special election. Still, there is no reason to believe that this procedure might not be amended in other charters and employed satisfactorily.

"It does not increase power—it increases responsibility. The commissioners are prevented, as a matter of fact, from the exercise of such harmful powers as granting important franchises; bartering public privileges that belong to the people, or filling the public service with political friends to pay political debts at public expense."

Is this true?

Franchises certainly could be railroaded through a council of five easier than through one of 15 or 20—if there is to be any railroading. In Des Moines a referendum is necessary before a new franchise becomes legal, but extensions can be granted until the cows come home. What is to prevent the filling of the minor offices with political friends? The commission makes the appointments wherever the civil service rules do not interfere. The commissioner who did not care for those who had worked for his election would have little chance of re-election.

There are other objections, and very vital ones they are like to be when time has applied the acid test to the commission government. Local conditions will furnish local problems. State laws and the varying interests of each community will present their difficulties. The mere habit of thought, custom and tradition, are factors that must be considered. While Des Moines and Galveston watch every step of the commission now, will they continue to do so? Is not the apathy of the people toward their government a fixed characteristic? Will the awakened interest stay awakened?

Not For the Big City.

It is my opinion that the commission government is fitted only to cities of small size. There you can have something of the old town-meeting spirit, but when the plan is applied to cities of say 150,000 or more it cannot hope to be representative of all the people. It cannot be watched in all its ramifications. It cannot, for example, be expected to be absolutely impartial in providing improvements for the North End if, at the same time, the South End is in need of improvements. And the danger of a three-man control would be immensely greater as the population of a city increased.

The notable victory of the commission government is that a better type of citizen has taken up the business of politics. This should be counted above everything else achieved, everything promised and projected.

* * * *

There are answers to all the criticisms, undoubtedly—the best one being that the commission government can show results. Yet there is no assurance in the commission plan that the humble voter will keep upon the humble voter's job. You can write charters mechanically perfect and beautifully engross them upon vellum, but you cannot inject into them the law compelling the citizens to guard their municipal treasuries as if they were their own. You cannot force them to assume the fullest responsibility for the conduct of public affairs. Legislation has never yet overcome the human factor. The commission government has been touted as a panacea for all civic ills. The best one can really hope from it is that, having gained a better grade of citizen for administrator, it will hold the better grade. After all, doesn't all good government rest wholly upon that?

Varieties

The lighthouse service in 1909 cost $5,2 000.

Tea is more beneficial if made wi hard water.

Spanish is the official language of nations or states.

House rents in Mexico have about do bled in the last 10 years.

Rain falls on the eastern coast of Ir land about 208 days in the year.

The average life of a tradesman i about two-thirds that of a farmer.

It is said by anatomists that peopl hear better with their mouths open.

Boiled alligator flesh tastes very mu like veal. It is much eaten in India.

London, in monetary value, is wort two and a half times as much as Pari

The city of Durban, South Africa, wi spend $1,000,000 for electric lights an railways.

An English agricultural society is rai ing a fund with which to exterminate th sparrow.

Electric cables with hemp cores to tak up the strain more evenly are a Swedi invention.

Nearly every foreign automobile builde now casts all the cylinders of his e gines in a solid piece.

The sale of American fruit abroad ha amounted to about $16,000,000 annually f the last several years.

Electric power is used on 3,288 miles o street railways in Great Britain to 1 operated by other means.

According to official estimates, the va ue of the diamonds yet in the ground i German South Africa is $250,000,000.

The pike is better provided with tee than any other living creature. It ha teeth all over its upper and lower jaw

Gas lamps are made on the lines of th electric lamp, and the deceit is so clev ly perpetrated that few suspect the di ference.

Chicory, used to mix with coffee, is th oldest known adulterant of food. In so cheap restaurants the coffee is often ha chicory.

Mexican peons live chiefly on bea rice, corn, cheap cuts of meat, coff tortillas and peppers. Bread is not us by those people.

The trees which are used in the gover ment work of reforestation are grown i eight government nurseries in the wes ern forest reserves.

The fur seal will not breed in captivit This does not apply to the hair seal which are those so readily trained f exhibition purposes.

Since 1883 the sea has washed away acres of the British Isles, but it has al added 30,752. The land gained, howeve is at present useless.

Twenty years ago the New York pos office issued money orders to the value $101,334,173, and during the last year th value was $423,543,860.

A schooner built in Amesbury, Mass., 1805 and used in the war of 1812 as privateer, still is in active service in th Maine coasting trade.

General Botha, prime minister of th Transvaal, says that never before in th history of South Africa were there su solid signs of prosperity.

There are more medical schools a more physicians have received their ed cation in Philadelphia than in any oth city in the United States.

A shovel with high, sharp sides a with a hinged blade that lifts away fr the front, has been patented by a Ne Jersey resident to cut and lift sods.

In Switzerland education is both fr and compulsory, and such ample faci ties are provided for all classes th illiteracy is almost unknown.

The steamer duck of South Ameri loses its power of flight as it matur The reason is that its wings do not gro as the rest of its body develops.

There are killed annually in the co mines of the United States three tim as many men per thousand as in the co mines of most European countries.

A French writer predicts that in th course of 100 years very few persons w live in the cities. Cities will be us only for business purposes.

Information of all kinds regarding po sible landing places for aerial craft to be issued in the form of a handbo by the Aerial League, Regent street, Lo don.

A German student preparing to be doctor needs about $3,500 during the fi years involved in medical training. A an English university the cost would about $5,000.

Apples are greater luxuries in Ne York than oranges. While single orang of the finest variety can be bought f 5 cents, the best apples are being sold 12 cents each.

The catch of fish in Canadian wat by Canadian fishermen, including sea and all fish products, in 1908 was valu at $25,451,085. The industry required fishing fleet of 14,114 vessels.

Recent statistics of the German arm show that neurasthenia is three and half times as prevalent among the so diers as it was a decade ago, while hy teria cases are twice as numerous.

The proposal is once more made th the Bank of England shall issue £1 not and among financiers there is likely arise keen controversy as to the probab effects of such an issue.

An Austrian fire department is tryi out a fire engine that, though drawn b horses, is operated by electricity tak from any convenient source through cable carried by the engine.

So many counterfeit nickels a dropped in the fareboxes of a New Yor street railway company that the le realized when they are melted dow makes an appreciable item in the reve nue of the road.

For the years 1808 to 1907 Grea Britain has produced 32.6 bushels wheat an acre, as against 13.9 in th country and 9.3 in Russia, which mak the poorest showing of the large whea growing countries.

From New Guinea comes a new or chid shaped like a cradle and found a recent orchid hunting expedition the island. The flower has a whi margin, with reddish chocolate mark ings and a yellow lip.

A French scientist has invented a apparatus for sterilizing water, whic passes in it in spiral tubes around long mercury vapor lamp, to utilize th bactericidal properties of the violet a ultra-violet rays.

Two, Tennessee draftsmen have pa ented a magnetic T-square, which held against the iron bound edge of drawing board by an electro magnet its head. A switch cuts off the curre and allows it to be moved.

As a means to reduce the smoke ev the municipal authorities of Glasgo will hold an exhibition of gas heatin lighting and cooking appliances a appliances for the use of various sor of smokeless fuel.

In the English Church Times the cle ical obituary for 1909 contains 4 names. The ages of 370 of the de ceased clergymen are mentioned a these show the attainment of an ave age age of seventy-one and one-ha years.

Seventy-five per cent. of the farme of the United States plant their crop according to the moon's phases, bu scientific investigation shows that p tatoes planted in the "dark" of th moon are no better than others.

Mrs. Lulu Rice, of Longmont, Col recently received a certificate enabli her to practice embalming. She w the only woman among the seven ca didates who took the required examin tion and the only person who got certificate.

The first carbon filaments made b Thomas Edison for his new incande cent lamp were made from threa dipped in lampblack and tar and ca bonized at high temperatures. Th lamp was successful enough to war rant further investigation.

The London employer, in hiring shop clerk, insists on an agreeme that the latter shall not go into bus ness for himself or enter the empl of another within a certain distanc radius and within a certain time lim after leavng h[illegible]

An ozone g[illegible] generate vitality and create [illegible] force which makes one feel stalled in the vigorous and healthy, equal to which will generties and pleasures of robust air a minute. This system [illegible] keeps pure air in the large readin room, but acts as an automat deodorizer and disinfectant.

The value of machine guns was fir exemplified in the Franco-Prussian wa the Boer war in South Africa confirme the conclusions of the tacticians, a the Russian-Japanese war proved th correctness of their views. Since th all European nations have made m chine gun batteries an essential pa of their organization.

Miss Kate Barnard, commissioner o charities for the state of Oklahom found the conditions so bad in the sa atorium for the insane at Norma where state patients are kept und contract, that she forc[illegible] the re[illegible] of the superintendent of the sanatorium boa[illegible] is serving her first ter er of charities.

WINCHESTER

Rifles Shoot Well, Work Well and Wear Well

The rough, hard usage that hunting rifles often receive requires them to be constructed on sound mechanical principles and of the best materials. All Winchester rifles are so made. Nothing is left undone that will make them shoot well, work well, look well and wear well.

Winchester Guns and Ammunition—The Red **W** *Brand—are made for all kinds of Hunting*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

An Anomalous Invitation.

"Where is your office in New York?"

"In the tower of the highest skyscraper. If you ever go to the top drop off and see me."

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT HIM.

"My borrowing this money of you won't hurt our friendship, will it?"

"No, indeed. I must keep friendly in order to get it back."

SOLD HEALTH AND WEALTH

Paris "Magician' 'Defrauded Public of Large Sums.

Paris, March 14.—A middle-aged man with a black beard, who calls himself "Professor Parianys,," and describes himself as a magician, has been arrested by the Paris police for defrauding the public of large sums of money.

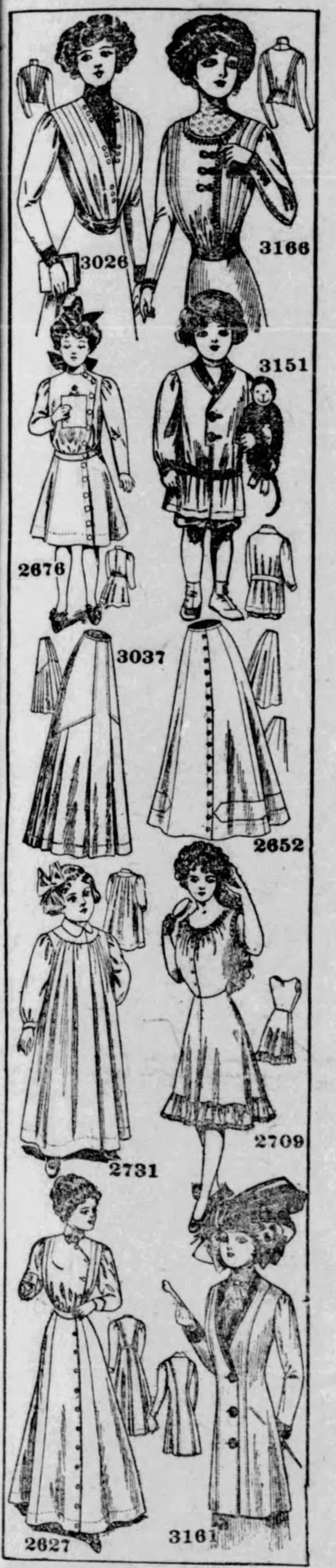
The "magician" had established himself at Rainey, near Paris, where he had a well-furnished office and a staff of clerks. He advertised extensively that he was prepared, free of charge, to furnish an infallible method of obtaining health, wealth and happiness.

In reply to inquiries, the professor usually forwarded a brouchure describing his formula. The eventful part of this was the purchase of a magic ring manufactured only by the professor, and sold for $1. The wearing of the ring would bring untold happiness to its wearer and disaster to his or her worst enemies.

At the moment of his arrest he had received postal orders amounting to $100. He is now in prison awaiting trial.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.



These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3026—Ladies' Surplice Waist, closing at front and having body lining. Silk chiffon or messaline are adaptable to this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2166—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Removable Chemisette. A most becoming model for challis, cashmere or satin. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2676—Girls' Dress, closing with buttons down left side of front. This stylish model would develop well in Venetian cloth, serge or broadcloth. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3151—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with a removable shield, and knickerbockers. Serge or chambray would develop well in this style. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3037—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, with plaited flounce at sides. Black broadcloth was used to develop this model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2652—Misses' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front and with an inverted box plait at back or in habit style. A neat model for the young miss developed in blue or brown serge. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2731—Girls' Wrapper. An excellent model developed in flannel, flannelette, cretonne or calico. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2709—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover, Drawers and Short Petticoat. Fine lawn, nainsook, batiste or muslin develop well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2627—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down left side of front, consisting of a waist with separate collar, and cuffs and an attached seven-gored skirt. Any material desired would be adaptable to this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3161—Misses' Coat, in three-quarter length. Mohair, broadcloth, or Venetian cloth are all adaptable to this coat. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3183—Ladies' Russian Blouse. Cashmere, voile or any of the wash materials are adaptable to this model. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2775—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with fancy yoke. This model would develop well in fine lawn, trimmed with insertion. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3184—Girls' and Child's Sack Apron. Gingham is best adapted to this model. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3044—Girls' One-Piece Dress, closing at center back. Cashmere, serge or challis are excellent developed in this style. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3207—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing at left side back. Cheviot, serge or mohair in any desired shade would develop to advantage. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

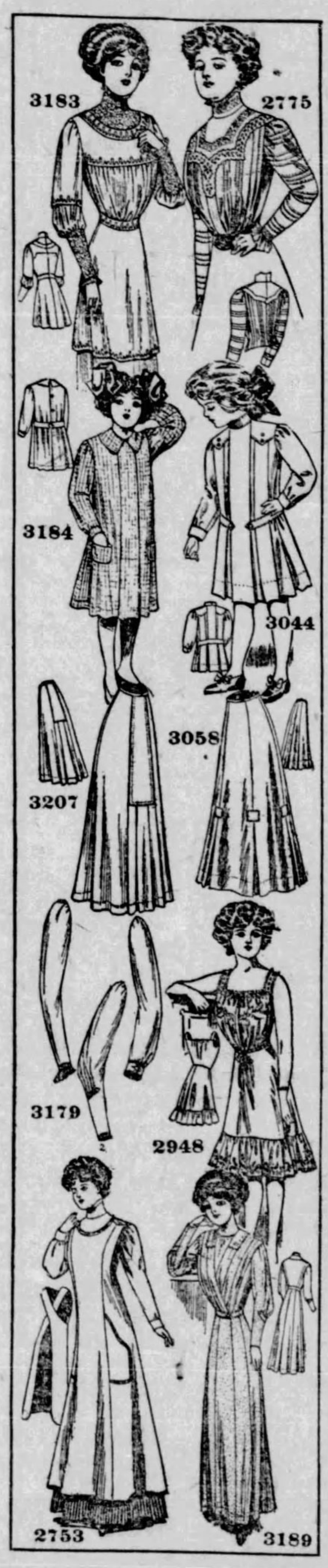
3058—Misses' Seven-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box plait at center back seam and at lower part of the other seams. This model will develop to advantage in cheviot, mohair, serge or cotton poplin. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3179—Ladies' Bishop and Two-Seam Dress Sleeves. Any material desired is adaptable to these sleeves. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2948—Ladies' Combination Circular Corset Cover and Short Petticoat. Fine batiste, lawn, jaconet or nainsook will develop well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2753—Ladies' Work Apron, closing with buttons on shoulders. Gingham or percale are best developed in this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

3189—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at left side front seam and having an attached nine-gored skirt. A most becoming model developed in silk nun's veiling, voile or lawn. 7 sizes—32 to 44.



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Neglected Heart Disease Can Lead to Only One End

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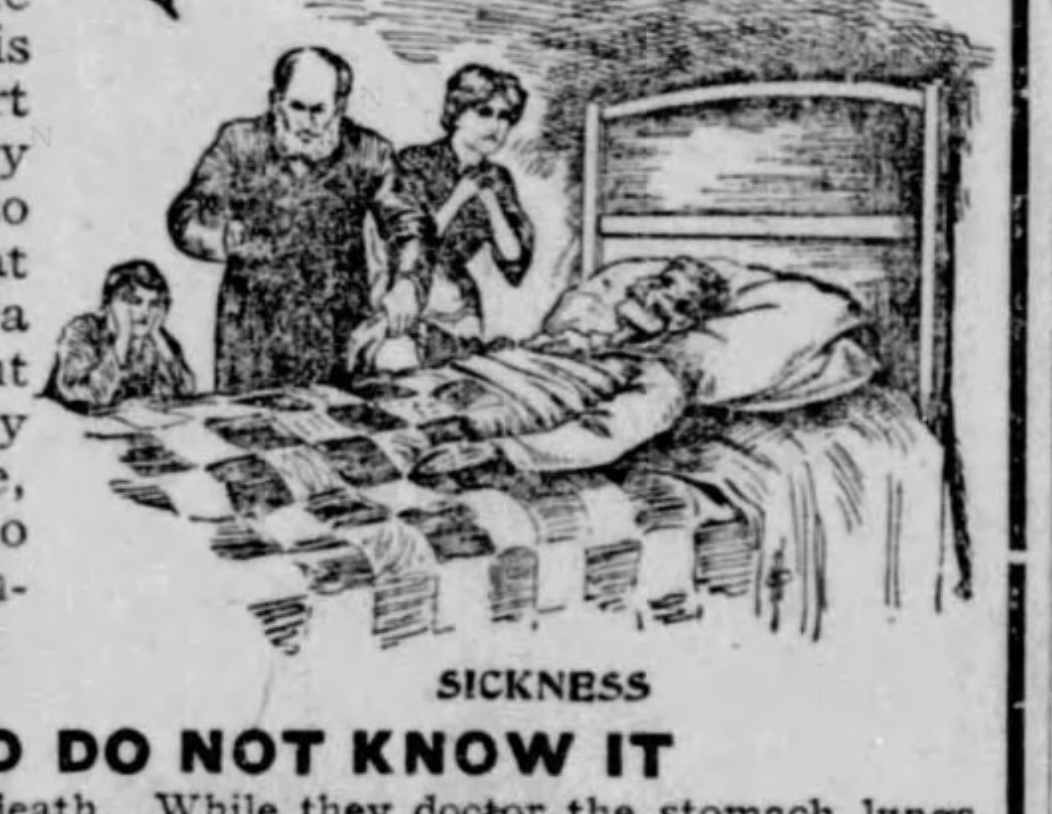
I want humanity to have the benefit of my discovery. It is my ambition to place my Heart Tablets in the hands of every sufferer. My confidence is so great—I know so well just what they will do—that I will send a course of treatment, sufficient for a good, fair, honest test, by mail, postpaid, absolutely free, to any sufferer, anywhere. No case should be pronounced incurable before they are used.



SICKNESS

THOUSANDS HAVE HEART DISEASE AND DO NOT KNOW IT

Through ignorance of the symptoms they are being hurried on to almost certain death. While they doctor the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves, the true cause of their trouble—heart disease—obtains a most deadly grasp on the system. Nearly all of these deaths are needless and could have easily been avoided had my heart treatment been used. **If you have any one—even only one—of the following symptoms,** take steps to-day to protect yourself from sudden death. Delay may mean death.

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There is no part of the country in which remarkable cures have not been made—cases pronounced incurable and where all hope had been abandoned. A list of over 1,000 recent testimonials and endorsements—every one guaranteed genuine—will be sent with the free treatment.

Fluttering; Palpitation; Skipping Beats; Shortness of Breath; Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, in the arm or under the shoulder blade; Fainting Spells; Nervousness; Dizziness; Sinking Spells; Spots before the eyes; Hungry or Weak Spells; Sudden Starting in Sleep; Nightmare; Choking Sensation in Throat; Oppressed Feeling in Chest; Cold Hands or Feet; Pain when lying on left side; Dropsy; Swelling of Feet or Ankles (one of the surest signs); or Neuralgia around the Heart.

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Please send me by mail, postpaid, absolutely free of charge, a course of your celebrated Heart Treatment.

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We want to add your name to our list of patrons. We want to place some of our very finest Whiskey before you—so you may KNOW how rich, pure and delicious it is—and may appreciate how much you save by our plan of selling **Direct From Distillery** to you. And to induce you to send us your order NOW—we make you this **special** offer.

3 Quarts Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey, at 80 cents a quart.
1 Quart Hayner Fine—Old W. S. K.—Straight Whiskey, at $1.30 a quart.
4 Quarts for $3.70

HAYNER Patent Combination LOCK STOPPER and SIDEBOARD DECANTER FREE with each order.

DIRECT from DISTILLERY—EXPRESS CHARGES PAID

OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND DISTINCT. When the goods arrive, open one, two or all the bottles—give the whiskey a good, fair trial—examine the Lock Stopper and Decanter and put them to the test—and if not found exactly as we represent—you may send back the goods at our expense and your $3.70 will be returned by first mail.

HAYNER'S PATENT COMBINATION LOCK STOPPER is exactly as shown in the illustration. It is fitted with a dial like the combination on a safe—locks into the bottle and cannot be withdrawn by any one who does not know the combination. It is a safeguard against anyone tampering with your whiskey. The Decanter is in cut-glass pattern—bears no label or other advertising, and is an ornament to any sideboard.

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2 Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

Hayner's Patent Combination Lock Stopper and Decanter

TRUST MUST SHOW BOOKS

Judge Orders Packing Concerns Into Court.

Trenton, N. J., March 14.—Justice Swayze, of the New Jersey supreme court, announced today that he will sign the order applied for by Prosecutor Garven compelling the National Packing company and the other big western meat concerns to produce their books before the Hudson county grand jury.

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manuf'r., 401 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write to-day.

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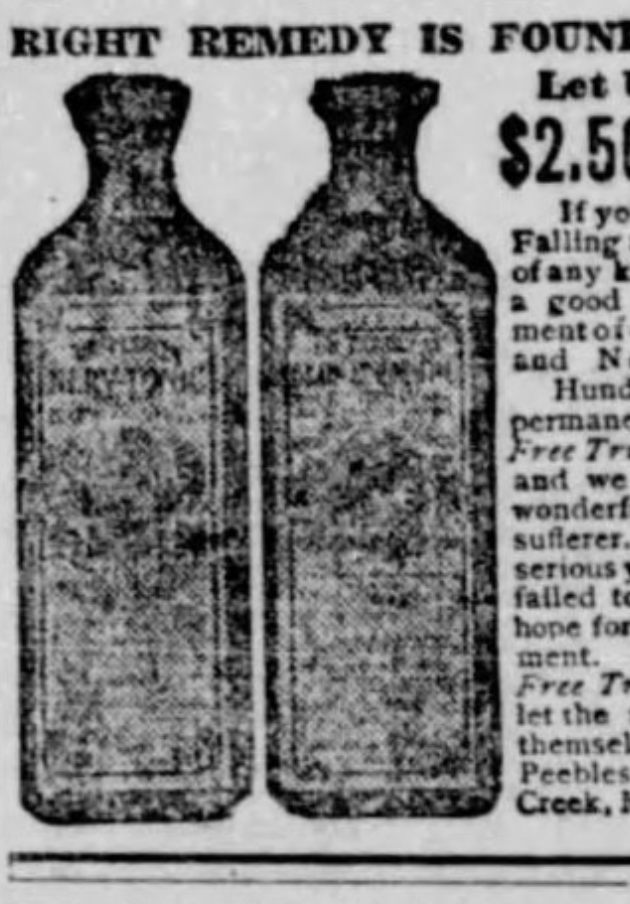

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SAYS GLAVIS LAID TRAP

Cunningham Charges Former With Deception.

Cleveland, March 12.—Louis R. Glavis, brother-in-arms to Gifford Pinchot, and who as former special land agent for the government investigated the validity of Alaska coal land claims, said to be worth $90,000,000, was charged by Clarence Cunningham at the hearing here yesterday with having trapped him into signing an affidavit under false pretenses and of having pretended a desire to have the 23 Cunningham entries cleared for patent when he was really endeavoring to have them declared fraudulent.

The affidavit in question has figured prominently in the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry, and was made the basis of a discussion of the perjury statutes in the congressional committee in Washington yesterday. In it Mr. Cunningham denies in detail that the Guggenheim syndicate was interested directly or indirectly in the 33 claims which he located and which it is now contended by the government are fraudulent.

Mr. Cunningham asserted that the affidavit was dictated, word by word, by Mr. Glavis, who induced him to sign it on the understanding that it was solely for the purpose of securing patents. The witness also asserted that Mr. Glavis had assured him that the claims in which he was interested were perfectly sound and that he personally would do everything he could to have them passed by the land office.

Under close examination, Mr. Cunningham reiterated his declaration that at no time did the Guggenheims ever advance any money in the interest of the entrants and that they had never had any interest whatsoever in the claims which he located. He explained that the option which they claimed to hold had been merely provisional and had never been ratified by the interests he represented.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

DOGS CHASE HEIRESS

Escapes From Nurse Clad in Nightrobe.

Lakewood, N. J., March 11.—Bloodhounds brought here from Atlantic Highlands were used in vain yesterday to trace the flight of Miss Helen Bloodgood, the million-dollar heiress who escaped from the home of Leslie Fort, son of Governor Fort, of New Jersey, after she had attacked and overpowered her nurse.

The young woman was in a state of mental collapse, due, it is alleged, to an unhappy love affair. She is a daughter of William Bloodgood, secretary of the American Felt company. A reward of $1,000 has been offered by her father for information concerning her whereabouts.

Miss Bloodgood was under the direct supervision of a nerve specialist of Lakewood and it was by his orders that none of her immediate family was with her, as the doctor thought that the absence of her family would be the best thing for his patient. Miss Bloodgood seemed to have spent a quiet night and when she insisted upon getting up about 6 o'clock Wednesday morning the young nurse thought nothing strange had occurred.

Suddenly the invalid rushed at the nurse, overpowered her and leaped from her bedroom window on the second floor, making off toward the lake. She was dressed only in her nightgown. This is the second time Miss Bloodgood has disappeared. In September, 1901, she dropped from sight. On the day of President McKinley's funeral she left her home, 83 Irving place, and started shopping, not knowing all the stores were closed. She was found at Basking Ridge, N. J., a hamlet near Morristown.

REALIZES HIS MISTAKE

Apology Last Act of Man Before Execution.

Ossining, N. Y., March 14.—Frank Schleiman, the second of the two men convicted of the murder of Mrs. Sophie Staber, in Brooklyn, last July, was electrocuted in Sing Sing prison here today. Carlo Giro, Schleiman's companion in the burglary of the Staber home, which resulted in the fatal shooting, was put to death here a few weeks ago.

"I die for burglary only, I never took a human life," was Schleiman's final protest of innocence. "I hope, gentlemen, you will forgive me for my mistake. I realize mine now. I die with a clear conscience," were the condemned man's last words. His speech was said to be the longest ever made from the death chair in the prison here.

ENGLISH BACK JAPS

Great Britain Would Like to Check American Naval Growth.

Washington, March 10.—Statements were made by officials of the administration and notably by the state department yesterday which revealed international secrets of moment and illuminated ominously the antagonism of Great Britain, Japan and Russia to the progress of the United States in the far east.

Of prime importance are the following facts, officially declared:

1. Great Britain is the sole obstructionist to New York capital being assigned its share in the Hankow railroad which is commonly known as the Chinese loan.

2. The success of the state department in obtaining the railway in Manchuria was opposed by Russia and Japan diplomatically but was absolutely nullified by the entrance of Great Britain into the Russo-Japanese anti-American alliance.

3. The motive of Great Britain is, according to the best information, the subordination if not humiliation of the United States, Great Britain's prospective rival as the future mistress of the seas.

Big Interests Involved.

The banking firms and institutions in New York interested in the Manchurian question are Kuhn, Loeb & Co., J. P. Morgan & Co., the National City bank and the First National bank.

While it is not so stated here in express terms, it is intimated strongly that the war which the British foreign office has made against these firms for an open door exploitation of Manchuria goes far toward explaining the protests of Jacob Schiff, whose stirring words have gone around the world.

It is of equal significance that it was announced at the state department yesterday that France, Germany and the United States have agreed as to the Chinese loan, but that the influence blocking the scheme is Great Britain and that the representatives of four powers are now in London discussing the grave question involved.

Great Britain is holding up the loan because she cannot get assurance as to further extensions of the principle which President Taft laid down in plain terms to the Prince Regent of China, namely, that the United States has a treaty right to demand participation in Chinese loans.

Jealous of Prestige.

This attitude of Great Britain illuminates the theory which approaches conviction among administration officials that it is the prestige of the United States in world politics which is being attacked and prosecuted with energy by the British foreign office. Great Britain's alliance with Russia and Japan in Manchuria is a flagrant breach of faith with the state department.

It is absolutely certain that Great Britain knew as early as last May that Willard D. Straight, a former secretary in the state department, had secured from the viceroy of Manchuria permission for the building of the Chinchow-Aigun railroad. No objection was made by Great Britain. In fact Great Britain did not enter the Russo-Japanese alliance for Manchuria until it was announced at the state department and also at Peking that an imperial rescript was to be issued confirming the lease granted to the bankers of New York and London for the building of this Chinchow-Aigum railroad. Great Britain, now opposing, had promised the state department its diplomatic support for this great enterprise.

Jap Plans Are Complete.

Confidential communications to their home governments sent by the diplomatic representatives of several powers reveal the plans made by Japan some months ago and put away for use when needed. Japan is apprehensive as to the outcome of a growing anti-Japanese propaganda in American officialdom, and the reply to this sentiment has been the compilation of offensive and defensive plans in case war should be declared. To give color to this assertion, diplomats refer to the fact that Japanese plans for fighting Russia were completed about 18 months before the rejected ultimatum was sent out. The practice on the field proved their worth. For this reason, of theoretic accuracy, the secret agent considers the plans against the United States as of great value.

It is also shown that Japan has the insurmountable advantage of planning the entire campaign, and that no movement in this country would weaken or neutralize the war office's plans. This is unusually advantageous to the empire, because she has herself and her immediate possessions alone to consider.

It has been figured out by Japan, according to plans discovered by the secret agent, that the campaign is to be a naval one. After dividing one-half the number of battleships and first class cruisers and assigning ships at such points as Vandieman Strait, Nagasaki, Bungo Strait, Cape Shiwo, Yokohama and neighboring coastwise points, Sendai Bay, Toyama Bay, Tsugaru Strait, from Cape Yerimo to Cape Shiretoko, then to La Perouse Strait, which is south of Saghalien, the other section of half of the fleet is to be assigned so as to patrol the stretch of sea from Cape Satano to the Babuvan islands, immediately north of the Philippines. The subdivisions of the fleet will be so arranged that no call need be made upon the fleet at large—the other half—in order to do patrol and defensive duty.

Couldn't Invade Japan.

The United States, basing all of this upon the actual fighting power of the two countries today, could not send enough warships to the Far East, while Japan, provisioned at home, has also the added advantage of an intimate knowledge of Pacific waters. This tends to deprive American ships of suitable ports of refuge. It would make it next to impossible for United States troops to attempt landings in Japan, which is the popular theory of the lay mind, because the empire's forces will always be ample to resist an invasion. It is also figured out by Japanese experts that the need of retaining any section of the fleet in home waters [illegible] army [illegible] the coast.

Depriving the United States of the Philippines and closing the Pacific to her in the imaginary line of division followed by longitude 180 degrees east of Greenwich, would impose additional difficulties upon the United States, since strategically the Panama canal would have no importance. Any attempt to reach the Far East by way of Suez might mean encountering a Japanese fleet, as did Rojestvensky's when passing by the same route.

Far East the Stake.

It has also been considered by diplomats that Hawaii would sooner—rather than later—fall under Japan's control. There are already many thousands of Japanese occupying the islands.

The document embodying these plans consists of 62 pages and has several maps. It states that the possibility of sending soldiers over to the United States does not exist, because Japan's aim is not to subjugate this country, but to break American supremacy in the Far East. Russia will contribute readily to this arrangement, while England has been bound hand and foot with the alliance.

SHE IS SPOTLESS NOW

Two Sword Pricks Clear the Name of Baroness.

Rome, March 11.—The honor of every one concerned having been vindicated in the two duels fought by Eugenio Chiesa, the Republican deputy of Milan, the other three engagements of the offending party were called off today.

In the chamber of deputies last Friday Chiesa, who has a reputation both as a duelist and as a debater who does not mince his words, addressed an interrogation to the government concerning what he described as the influence of the Austrian Baroness Siemens on the Italian army by reason of her acquaintance with the late Lieutenant General Tancredi Saletta and subsequently with General Fecia Di Cossato, the commander of the grand maneuvers, and who is said to be engaged to marry the baroness.

General Prudente, under secretary of war, refused to reply, whereupon he was roundly abused by Chiesa, who took occasion, also, to remark that the Duchess Di Litta had been a great favorite with the late King Humbert. Count Giacomo Morando, a nephew of the duchess, boxed Chiesa's ears and then challenged the latter to combat.

General Prudente also sent his seconds to Chiesa, as did General Fecia Di Cossato. A fourth challenge was received from a son of the Duchess Di Litta, at Milan, and a fifth from a nephew of the duchess in Berlin. Chiesa announced his willingness to meet all comers, and Wednesday received a prick on the chin from the sword of General Prudente. Yesterday, after 24 assaults, Chiesa put his mark on the cheek of General Fecia Di Cossato, and today it was decided that every one was satisfied.

Baroness Siemens arrived from Berlin today and will nurse the general back to his normal health, and it is reported that the two will be married soon. The general is 69 years of age and the baroness 42.

PLAN MOTORS DE LUXE

New Yorkers Will Have a Private Factory.

New York, March 11.—Following the announcement that J. P. Morgan & Co. will finance an important merger of motor car companies comes the news of the formation of a manufacturing company unique in the history of the automobile industry. One hundred of the leading business men of the street are to make automobiles for their own use on designs embodying the best features of both American and foreign cars.

The company will have a factory at Springfield, Mass., the output of which will be bought at the actual cost of manufacture by the stockholders of the company which will be known as the Orsom Automobile Manufacturing company and has been incorporated under the laws of this state with a nominal capital of $10,000. It is understood that the output will be limited to 100 cars, the number of stockholders, but what will be come of it after each shareholder has obtained his car has not been decided.

Among the 100 organizers are Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City bank; Horace M. Kilborn, vice president of the National City bank; Charles G. Gates, son of of John W. Gates; Henry O. Havemeyer, president of the Alaska Coal & Copper Co., and Alvin W. Krch, president of the Equitable Trust Co.

GIVES HIS BLOOD IN VAIN

Father's Sacrifice Fails to Save His Son.

Washington, March 14.—Although the father hurried to this city on a special train from Baltimore and submitted to an operation for the transfusion of his blood into the veins of his son, who was lying near death's door with meningitis, Francis Hopkins, seven, son of Lewis Hopkins, grandnephew of Johns Hopkins, founder of the university that bears his name, died today.

The boy had laid in Providence hospital seven weeks and after submitting to two operations the physicians decided upon the transfusion of blood to save his life. He rallied, but died from exhaustion following his long illness.

Over the Scenic Highway in a Tourist Sleeping Car

That is the title of a dainty little booklet (free for the asking), which tells all about the advantages of "going tourist" over the

Northern Pacific R'y

Our electric-lighted, leather-upholstered Tourist Cars are different from the ordinary and there are several privileges to be enjoyed that are unusual—for instance, all trains carrying Tourist Cars provide dining car service, à la carte—cuisine famously good.

Colonist Fares in effect March 1 to April 15

$25.00 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior; $33.00 from Chicago; $32.00 from St. Louis; $25.00 from Kansas City and Omaha; $37.50 from Toledo to the Pacific Northwest. Similar reductions on through tickets from all Middle West, Eastern and Southern points.

These new low one-way second-class colonist tickets are honored in Tourist Cars upon payment of berth rate—about half the Standard Sleeping Car rate

If you are going to Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon or British Columbia this spring, let me tell you about the daily through Tourist Sleeping Car service from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and St. Louis.

J. J. GARTNER, Trav. Pass. Agent,
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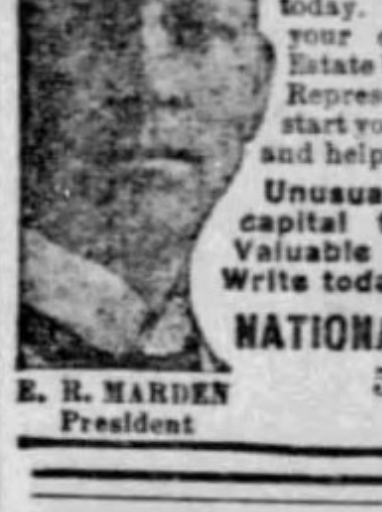

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MEN WANTED QUICKLY By big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise, $21 weekly; liberal expense allowance. MANAGER, 1216 State Street, Chicago.

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Ladies and gents, young or old, can earn watches, diamonds, jewelry, furniture, farming implements and many other things for one day's work. I have a cinch for you. Be wise and write for particulars. How Easy Money Is Easily Made. Address T. E. Lasater, Dept. Box 32, Durham, N. C.

SEEDS FREE 8 Pkts. To everyone sending 10c for a pkt. of our Prizetaker, the best tree tomato grown, we will send free one pkt. each of the following: Beet; Carrot; Cucumber; Lettuce; Onion, Radish and Glorious Mixed Flower Seeds. This 10c refunded with first 25c order. Send today before this offer is withdrawn. Our illustrated catalogue of Garden, Farm and Flower Seeds is sent free. J. W. Jung Seed Co., Dept. 4, Randolph, Wis.

WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. I. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.

LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure; price $1. Every woman wants one; made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, MM 60 Wabash, Chicago

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

PILES Cure-Etto guaranteed Sure Cure. Quick relief. We mean this and furnish proof and best references. Our cure mailed sufferers FREE on trial. If benefited pay $1.00, otherwise pay nothing. HOME TREATMENT ASSOCIATION, Dept. 80, Indianapolis, Ind.

Stop! Look! Send 2c stamp for our illustrated catalog of Toilet and Home Necessities, Drugs, Druggists Sundries, etc. Desk 8, Adv. M. O. House, Chicago.

LAND OF MANATEE—Situated on the west coast of Florida, near the gulf, is the "Land of Manatee." Here fruit and vegetables are raised the whole year One acre often yields as much as $1,000 net. Vegetables and fruits are raised here in the winter months and shipped at highest prices to the northern markets. Buy a farm in Manatee county and grow independent; a small farm will prove an excellent investment. Climate the very best, abundant rain, good roads, convenient markets, fine schools. Write at once for booklet and full information. "Fruit and Vegetable Growing in the Land of Manatee," by a western man upon request. J. W. White, Gen. Indust. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Virginia.

MEN WANTED to prepare for next railway mail, internal revenue, customs and postoffice examinations; $50 to $125 monthly; annual vacations; short hours; rapid advancement; steady work; common education sufficient. Country and city residents stand equal chances. Political influence unnecessary. Over 15,000 appointments to be made this year. Write immediately for schedule showing spring examination places and dates. To advertise, we are preparing candidates free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R. 34, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

RIBBON CANE SEED, guaranteed pure, makes 500 gallons syrup per acre, grows on any soil like corn. Sample package 10c; bushel $3. Large package (enough to plant one acre) by mail postpaid, 50c. Lyle Seed Co., Bivins, Tex.

AGENTS for Roosevelt African Hunt are making $5 a day. Everybody wants it. Exciting. Photographs from Africa. No old wood cuts. Send for circular. The Educational Co., Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO HABIT cured or no cost. Safe, pleasant, permanent. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. Send your address at once. Ni-Ko Works, No. 14, Wichita, Kansas.

GOOD MEN WANTED to sell Galvanized steel wire fish-traps on halves. Price creek-traps, $1.00. River-traps, $2.50. Liles & Crowson, Bivins, Texas.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

EVERY WOMAN GLAD who sends 2c stamp for our new Catalog Rubber Goods, Toilet Necessities, Drugs. Webster Specialty Co., G 35, Chicago.

MARRY wealth and beauty. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. NEW PLAN. Box 314 M. S., Kansas City, Mo.

PURE WHISKEY at 50 cts. a gallon. Information free. Pacific Agency, Box 600, Bandon, Ore.

MONEY $ $ quickly "Unik sealed secrets" Key free. E. Rogers, Horseshoe, N. C.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

IF you want to read the signs o' the times observe the shop windows. They will tell you, if you chance to have forgotten, the season of the year that is close at hand. After Christmas the gala time is when spring approaches, and with it come St. Patrick's day and Easter, to prelude the rejuvenation of the year.

The shop windows tell the story in spring fabrics and gowns, spring millinery, and the various articles associated with the two holidays which usher in the spring. The blooms on the bonnets in the windows given over to the milliners vie with the real blooms in the florists' windows—and, by the way, what a delightful thing it is that there are florists and that they turn their windows into gardens that thrive and blossom the whole year round and help to drive dull care away.

I never see a florist's window without wanting to flatten my nose against the pane and absorb all the beauty of color and blossom that will sink in. Take my advice and do thou likewise. Never pass a florist's window with unseeing eyes. If you do you miss something that is coming to you in the shape of a "cheer-up" message.

Just now the flowers are spring blossoms of the kind that make you think of old-fashioned gardens where perennials bloom year after year, and the mistress of the flowers gives them water out of a sprinkling can.

I should like to see some old-fashioned pinks of a kind that I remember to have seen bordering an old brick walk where the bricks were laid slantwise, and moss was growing between the cracks. I do not know where the walk came from or where it led to, but its picture is in my mind. It was an old walk, worn humpy and uneven with the tread of many feet, and on each side of it, low-growing, was a border of pinks. I should like to see pinks like those again.

The florists' windows are bright spots in the panorama of the streets. No matter how dull and bleak and gray the scenery may be in the bleak season, when you come across a flower window, it seems just as if some one had stepped up and handed you a big bouquet. Much obliged to the florists. May they thrive and prosper.

Next to the florists in the galaxy of gaiety are the milliners' windows. The milliners are up in the early morning of the spring, making spring hats bloom at the tail end of the winter. More bright spots, even if we say: "Aren't the hats freaks this year!" We say this every year, so that remark really does not count. It is simply one of the things we are in the habit of saying, and we wear "the freaks" just the same.

To my mind spring millinery is far more attractive than that of winter, because it is mostly flowers, and makes you think of gardens and of pleasant things and places.

Just now in the confectioners' windows and in the shops where souvenir cards are sold there is much wearing of the green, in honor of good old St. Patrick. There are little gilt Irish harps—like those which "once in Tara's halls"—perched on top of green boxes intended for candies, and there are make-believe potatoes and there are shamrocks and tiny colleens and many other things in green and of Irish association.

The Easter emblems come in crowds. Each season the Easter cards grow in grace and beauty. You may have noticed, or, if you have not, you will, the assemblages of barnyard fowls and of rabbits and various other of the lesser animals. They are counterfeits beyond denying, but they are counterfeits that do good because they help to make the children happy.

In one shop window I saw so many little, fuzzy, yellow chickens that I looked around to find the incubator.

The beautiful wax ladies, life size, we have with us always, but the spring creations in gowns so enhance their charms that "us women" linger before their glass houses and wonder how we would look arrayed in glory like theirs. Not at all the same, since few are so statuesquely formed, and then we have the habit of moving about, thus displacing folds and draperies. No, we may not hope to look like the wax ladies in the shop windows.

I could go on indefinitely, telling you of the interesting and delightful things you may see when you walk along the streets where the shop windows are making pictures. It is one of the free shows we may go to every day, and each day brings something new and different. Open your eyes to see what is spread for their delectation. They are one of the wayside pleasures not to be overlooked, even if you may not have the things shown in brave display.

If you have the gift of getting enjoyment out of sights and scenes you meet with every day you have something that money cannot buy nor lack of money take away.

Some of the greatest things in life are those which money will not bring you.

IN a letter which came to me recently was this:

"I say why is it a man cannot be after marriage what he was before?"

One of the answers is, "Why cannot a woman?"

Frequently it is a case of seeing the mote in the other's eye while we are blinded by the beam in our own. The man in the case is not invariably the only one who changes after matrimony. While she may not know it a woman changes just as much and perhaps more. Cares and responsibilities press upon her which she did not know in the sweetheart days, and cares and responsibilities sometimes prove ruffling to tempers and fatal to the pretty ways and graces that worked a charm when Himself and Herself were lad and lassie.

I came across a story which illustrates the point I am making. You women please take notice the point is being made with the utmost good-nature and the kindest of intentions.

According to the story there was once a negro named Jim Webster. Jim got married and a few weeks after he met one who had once been his employer.

"Well," said the employer, "I hear you've been married, Jim."

"Yassah," Jim replied.

"And how do you like matrimony?" the ex-employer asked.

"Doan' like it 'tall," Jim confessed.

"Don't like it! Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, sah, you see, it's like dis heah: Foah we wuz mar'ied, Lize, she uster say eb'ry time Ah knock at de doah: 'Am dat you, honeysuckle?' An' now when Ah cum hum, she sez: 'You clean off dem boots foah you comes in dat doah, you black moke!' "

The moral of this tale dissatisfied married women, is not to lay the blame of change all on one side of the house. It may be that you are not the same as you were before marriage. It is not in the least likely that you are, for reasons too numerous to mention. None of us stand still, and sometimes, unless we keep watch and guard over self, we change for the worse instead of for the better, and so, when you are inclined to be rebellious because things are not as they "used to was," when you are tempted to believe that Himself has done all the changing think back a bit, perhaps you will discover you are mistaken.

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabattus, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you full permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabattus, Me.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning, are taken from the letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

Cast your burdens on the Lord for He careth for you and He stands with outstretched arms saying, "I will never leave or forsake you."—Fannie Phillips, of Virginia.

MONDAY

I think one of the best ways to find relief when we think everything is dark and going wrong, and especially when we feel tempted to utter the hasty word, is to break into song.—Black-Eyed Susan, of New York.

TUESDAY

Kind words will accomplish what those spoken unkindly will not.—Lizzie, of Vermont.

WEDNESDAY

Bury your past grievances and wrongs. They will only serve to kindle a smouldering fire.—E. B. R., of Michigan.

THURSDAY

We can stand a lot if we have to, so do not sit around and cry. Just brace up and be gay.—A Friend to In Doubt, Pennsylvania.

FRIDAY

Sometimes mothers and their sons' wives do not get along. Why should they not try? There is no pleasure in going "that-a-way." God said, "Love one another." Why do we not?—Lucky Girl, of Illinois.

SATURDAY

Old age needs our greatest tenderness, sympathy and love. It will respond in most cases, as a child does to our advances.—Edith Handy of Indiana.

COZY-CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A GOOD PLAN

Although I am 27 years of age and am married and have two sweet little girls, I do not seem to be grown up—to use my neighbors' words. I am a Christian and I appreciate the fullness of God's grace and His loving kindness, but, as my neighbors say, I have ways like a child. I attend to my household duties, keep my home in as neat order as I am able, do my own washing, ironing and sewing, make my own garden, etc., but—this is where the offense comes in—I spend most of my spare time playing with my own little ones, or, with my neighbors' children, if they visit me, as they often do. I can spend an afternoon much more pleasantly with children from 1 to 9 years old, playing all kinds of games, even to the making of mud pies, than I can chatting and gossiping with the older folks.

Sometimes I meet with a woman whose company I enjoy. If I find one who is really interested in beautiful music, or pictures, or literature, I can talk with her for hours. I like to discuss plans for beautifying my home and keeping it pleasant and homelike, but when it comes to dress, some one's possible marriage, some one else's wealth or poverty, and some one's scandal being made the chief subjects of an afternoon's visit, I do not enjoy it, though I am censured severely for preferring the little folks' society.

Now, am I selfish in following my own wishes, or should I try to make the best of the older folks and not give way to my desire to play with my little friends. I want freedom, and complete relaxation from life's sterner duties, occasionally, and it seems to me that the next thing to being a child oneself, is to come often in contact with children, and, as we grow older, borrow from their innocent youthfulness, never letting our weight of years burden them in the least, thereby harming them to benefit ourselves. If we study this plan, to borrow from their youthfulness and refrain from adding weight to their years, we can keep our own hearts young, though our face may grow wrinkled and our hair gray.

What all nature cries out for is youth—eternal youth.—L. E. F., Texas.

"DEAR FELLOW TRAVELERS"

I have been sitting here alone, thinking. You see, I have been reading The Blade since dinner while I was resting, and I have decided to express my thoughts, though I am not a writer. This world is so grand and so full of beauty. Our kind Father has given us so many lovely things to make us happy and contented. Let the unhappy and the discontented ones look around, and above and within, and see if they cannot, by some magic spell, draw some inspiration of hope that will bring a dawn of happiness.

Let love prevail. Love is the forerunner of all good. A woman, in the presence of other women, when husbands were being discussed, several years ago, said to me, "do you still kiss your husband?" Then they laughed. I did not hesitate to say, "Yes; I still kiss my husband," and now, when I am white-haired, I still kiss my husband. Why shouldn't I? He is one of the best husbands in the world.

Recently one item in the Morning Thoughts impressed me very forcibly as being my own sentiment. It was from Contented Home Wife of Ohio. She said, "I am not only married to my husband, but to my home also. My home is my throne."

How much real, good, true heart content is expressed in those few words. I think more often than otherwise, a happy wife makes a happy husband, and those two together make a happy home.

The sun shines bright in my Alabama home. I can look out of my window and see a bed of violets, blue as the sky, and today the crocusses are coming bloom. Easter lilies and hyacinths will soon be in flower. May the benediction of Dora Hope of Indiana be an inspiration to all of us.—Jane, Alabama.

A FEW LINES

While I am waiting for the mail carrier to bring The Blade, I will write a few lines to the Cosy Corner. This is the time of year to be studying seed catalogues and making out lists of seeds. If our vegetables and flowers would yield as abundantly as they are pictured in the catalogues, how nice it would be. Our snow is nearly gone and our sleighing is quite spoiled. It is not often we have good sleighing on March 1, as we did this year. We must now tap our maple trees and begin to think about housecleaning, alas.—Otach, Iowa.

IN A PLEASANT LAND

I live in the mountain part of old North Carolina, where the sun shines bright and the water runs clear. In the summer time we have fruits of nearly all kinds, and all kinds of vegetables can be raised here.

I will speak a word or two on kindness. We should be kind to one another, and not only kind to one another, but kind to everything. Even the dumb animals have feelings, and we should be kind to them. We should remember that a kind word often spoken heals a heart that is almost broken.—A Busy Woman, North Carolina.

THEY WORK TOGETHER

It has been a long time since I chatted with you, but I have enjoyed reading your splendid letters. Spring is in the air, and we who are farmers' wives will soon be very busy. I enjoy working out in the open air and sunshine, making garden and caring for my chickens. Of course all this is hard work, but to accomplish anything worth while, we must work for it.

I love a neat, sweet home, but cannot always keep mine that way. I have five children and we all work together, even baby Laurence, who is three years old. He loves to help, but sometimes his help is almost a hindrance, yet I know he wants to be helpful and thinks he is helping me, so encourage him and he loves to be praised for the little errands he does for me. I have a happy home and wish every woman through this broad land of ours had the same. Sister Maggie, Iowa.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Every day that passes brings us one day nearer spring. It will be here before we know it. While you housewives may sigh and complain about spring work and cleaning, down in your hearts you know you really like it. That's what I'm thinking.—Elizabeth.

Minerva—You'll have to send me that address again if I am to keep my word. I lost your letter.

Our newest letters are from Fern Leaf, Columbia, A. A. H. and Tommy.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with Household Editor written somewhere on the envelope.

SPEAKING OF "BAD" WEATHER

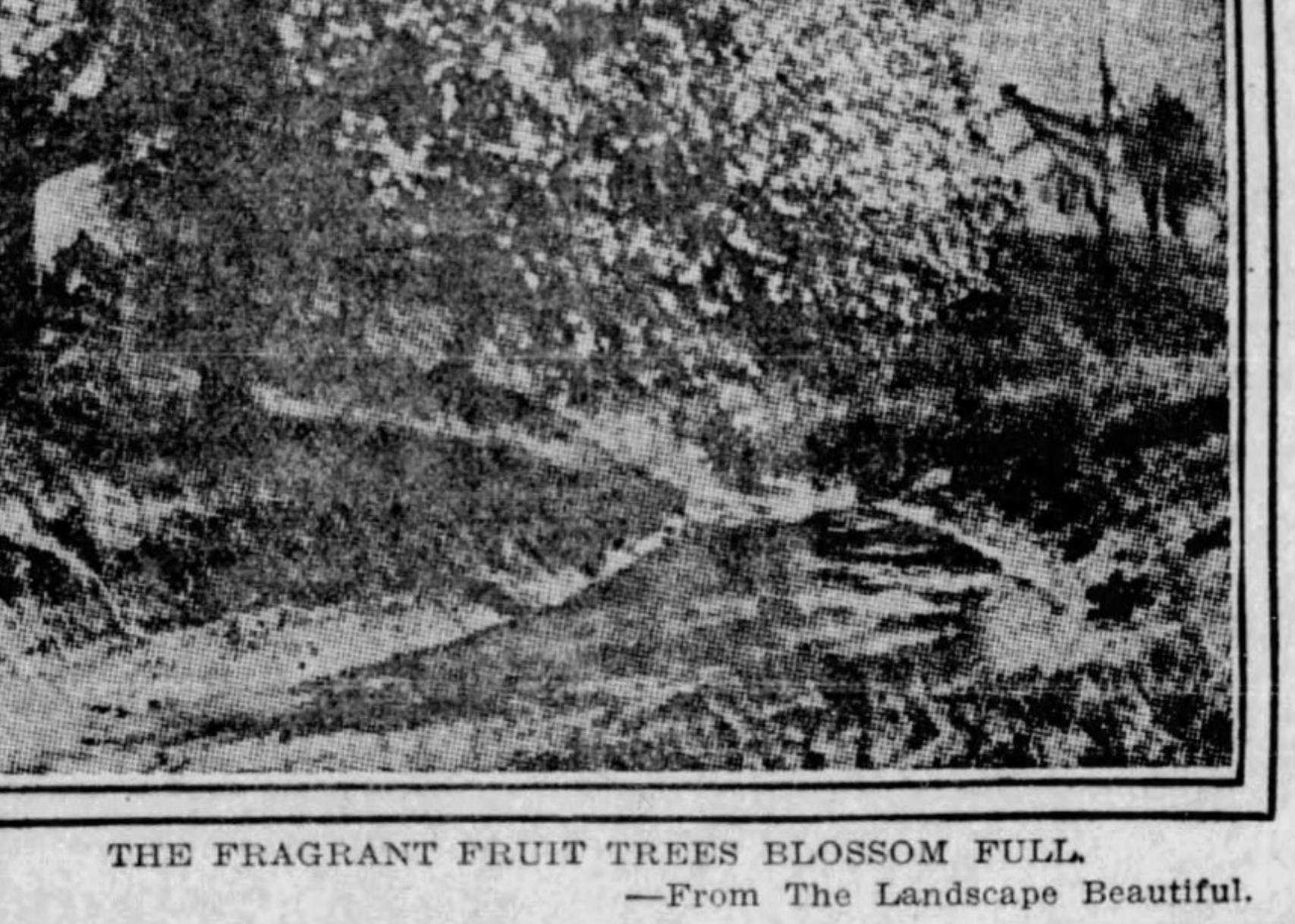
AMONG THE new books for the spring season is one which has for its title, The Landscape Beautiful. The name is rather irritating unless you happen to be a faddist and approve of the prevailing fancy for putting the cart before the horse when it comes to the use of the adjective "beautiful" in titles. Aside from this conventional unconventionality, the book is much "to the good" in other respects, and by means of a series of pleasantly written essays, it calls attention to the utility of the natural landscape, in its relation to human life and happiness. To get this happiness, you must be able to see the beauties of the landscapes which come before your eyes. You must learn to enjoy the wonderful pictures hung by nature in the art gallery which is open and free to all.

There are pictures everywhere; even apart from the pictures made by the woods and fields, the running streams and vast waters, the mountains and the valleys. In the skies there are always pictures, and wherever we may be, we have but to lift up our eyes to see the panorama of the heavens.

All this and more the author of the book, Frank A. Waugh, professor of horticulture and landscape gardening in the Massachusetts agricultural college, Amherst, Massachusetts, points out, and he points it out with an originality which is refreshing.

When it comes to the part of nature designated as "weather," my way has been to refuse to notice it when it is bad. Professor Waugh has a way with "bad" weather that is better. He says, take notice of it, and enjoy its beauty and glory, and he says it after this manner:

The landscape is inseparable from the weather. Every change in temperature, wind or humidity introduces a corresponding change in the aspect of mountain and lake. To my way of thinking these changes present differences not of degree, but of quality only. The landscape always seems to me equally beautiful, whether in rain, or mist, or full sun. I have studied the woods with a camera in all weathers—have photographed them in the noonday shine, in fog, in silvery mist, in pouring rain and in a driving January blizzard; and while the camera, of course, works better in some atmospheres than in others, the woods themselves are never diminished in beauty by the state of the weather. If we begin to talk about different degrees of merit we shall be forced to admit, of course, that some of the most beautiful effects in landscape are developed in what ignorant and superstitious people call bad weather. The prairies in a snow squall are magnificent; so is the ocean in a storm. Even Broadway is worth seeing in a pouring rain.



THE FRAGRANT FRUIT TREES BLOSSOM FULL.
—From The Landscape Beautiful.

Speaking of "bad" weather, this opportunity cannot pass without a challenge to this pet superstition of civilization. It is too bad that such a foolish notion should have such universal currency. That is a wise aphorism of Professor Bailey's that the weather cannot be bad, because it is not a human institution.

The bugaboo of bad weather is kept alive principally on three kinds of diet—first, a stupid enslavement to conventionalities; second, a thoughtless neglect of proper clothing; and, third, the truly idiotic habit of making the weather bear the burden of all small conversation.

What shall we say of those people who, wishing to make talk, and having nothing within themselves to draw on, make capital of the weather and call it "nawsty?" Their crime is worse than ordinary slander, because the defamation falls on a great and noble object. It is noteworthy, too, that the weather critics are chiefly the people who stay most indoors and really know the least about the weather.

Every kind of weather is good. I well remember a record-breaking blizzard on the plains. All day long and into the night I was out in it working with a herd of insufficiently protected cattle. Some of the cattle suffered, but I was happy and I still look back on that day with joy. It certainly was a glorious spectacle to look at. For six weeks one summer I lay abed with a raging fever in a southern country where the thermometer every day ranged well above 100 degrees, yet I still remember with delight the wavering, cooling breeze that came in at the open window, and the magnificence of the thunder showers that swept over the sky while I lay there. I was not well and happy those days, but I couldn't blame the weather for it. I have been on the open ocean when the wind blew a gale, and when every third roller came sweeping over the upper deck. I confess I was miserably sick, but I laid that, not to the wind, but to my stomach. When I could momentarily command that rebellious organ, I went on deck and faced the storm, and I thought it was the most glorious weather I ever saw.

I envied those old sailors, with their waterproof stomachs, who could stand on the bridge and nose it all day long, and I begrudged the seagulls their easy enjoyment of it. No; when we say we are not suited with the weather, it is always some little defect of our own that is to blame, and usually one that could be easily remedied. With Professor Bailey, I hope the time will soon come when intelligent people will cease to talk about "bad" weather.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I have been an interested reader of the good old Blade ever since Nasby lived at the X roads, with the exception of a few years. Recently I read Walter Worrell's interesting letter about North Carolina, and thought I would write of Osceola county, Florida. It is so lovely with its beautiful lakes, fine climate and level country. We have been here since the past October and have not seen a flake of snow. The weather has only been cold enough to freeze the ground a little, once in December. In some places the soil is sandy, in others it is loam. Either is very productive. The largest Irish potatoes I ever saw grow here. One does not have to keep pulling weeds or hoeing grass, or coaxing the truck to grow, but may stand back with folded arms and watch the vegetables thrive. Something to eat may be raised every month in the year. Everything grows fast here. Even villages are large cities soon. Two hundred houses were built in St. Cloud in five weeks. Isn't that going some?

This is a grand, restful place to live the simple life and be happy. I could write pages about the beauties of Florida, and may write again and tell about the lakes, game, snakes and insects.—Mrs. Ralph Livingston, Florida.

I am a West Virginia girl, and would not give our little mountain state for any other in the Union. I live eight miles from Belleville, our nearest railroad station, which is 18 miles from Parkersburg by rail. Parkersburg is the second city in size in the state. It is the center of the oil business in the western part of the state. A large oil refinery is located there. The Baltimore & Ohio railroad bridge (one mile long) across the Ohio river at this place is the longest in the state. If I am welcome I may come again and tell you more of our little state.—Laura the Country Girl, West Virginia.

Well, I have stayed away so long that to call me a good member would be quite out of the question, but while I shake hands with you all I find now and then an old friend who greets me with a pleasant smile.

In regard to the question, Is woman's worst enemy woman? I think women are not as loyal to each other as they should be. A woman's best friend should be a good and trusty woman. When a woman is down-hearted and blue, does she want to go to a man with her troubles? No; she wants a good and sensible woman to console and advise her. I like the society of women far better than I do that of men. A good and trusty woman is worth her weight in gold; that is, if she does not weigh too much. Please do not think I am a man hater, or some self-hating old maid. I love a worthy young man, and he, too, is worth his weight in gold.

In the vicinity in which I live there are more men than women, and after they are married we have dull times. I am alone during the day, and how I do long for a woman companion, although I do not like gossiping women who are constantly talking about some one all the time. When a lot of silly, gossiping women get together and talk about some one, making some small matter far worse than it really is, then I say, woman's worst enemy is woman.—Henrietta, Michigan.

I have come to tell you something of my travels in Europe, hoping they will be of interest to the H. G. R.'s. I first landed in England where I stayed a few days, and then proceeded to Ireland's sunny shores. While there, we went to a farm where a family lived we knew. The young lady of the family was always busy making Irish lace when she was free from other duties. The Irish people are very witty, and they delighted in showing us about the country. One afternoon we went to a vast flax field. The stem of the flax is tall and slender, and a field of it presents somewhat the appearance of a field of oats. Flax is not cut like grain, but is pulled and left on the ground, so the gummy substance may decay. It is raised mostly for its fibre.

We went to the famous lakes of Killarney, which are well worth seeing. We went to Dublin, which is the capital, and also the largest city of Ireland. Dublin is a great manufacturing centre, and is a very quaint, old place. I visited a week only in Ireland, then we sailed across the Irish sea and landed at Liverpool. This place is noted for the great ships that are built there. As we had no one to visit in Liverpool, we hastened on to London where my partner had relatives. The third day we were there, our friends went about with us sight-seeing. I would enjoy telling you all about the things we saw, but it would take too much space, so I will give the description of a few places, only.

London being a very old city, many of the streets are narrow and crooked. In some places, they are too narrow for street cars, so the people have to be transported mainly by omnibuses. Just below the city on one side of the river, is the Greenwich observatory. Here there is a large telescope for the study of the sun, moon and stars. Still on up the river a few miles, is Windsor Castle. This is a grand building with its many beautiful rooms. If anyone ever visits London, he must surely visit this fine palace.

We went to France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany and Greece also, but I guess I'd best not write about them in this letter, but I will write again and tell you about these places, too. May health, wealth and happiness attend you all.—Iola's Sweetheart.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Please remember we have decided to make this our Good Cheer column. That is one form of HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

Ene, of Toledo—You must give me your real name when you write letters. It's against the rule not to. It need not be published.

Weather in Toledo at present time of writing—Simply perfect!

We are pleased to say "thank you" for letters from Sunshine Fairy, Wyandotte, Leni Leoti, Laura, the Country Girl; Mrs. Ralph Livingston, New England Girl, Etoile, Just Me, Kate H. Fuller, Michigan Girl, Webster County Boy, West Virginia Boy, Herbert J. and Ene.

GOOD RECIPES

Layer Cake.

Here is one of the best layer cakes ever, writes Mrs. A. H. L., of Kansas:

Two cups sweet milk, warmed; two cups sugar; four cups flour; four teaspoons baking powder; six tablespoonfuls melted butter, and four tablespoons cold water added the last thing. The longer you beat the cake the better it is.

Boston Brown Bread.

Three cups of graham flour; one-half cup sugar; one cup corn meal; one cup seeded raisins rolled in a little flour; two slightly heaping teaspoons soda; two cups of sour or buttermilk; one cup molasses; one heaping teaspoon salt. Put in tin baking powder cans which have been buttered, and steam three hours. Fill cans half full of mixture and do not let water boil out or stop boiling in the steamer. Set in oven a minute to dry off top when lifted from the steamer.—Augusta H., Pennsylvania.

Scones.

Into a quart of flour stir a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift three times, then chop into the mixture a heaping teaspoonful of butter, and when well blended add enough chilled milk to make a soft dough. Handle as little as possible and turn out upon a floured board. Roll quickly and lightly into a sheet and cut into rounds with a small biscuit or cake cutter. Lay upon a hot soapstone griddle, and when done turn and brown; split open—tearing, not cutting the scones—and butter them.—Harper's Bazar.

Potato Fried Cakes.

Two eggs, two potatoes, medium size. Mash with one cup sugar; one cup sweet milk; three level tablespoons melted lard; a little salt; four level tablespoons baking powder; flour to roll, and any flavoring desired. Are excellent and will keep well if you do not eat them up too soon.—Susie E. Adye, New York.

Ginger Apple Jam.

Four pounds of good, sour apples, four pounds dark brown sugar, two lemons, a few pieces of dried root ginger and one pint of water. Pare, core and chop the apples fine; put the sugar and water in a preserving kettle and boil until clear. Add the apples, the juice and grated rind of the lemons and the ginger. Boil all together until the apple looks clear, which will be from three to four hours. This resembles some of the foreign sweetmeats and will keep for years. On no account omit the ginger.

SOME POINTERS

Whether you feel like it or not it is a good thing to begin the day with "good morning." It gives you a top o' the morning feeling.

Always forgive those who come back and want to be forgiven. Some day it may be they cannot come back, and then you will be very sorry.

My Aunt Elizabeth used to say frequently in connection with harsh opinions: "Judge not lest ye be judged."

If you have knowledge of your besetting fault it is half cured.

You who think your marriage is a failure turn your minds back to the days when you were lad and lassie and try to begin over again.

That opportunity comes but once is a false creed. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open so that it may not slip by unnoticed on its return trip.

You are binding yourself with galling chains, crippling your soul, when you start in to hate anyone.

If you so live that you do not do any harm you are doing good in the world.

Always give the other fellow who seems down and out a chance to get up and in again.

Changing your mind does not mean weakness. More often it means you have heard the other side of the question. There are always two sides, you know.

Everyone is glad that winter is on the wing and spring is on the way.

Be glad you are living and other people will be glad, too.—Elizabeth.

One of the Men-Folks

February 28, 1910.

To the Editor of Weekly Blade:

Dear Sir—I have been a reader of The Blade for 40 years, and think it the best weekly paper published in Uncle Sam's domains. Its editorials are condensed and always mean something. They are short and right to the point. The little items in the first column are full of hits and jokes that make us acquainted with the great men of the nation, as well as to put us in a good humor while we read the news and good stories.

We Tennesseeans are in favor of Roosevelt trying farming; if he'd make the trial down here, we'd assure him a good living, at any rate.

I notice some one says in one of our towns "robins are selling readily on the local market at 10 cents a dozen." I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT. I have not seen ONE ROBIN the past month, and I live on a farm. The robins do not come till the last of March or first of April. I never saw or heard of a robin being killed here for any purpose, and I have been a Tennesseean for the past 20 years—nearly. There is no need of killing the song birds. It is bad enough to kill quail, but the farmers here do not allow sportsmen to kill them. There are plenty of rabbits and other game.—A Tennessee Buckeye.

New Foulards.

If you are planning to have a new silk gown this season, think about a foulard, since they are very fashionable again, and are the most practical silk gown for the average woman.

The showing of early season foulards presents something quite new, in that the patterns display miniature floral designs, very much after the order of rose dotted lawns. The figures are widely scattered, and the goods has a rich satin finish. These silks are made up with laces and the least bit of velvet.

Always, in the long run, the "get even" process proves to be anything but a cause for self-congratulation. It leaves a bad taste.

POETS' CORNER

THE OLD FARM GATE

Author Unknown.

I love it, I love it, and oft pass it by,
With a sigh in my breast and a tear in my eye,
As backward I gaze on the days that are past,
Too sunny and joyous and happy to last.
O, my life was young and my spirit elate,
In the days that I dwelt by the old farm gate;
How oft have I mounted that old gate astride,
With a rope and a stick for a frolicsome ride;
And when it would open with slow, gentle force,
Gee, whoa! would I cry to my gay, mimic horse.
Who so happy as I, as I fearlessly sate,
One the broad, topmost rail of the old farm gate.

And by turns we would ride on a real, live horse,
We called his name Raven, so black was his gloss;
Our plump little pony, so frolicsome and wild,
When he carried a man, was never so mild
If he knew my sweet sister, the pert little Kate,
Was to ride on his back from the old farm gate,
And Trowler, our little dog Trowler, was there,
His bark of delight sounding loud on the air;
And if we were happy as happy could be,
I am sure little Trowler was happy as we.
We wept when he died and we laid him in state,
At the foot of the tree by the old farm gate.

Long before we grew up our kind father died,
And soon our dear mother was laid by his side;
Then Tommy, and next my sweet little sister,
Oh, how we did weep as we bent o'er and kissed her;
And Willie would have it he saw little Kate,
Pass homeward to God through the old farm gate.
I love it, I love it, and oft pass it by,
With a sigh in my breast and a tear in my eye;
As backward I gaze on the days that are past,
And wonder if I may yet rest me at last,
With father and mother and sweet little Kate,
In the churchyard back of the old farm gate.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER

By Lou Cook.

"None shall part us from each other,
One in life and death are we,
All in all—to one another,
I to thee, and thou to me."

Thus she sang a happy maiden—
As she wove a garland fair,
And her song with love was laden,
From the heart untouched by care.
Never knowing, never dreaming,
That a heart can change, or break,
Trusting words so fair in seeming,
Giving all for love's sweet sake.

"Thou the tree, and I the flower,
Thou the idol I the throng—
Thou the day, and I the hour—
Thou the singer, I the song."

Ah! look up amidst thy singing,
Thank thy God thou dost not know
What the weary years are bringing
To thy heart as pure as snow.
Comes the day and comes the hour,
When thy pallid lips shall say,
From the tree has dropped the flower,
And my idol was but clay!

"All in all since that fond meeting,
When, in joy, I woke to find,
Mine the heart within thee beating—
Mine the love that heart enshrined."

Still she sings, and crowns her tresses
With the garland that she wove,
And her song the while caresses
Him who claims her heart's best love.
Dreams she not that some fair morning
She will wake to bitter pain,
All the love her world adorning,
Flung back worthless in disdain.

"Thou the stream, and I the willow,
Thou the sculptor, I the clay—
Thou the ocean, I the billow—
Thou the sunrise, I the day."

Now she drifts on life's frail billow,
And her sun has set for aye,
And her heart now wears the willow—
Hushed her happy, love-fraught lay.
Found she in the joy she tasted—
Quaffed it deep for love's sweet sake—
That a woman's love is wasted,
And a woman's heart can break.

WHITE ROSES

In Memoriam.
FATHER O'BRIEN.

O pure white roses wreathing,
O perfume-laden stocks,
Ye 'mind me of the maiden
Whose curling light-brown locks
Had caught the golden sunshine,
And held it prisoner where
They waved in nature's beauty,
Above a forehead fair—
O'er eyes of grey-blue frankness,
Lit up with merry fun,
Whose healthy, happy gladness
Seemed for long life begun.

Ye 'mind me of a summer
When she was doomed to die,
When o'er the lips once rosy
Stole forth the quivering sigh,
Dishevelled o'er the pillow
Those locks neglected lay;
Bright eyes with pain were weary,
The sweet face drawn and gray.
Still through the sleepless, hot night
Her trembling, clear voice sang
Sweet hymns and songs of old-time,
Suppressing every pang.

No more o'er hill and valley
Will stray the willing feet,
No more through shady woodland
In search of flowerets sweet;
The music sheets lay folded,
The eager hands at rest;
'Twas hard for those who loved her
To give our very best.
The white rose lost its fragrance,
The summer sun its light,
When she became God's angel
And vanished from our sight.

Long since she gathered roses,
Long since she lay in pain,
Her songs and faded roses
Steal from us tears like rain.
Long since that sad July,
But unforgotten still
By those who knew and loved her,
Resigned now to His will.
Still on her grave white roses
Are laid with loving care,
And for her soul to heaven
Ascends the fervent prayer.

THE WIFE'S DILEMMA

Author Unknown.

I wish I had a dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute.
I'd soon put all these things to right
The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it.
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I ere get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday,
And baby cross as he can be,
He's always so on Monday.

And here is the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bod wants a button on
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes was taken from the boil—
O dear, the baby's waking!

Hush baby dear, there hush, hush, hush—
I wish he would sleep a little,
Till I could go and get some wood,
To hurry up that kettle.

O dear, if Pa comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He will just begin to tell me
All about his tidy mother.

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon bell rang,
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word
Right out before I'm thinking,
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always speak so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble;
Had time and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate
When I, a lass, was courted,
Wife, nurse, seamstress, cook, chambermaid
And housekeeper generally,
For the sake of being supported.

POEMS REQUESTED

A song wanted begins thus:

How wondrous are the changes, since twenty years ago,
When girls wore woolen dresses, and boys wore suits of tow.

Who knows the song in which are these words:

A mother's loss to her country's call
Is a story yet untold.

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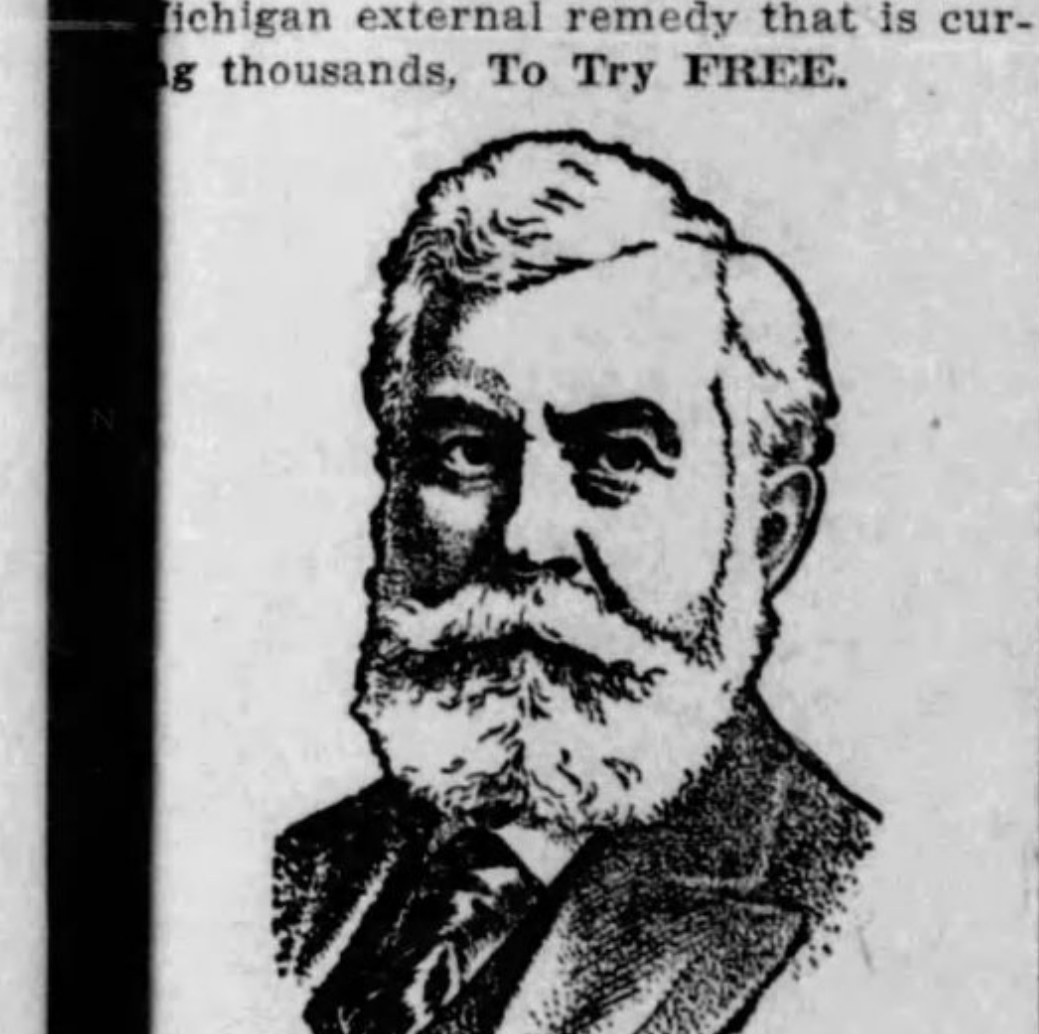

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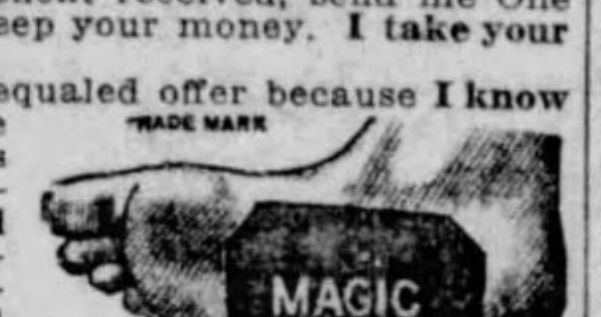

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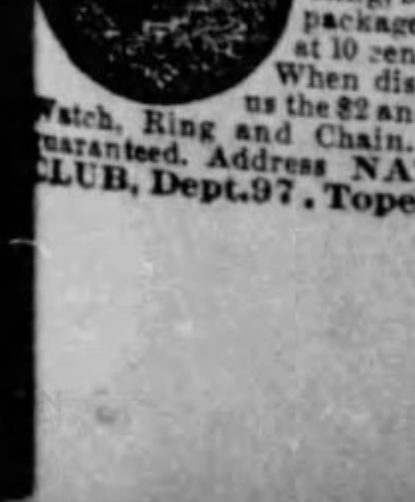

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FOUR HEROES OF NORTH

Win Nine Weeks' Struggle Along Alaskan Coast in Frail Boats.

Seward, Alaska, March 12.—Worn and exhausted by almost incredible hardships, and bearing the marks of weeks of battling with icy gales, four of six men who on January 7 left the wreck of the Farallon in Cook inlet and in a small rowboat undertook the desperate task of rowing to procure relief for their companions, were brought into Seward just before midnight last night on the revenue cutter Tahoma, which for almost three weeks has been searching for them. The Tahoma also brings word that the other two men are alive and safe.

The four men on the Tahoma are Gus Swanson, second mate of the wrecked Farallon; Charles Peterson, seaman; Otto Nelson, seaman; Albert Bailey, passenger, en route to Kodiak. The other two are Charles Bourne, a resident of Afognak, who is now at Kafliar Bay, and Captain Wedding, of the launch Sea Wolf, who was left at Kodiak.

Started Nine Weeks Ago.

The party of six left the wreck of the Farallon January 7 with a light but fresh wind blowing north by northwest. This increased during the night to a gale that compelled the men to beach their rowboat at Ursus Cove, where they camped until morning. At daylight, with a light northeast wind and a heavy snow storm they left Ursus cove, only to have the wind suddenly veer around to the northwest and fast reach the proportions of a gale. At every interval that could be snatched from the toil at the oars, the men were compelled to keep bailing out the boat. With the heavy sea that was running the little craft was fast becoming a mass of ice and sinking under the weight.

All six men were drenched with the spray, which, in turn, froze, until they resembled icebergs. At sundown the boat reached a little shelter off Cape Douglas, but at the same time ran into a heavy pack of ice, which soon had the boat in a sinking condition. They managed to reach dry land at Cape Douglas, but not until the boat had sunk under them with nearly all the provisions it carried. The water was shallow, and by wading to their armpits they reached the shore ice. By this time it had grown dark and a howling gale was blowing. At daylight the party managed to reach the cliff above the beach, and there a make-shift tent was rigged up and a fire kindled. All were terribly frostbitten. The wind again increased to a blizzard, and huddled together, lying flat on the frozen ground, they passed the next 38 hours.

When the wind moderated somewhat they set off down the beach, and only two miles from where they had spent the night, found the camp of Michael Pablov, a trapper, with a schooner hauled out on the beach. No amount of persuasion would induce Pablov to attempt crossing the straits. Two hundred dollars was offered him, but this he refused, declaring the attempt meant certain death, as he well knew the fury of these waters in a storm. Pablov, however, deprived himself of provisions to share with the men up to the time he left them. The party of six remained at the trapper's camp, snow-bound, until February 7, when they started out once more.

Their Final Struggle.

Bailey led the way to Kaguak along the beach, with Swanson, Peterson, Bourne and Wedding, who were unable to walk, following in a native bidarka. Reaching the Kaguak the party found an old skiff which they dug out of the snow and in this they made their way to Kafliar Bay, living the entire time after leaving the trappers camp on whale oil and dried fish flour. At Kafliar Bay they killed a seal and this furnished the first semblance of fresh meat they had had since leaving the Farallon.

Here they decided to make an attempt to cross the straits and on February 22 in a 16-foot boat they started. Bourne, however, refused to take the risk and was left with the natives. The party just managed to make land at Cape Ugat, their boat being wrecked in a fierce gale that sprang up. Near where they made camp an old bidarka was found and they made their way in this to Uganek village. There they remained stormbound until March 5, when, in a dory with two natives, they made Afognak where the Tahoma found them.

SING HYMNS AS FIRE RAGES

Convicts Stay at Service While Flames Approach.

Pittsburg, March 14.—In the face of a fire peril which would have stricken an ordinary crowd with panic, 600 convicts at the Western penitentiary yesterday sat quietly through their Sunday afternoon services with hardly more than a ripple of fear.

There was good cause for alarm in a stubborn fire in the hosiery factory of the prison, not 50 feet away from the chapel, and its smoke enveloped the windows so thickly that electric lights were turned on while Chaplain Miller continued the exercises.

Warden Francis himself was in the chapel when the fire broke out. He selected half a dozen trusties to help the prison and fire department fight the blaze, and then returned to quiet his charges.

Fully half of the 600 had jumped to their feet as if to stampede, but ,at a word from Chaplain Miller they recovered composure, reseated themselves and listened attentively to the sermon. As the flames grew more threatening a second ripple of excitement started, but the Methodist church choir stayed it by singing many of the favorite hymns, in which the convicts joined.

TITLED SUFFRAGETTE TELLS OF LIFE IN ENGLISH CELL

Graphic pictures of prison experiences of militant suffragettes in England come from the pen of Lady Constance Lytton, whose case attracted so much attention. Convinced that her release from her first prison sentence, ordered by Herbert Gladstone, home secretary, had been really because of her rank, and not, as said by him, in consequence of the diagnosis of a specialist who reported that she was suffering from heart disease, she disguised herself as a working woman, took the name of Jane Warton, and led a march of the men of Liverpool against the governor's home. She was sentenced on January 15 to 14 days at hard labor; disobeyed the prison rules, and was subjected to forced feeding. She was ordered released on the eighth day.

Lady Constance Lytton writes in the current number of Votes for Women:

"In October of last year the home secretary stated in the house of commons that I was released from Newcastle prison, after two and a half days' hunger strike, and without being subjected to forcible feeding, solely because I suffered from 'serious heart disease,' and he regarded the statement that my release had anything to do with rank or social position 'as a wilful and deliberate misrepresentation.' I admitted at the time that I have had a slight chronic heart weakness, but various incidents of my trial and re lease in Newcastle proved unmistakably the gross partiality with which I was treated compared with other suffrage prisoners.

"Since then the refusal on the part of the government to treat the women's question seriously has continued, and the ill-treatment of the suffragist prisoners has increased. Horrified at the cruelties practiced on two prisoners on remand in Walton jail, Liverpool, I took part in a protest meeting outside that prison on Friday, January 14. Having frequently experienced the futility of appealing for justice in any matter concerning the suffrage movement, I took the precaution this time of disguising myself, and, under the name of Jane Warton, was sentenced, with the option of a fine, to 14 days' imprisonment, with hard labor, on the charge of calling upon the crowd to follow me to the governor's house, refusing to desist when called upon by the police, and with stone-throwing, though without damage.

System, Not Officers, Brutal.

"Before bringing myself to state publicly certain facts with regard to my experiences in Walton jail, I wish to make clear that I accuse no man or woman officer there of being by nature brtual. They are ordinary human beings like the rest of us, used to carrying out conscientiously routine duties under a penal system which deliberately aims at the lowering of self-respect in the individuals under its charge by arbitrary restriction and punishment. On this system the light of public opinion never shines. The gulf fixed between the prisoners and those in authority over them is so vast and deep that it would require a power of imagination rare in the best of us to bridge it. Is it surprising that sometimes the turn of the machine causes these human cog wheels to enact brutalities regardless of the human material which they grind?

"Such a system is surely abhorrent and out of date, but I am concerned for the moment not with the system in general, but with the exceptional uses to which it has been put. If a reckless government casts into this mill a speices of lawbreaker, in no sense criminal, for whom this system was never intended, it is not just that the snapping and disturbance that inevitably result should be laid at the door of the officials solely concerned with the automatic working of the machine.

"I therefore bear them no grudge and wish them no ill; other officials so placed would probably have done the same. But there are in Walton jail at this moment high-minded, heroic, delicately nurtured women who are suffering under the torments of these ill-applied forces; they are helpless and friendless; for their sakes and for those who might come after them the truth must at all costs be told. I do not shirk the nauseating details, for without their description how can the general public be aware of the facts?

Forcible Feeding of Prisoners.

"After a hunger strike of nearly four days (89 hours) I was fed by force without my heart being tested or my pulse felt. I was fed twice a day through the mouth by means of the stomach tube (the mouth being forced and kept open by a gag) until my release on Sunday morning, January 23. In spite of the first-hand accounts I had heard of this process, the reality surpassed all that I had anticipated—it was a living nightmare of pain, horror, and revolting degradation.

"There is also a feeling of complete helplessness, as of an animal in a tra when the operators come into one's cell and set to work. Several times the idea passed through my mind—if only they were brutal individuals some apepal might take effect, at any moment the dawn of a more merciful intelligence might awake but they are normal sane (some of them kindly) beings, imbued with the idea of conscientiously carrying out an official duty in which they consider all the virtue, and much of the trial is on their side, and all the ill-will and ill-doing upon that of the prisoner. They echo from each other the parrot cry, 'We are doing our duty in saving your life.' To men and women in such a mind there is no appeal. I have a poor memory, but I think while I live I shall not forget the sensation with which I watched the changes of light and listened to the sounds that foretold the return of the visitors.

"My inability to conceal my great physical cowardice was one of my trials. I hope it gave a certain satisfaction to the operators. Except in the way of clenching my teeth I offered no resistance, and after the fourth or fifth time I succumbed to the pain of being forced by the steel gag, and opened my jaws with a very brief protest. After the first time the doctor as he left me gave me a slap on the cheek, not violently, but apparently to express his contemptuous disapproval. I said to him the next day: 'Unless you consider it part of your duty, would you please not strike me when you have finished your odious job?' He gave no answer, but never repeated the probably half-unconscious insult."

The results of this continued forcible feeding were so dangerous that the doctor, according to the narrative, "called in his assistant to test my heart; after a brief and very superficial investigation, it was pronounced quite sound and the pulse steady. I myself told the doctor that I was not liable to faintings or collapse. I did not mention the slight chronic debility of which the home secretary had made so much, and which, of course, would have disclosed itself under any thorough investigation. In Newcastle a specialist had been called in and my heart tested with elaborate paraphernalia for 10 to 15 minutes; but now the same heart belonged only to Jane Warton.

"From that time, however, the doctor's manner became more considerate and even kind, and I noticed a change in the way I was treated generally—so much so that I imagined my identity had been discovered. It seems, however, the authorities had only begun to suspect I was somebody else. A fellow suffragist, Miss Brown, who suffered from like, but much worse symptoms than mine, was kept in Holloway and forcibly fed through the whole term of her imprisonment of four weeks; she is still in a nursing home, where the severe gastritis induced by this 'live-saving' process will probably require treatment for at least two months.

"The morning after I had first been fed by force I protested by breaking the thick glass of the 'gas box' between my cell and the passage. I expected, of course, to be put in handcuffs for this, as others had been for breakage of much less valuable window glass. The governor, however, deferred my punishment to the judgment of the visiting magistrates, who again deferred the matter sine die. It will be interesting to see what steps are eventually taken against Jane Warton for this offense—a graver one than that for which two women are now serving several weeks of imprisonment, although they had already suffered prison punishment at the time.

"How much longer on this question must the vision be darkened of men who are responsible for our social system at home? But whether there be months or years to wait for this long overdue reform, surely there might be immediate cessation of repressing political agitation by a process which tortures its victims and degrades the officials who have to administer it. The facts are a scandal to a civilized country."

MORGAN ENJOYS ROME

Banker Guest of Princess Teano.

Rome, March 12.—J. Pierpont Morgan last evening dined with the Princess Teano and afterwards remained for a reception held in his honor. Mr. Morgan is in perfect health. He said yesterday that owing to the mild weather he had not for many years so thoroughly enjoyed a visit to Rome.

Mr. Morgan having expressed a desire to visit the Borgia apartment in the vatican at a time when tourists were not admitted, Msgr. Misciatelli, prefect of the apostolic palaces, sent him a special card of admission. Later in the day, the financier, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Morton S. Paton, of New York, viewed the art masterpieces there, especially those of Pinturicchio. In expressing his admiration of the paintings, Mr. Morgan said that he would not mind being a life prisoner in the vatican if he were permitted at all times to look upon such artistic perfection.

The financier has accepted an invitation of the committee of the Italian organization, which is arranging for the celebration in 1911 of the 50th anniversary of the proclamation making Rome the capital of United Italy, to act as the honorary president of the foreign committee.

Mr. Morgan has received an invitation from the Duchess Lante Della Rovers, who was Miss Annita Allen, of New Orleans, to take lunch with her at her villa at Bagnaja, which is one of the most celebrated in Europe. Mr. Morgan expects to remain about a fortnight more in Rome.

For Rheumatic Pains

As we get older the blood becomes sluggish, the muscles and joints stiffen and aches and pains take hold easier. Sloan's Liniment quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops any pain or ache with astonishing promptness.

Proof that it is Best for Rheumatism.

Mrs. Daniel H. Diehl, of Mann's Choice, R.F.D., No. 1, Pa., writes:—"Please send me a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for rheumatism and stiff joints. It is the best remedy I ever knew for I can't do without it."

Also for Stiff Joints.

Mr. Milton Wheeler, 2100 Morris Ave., Birmingham, Ala., writes:—"I am glad to say that Sloan's Liniment has done me more good for stiff joints than anything I have ever tried."

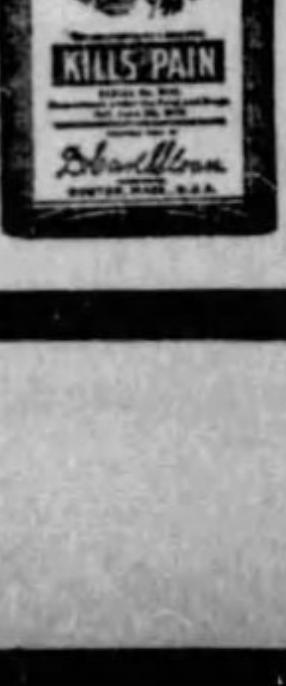
Sloan's Liniment

is the qickest and best remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and Insect Stings.

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 at All Dealers.

Send for Sloan's Free Book on Horses. Address

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.



MOVING PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55 FREE

MAILED STOCKOWNERS — WITH POSTAGE PAID.

THIS IS A SENSATION OF THE WONDERFUL WORLD CHAMPION AND GREATEST TRIUMPH IN THE MARVELOUS AND REALISTIC MOVING PICTURE ART.

It is a New Invention that you can carry in your pocket and show your friends instantly day or night, either once or a hundred times and without a machine, curtain or light. It is the most Attractive Novelty and most pleasing Dan Patch Souvenir ever Invented and shows Every Motion of Dan Patch 1:55 in pacing one of his Marvelous and Thrilling World Record Miles and it is Absolutely True To Life.

I want to assure you that it is the most successful Moving Picture ever taken of a world champion horse in his Wonderful Burst of Speed. If you love a great horse and want to be able to see him in Thrilling Motion Pictures at any time as long as you live **Be Sure And Accept My Remarkable Offer Before They Are Gone.**

I reserve the right to stop mailing these very expensive moving pictures without further notice, as this is a special free and limited offer.

A MILE OF THRILLING RACE PICTURES,

2400 MOVING RACE PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55

and every one of the 2400 pictures shows the King of all Horse Creation as plainly as if you stood on the track and actually saw the mighty Dan Patch 1:55 in one of his Thrilling Speed Exhibitions for a full mile. Just think of it! **2400 Moving Pictures Taken Of Dan** in 1 min. and 55 sec. means 21 pictures taken for every second all of the way around the entire mile track from the back seat of a high power automobile.

You Can See Dan Shake His Head To Let His Driver Know That He Is Ready And Then You Can Watch Every Motion Of His Legs As He Flies Through The Air With His Tremendous Stride Of 29 Feet. As A Study Of Horse Motion Alone This Is Better Than If You Saw The Actual Speed Mile Because You Can See Dan Patch Right Before You For Every Foot Of The Entire Mile And Not A Single Motion Of His Legs, Body Or Head Can Escape You.

You can see his Thrilling Finish as he strains every nerve and muscle to reach the wire in record breaking time, you can see his driver dismount and look at his watch while thousands of people crowd around, you can see his caretaker force his way through the crowds, uncheck Dan and then throw a beautiful woolen blanket over him to prevent catching cold and then you can see him walk up the track before a Madly Cheering Multitude of 90,000 People.

Wherever the Original Moving Picture, of the Fastest Harness Horse In The World, is shown, people involuntarily call out "Come on Dan"—"Come on Dan." The Original Moving Picture Of Dan Patch Pacing A Great Mile Is The Most Realistic, Thrilling Picture You Ever Saw. I Have Taken A Large Number Of The Original 2400 Wonderful Pictures And Made Them Into A Newly Invented Pocket Moving Picture that you can easily carry with you in your pocket and show to your friends at any time, day or night. It does not need a machine, it does not need a curtain and it does not need a light. It is all ready to show instantly, either once or a hundred times **CREATES A SENSATION WHEREVER SHOWN.**

If you admire a Great World Champion who has gone more Extremely Fast Miles than All of the Pacers and Trotters Combined that have ever lived then I am sure you will write me today for one of my Wonderful Moving Pictures of the King of all Harness Horse Creation, Dan Patch 1:55. ☞ The Reduced Pictures On This Page Show Dan In 16 Different Positions. YOUR MOVING PICTURES WILL BE MUCH LARGER IN SIZE AND NUMBER.

MY NEW, POCKET MOVING PICTURES MAILED FREE TO ALL STOCKOWNERS

With Postage Prepaid---If You Are A Farmer, Stockman Or Poultry Raiser I Require A Correct Answer To These Three Questions. ⟶ **Be Sure** and Answer These Questions.

1st. In what paper did you see my Moving Picture Offer? *2nd.* How many head Each of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry do you own? *3rd.* How many acres of land do you own or how many acres of land do you rent? ☞ I Personally Guarantee, Free To You One Of These Marvelous Moving Pictures, If You Write Me Today. You cannot buy them for $5.00 each. — Signed,— **M. W. SAVAGE**

IF YOU ARE NOT A STOCKOWNER AND WANT THE PICTURES SEND ME TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR POSTAGE,

Packing, etc., In Silver or Stamps and I will mail you this wonderful Moving Picture of Dan Patch 1:55, the fastest harness horse the world has ever seen. -- If you send me Twenty-five Cents in Silver or Stamps--EVEN if you do not own any stock or land, I will mail it to you postage prepaid. It costs Thousands of Dollars to have these made.

☞ **Write At Once to - - M. W. SAVAGE, Minneapolis, Minn.**

I OWN THE 5 FASTEST WORLD CHAMPION STALLIONS EVER OWNED ON ONE FARM IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

TWO WITH RECORDS BELOW TWO MINUTES.

On my "International Stock Food Farm" of 700 acres I own Dan Patch 1:55, Minor Heir 1:59¼, Directum Jr. 2:10½, Arion 2:07¾, Roy Wilkes 2:06½ and also about 200 head of Young Stallions, Brood Mares and Colts and they eat "International Stock Food" every day. I will be pleased to have you visit my farm at any time and see my horses and their splendid condition. I feel sure that you never saw their equals at any Fair or Horse Show. **ACTUAL TEST IS WHAT PROVES EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD.** If "International Stock Food" gives paying results for the highest priced horses in the world on my farm it certainly will pay you to use it for all of your stock. Remember that if it ever fails to give your Horses, Cattle, Sheep or Hogs, better assimilation and digestion, purer blood and perfect health with quick growth and fattening that it will not cost you a cent no matter whether you have used one hundred pounds or five hundred pounds and you are to be not only the user but also the sole judge of results. I will leave the entire matter for you to decide and accept your own statement. **How the United States Government backs my claims that "International Stock Food" is strictly a medicinal tonic, blood purifier, etc.** During the Spanish-American War, United States officials made a special examination and decided that "International Stock Food" was strictly medical and I paid $40,000.00 patent medicine war tax. Can any honorable man deny this evidence? "International Stock Food" and label design is registered in Medicinal Department as a Trade Mark No. 52791 giving it commercial standing and rights as a distinctive

"TRADE NAME" FOR A MEDICINAL, TONIC PREPARATION

The United States Government issued me a Trade Mark No. 22886 on the world famous lines, 3 Feeds for One Cent - as showing how cheaply International Stock Food can be mixed with the regular grain feed - My label shows a list of the medicinal ingredients used and 250,000 Dealers have sold "International Stock Food" for over 20 years as a medical tonic preparation.

Write to M. W. SAVAGE, Minneapolis, Minn.

18 Acres of Floor Space — Covers Over A City Block

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD FACTORY
LARGEST IN THE WORLD
OVER 800 EMPLOYEES

International Stock Food
International Poultry Food
International Compound Absorbent
International Pheno-Chloro
International Distemper Remedy
International Foot Remedy
International Colic Remedy
International Louse Killer
International Louse Paint
International Gall Heal
Silver Pine Healing Oil
International Heave Remedy
Dan Patch Stable Disinfectant
Dan Patch White Liniment
International Worm Powder
International Hoof Ointment
International Sheep Dip
International Cattle Dip
International Hog Dip
International Harness Soap
International Gopher Poison
International Worm Remedy
International Healing Powder
International Quick Blister

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ANY OF THESE PREPARATIONS and insist on having what you ask for. Beware of many cheap and inferior substitutes and imitations. High Class Dealers Sell My Preparations on my Spot Cash Guarantee to refund your money if they ever fail.

PRESENT SALES LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS

Signed, **M. W. SAVAGE,** *Owner of International Stock Food Co. — and also — International Stock Food Farm.*

DO YOU EXPECT TO SEE THE DAY WHEN THESE WONDERFUL DAN PATCH 1:55 RECORDS WILL BE EVEN EQUALLED?

DAN PATCH 1:55

HAS PACED

1	MILE IN	1:55
1	MILE IN	1:55¼
2	MILES IN	1:56
14	MILES AVERAGING	1:56½
30	MILES AVERAGING	1:57½
45	MILES AVERAGING	1:58
73	MILES AVERAGING	1:59½
120	MILES AVERAGING	2:02½

DAN HAS BROKEN WORLD RECORDS 14 TIMES

In addition to all these records Dan Patch is proving to be one of the Greatest Sires of both pacers and trotters in all horse history - Look up his large official list of Standard Performers.

Dan Patch 1:55 has gone more Extremely Fast Miles than the Combined Miles of All The Trotters and Pacers That Have Ever Lived. Be sure and remember these facts when you think of any Horse equalling Dan's Wonderful Performances.

For Seven Years Dan Patch has eaten "International Stock Food" every day mixed in his regular grain feed. It has given Dan Purer Blood, More Strength, More Endurance, More Speed and Perfect Health. It is constantly used and strongly endorsed by over Two Million Farmers and Stock Breeders, as the Greatest Animal Tonic, and has been for 20 years. No other preparation has such strong United States Government and practical Stock Breeders Endorsement, as has International Stock Food.

ROOSEVELT HOMESICK

Too Anxious to Get Back to U. S. to Trot Around the World.

Renk, Egyptian Soudan, March 12.—Walter Wellman, of the Chicago Record-Herald, yesterday greeted Colonel Roosevelt 60 miles south of this place. Wellman, in a chartered steamer, defeated several European journalists in a stirring four days' race up the White Nile.

Colonel Roosevelt stated with characteristic emphasis that he will have nothing to say about American politics until he returns to New York.

"Any interview with me on politics that appears will be entirely false, and this applies to my entire stay in Europe," he declared.

"No, I am too homesick for my own country to make a trip around the world," said the colonel when asked if he would return by way of the Pacific coast, as he had been urged to do.

In Pajamas and Barefoot.

On the upper deck Wellman discerned the figure of a man that seemed familiar. He was clad in pajamas and a red shirt and was barefoot. His eyes strained in the brilliant morning sunshine at the new arrival.

When he saw the American flag flying from the upper works of the Cairo he saluted smilingly and when the smile revealed a brillant row of much advertised teeth, the correspondent knew his man. It was Roosevelt, sure enough.

"Good morning," he shouted; "good morning, Colonel Roosevelt."

"Hello," was the hearty reply, "that you, Wellman? Delighted to see you. Come over to breakfast!"

Thus the first American newspaper greeting came to America's first citizen 700 miles from the equator..

Colonel Roosevelt seemed the picture of health. He looked as hard as nails, and, although about the same weight as when he left the United States, he did not appear to be carrying a single ounce of superfluous tissue. He ate six eggs and bunches of fried bacon for breakfast, and declared that, after a year under the equatorial sun, he was fit for the fight of his life.

Makes Dive for Mail.

The whole party assembled quickly to meet the American visitor. Colonel Roosevelt, when he learned that Wellman had a bundle of mail for him from Khartum, made a quick dive for it, and as he read the greetings from home and the letters from old friends he gossiped cheerfully, running quickly from one topic to another.

Many cablegrams and letters have reached Roosevelt, imploring an indorsement for the purpose of helping the Republican party in the fall campaign.

Roosevelt has deliberately assumed an attitude of absolute noninterference in political affairs. He expects to reman a private citizen and will make no effort to influence public opinion. He may make a few addresses in America, but these will all be nonpolitical.

Had Narrow Escape.

The Roosevelt party had a narrow escape from disaster. Every member of it, with the exception of Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit, was stricken in an epedemic of dysentery and fever during the long journey through the jungle to Gondokoro and, had their arrival at that place been delayed a week, two of the party would have died. As it was all recovered. Roosevelt and Kermit were never sick a day.

Colonel Roosevelt had read no newspapers for months, and he was eager for the news of the great world which he had left behind him when he started inland from Mombasa.

He said that he had worked hard on the manuscript for his book, and that when he reached Khartum he expected to have it finished. He had received hundreds of invitations to speak in America and Europe, but was accepting none beyond those already arranged.

CURE YOUR OWN KIDNEY

and Bladder Troubles at Home. Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says he will be pleased to direct any sufferer to the splendid remedy he successfully used. Write him today.

COMET CAN NOW BE SEEN

Brightness at Present Dimmed by the Sun.

New York, March 11.—Halley's comet may now be seen on nights when conditions are favorable with the aid of an ordinary field glass, according to members of the astronomical faculty at Columbia university. The most favorable time to look for it is between 6:30 and 7:30 p. m. with the glass elevated somewhat above the point where the sun sets.

The comet is at present in what the astronomers call the "twilight region." It is in line with the sun and its brightness is therefore dimmed. It will be visible all through April and May, but at its maximum brilliancy on May 18.

When the comet is nearest the earth it will be only about 14,000,000 miles away.

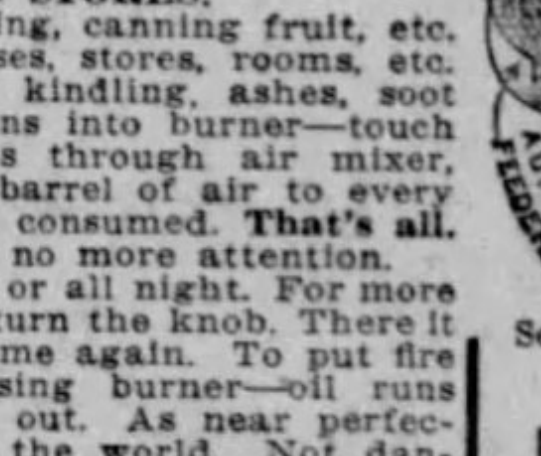
AGENTS

SPEND 1 CENT—Earn $6 to $12 a Day!

FREE FUEL---AIR BURNER

REMARKABLE PATENTED STOVE. COOKING OR HEATING, CONSUMES 395 BARRELS AIR TO ONE GALLON COMMON COAL OIL.

Air now burned in this wonderful Stove is free to rich and poor alike. No trust in control. This **VALVELESS, WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL-GAS and AIR-BURNER STOVE,** automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. **CHEAPEST FUEL, INTENSE HEAT, Heat concentrated** under cooking vessels and absorbed by articles being cooked or concentrated under Radiator and distributed throughout room.



Sectional Cut of Generator.

NOT LIKE THOSE SOLD IN STORES.

Ideal for roasting, cooking, baking, ironing, canning fruit, etc. **In Winter** use Radiator for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc. —always ready. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. **To operate**—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. **That's all.** It is self-regulating, no more attention.

Heater and Cooker or Heating Exclusively.

Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn the knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in the world. Not dangerous like gasoline. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks, nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control.

D. CARN, IND., writes: "**It costs only 4½ cents a day for fuel.**" **L. NORRIS, VT., writes:** "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, **at least 50 to 75 per cent** over wood and coal." **E. ARNOLD, NEB.,** writes: "Saved **$4.25 a month for fuel** by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range costs me $5.50 per month, the Harrison **$1.25** per month." **WM. BAERING, IND.,** writes: "We warmed a room when it was 10 below zero with one Radiator." **REV. WM. TEARN, ME.,** writes: "This morning 16 below zero—soon after lighting Harrison Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat."

Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—lasts for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills. **Give this Stove a trial.** Send no money—only send your name and address. Write today for full description, thousands of testimonials. **Our 1910 Proposition. Circulars FREE.**

Exciting Business for Agents

Salesmen, Managers—Men or Women, at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents, etc. **Messrs. Head & Grazer, Texas,** write: "Enclosed find order for $81. Rush. Sell like hot cakes. **Sold 50 stoves in our town.**" **B. L. Heusted, Mich.,** writes: "**Been out 1 day and sold 11 stoves.**" This patent **new. Nothing like it.** Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop, look, get interested, want to buy at once. Show dozen, sell ten. **Write today for special Agents' new plan. Send no money.** World unsupplied. Get in early **for** territory.

All Sizes. Prices Low, $3.25 and Up. Sent to Any Address.

THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 225 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

VIRGINIA FARMS

N&W RY.

You can buy fertile farms with timber, fruit and water for $10.00 per acre and up. Splendid country for fruit growing, dairying, stock raising and general farming. Fine climate, abundant water, convenient markets, good neighbors. COME TO **SUNNY VIRGINIA** Full information and valuable booklet upon request. Write for it now.

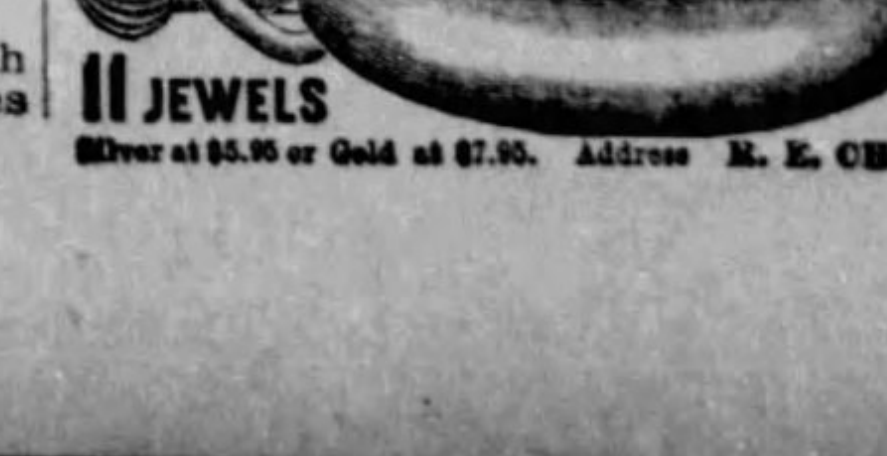
F. H. LaBaume, Agr. & Ind. Agt., N. & W. Ry., Dept. D 10 Roanoke, Va.

$10 AND UP PER ACRE

SEED CORN 153 BU. ACRE

Diamond Joe's Big White—A strictly new variety. None like it. It is the Earliest and Best Big White Corn in the World—Because it was bred for most Big Bushels, not fancy show points; because grown from thoroughbred inherited stock; every stalk bears one or more good ears, because scientifically handled, thoroughly dried and properly cured and had the most rigid examination. Big Seed Catalog FREE. It tells about all best farm, grass, garden and flower seeds grown. Write for it today.

Address, **RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE,** Shenandoah, Iowa.



Eleven Jeweled

Genuine eleven jeweled Engine Special Railroad Watch, [illegible] who requires an absolutely reliable timekeeper and a watch that will last a lifetime. Locomotive on dial, stamped and guaranteed eleven jewels, [illegible] nickel movement. Fitted in heavy or medium weight [illegible] screw case, both case and works absolutely guaranteed for twenty years. **SEEING IS BELIEVING.** [illegible] your name, post office and express office address, stating weight wanted, Heavy or Medium, and we will send the watch by express for examination. [illegible] after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price [illegible] and express charges and it is yours. We also furnish this watch in fully guaranteed **SOLID GOLD FILLED** case for $7.95. [illegible]

Silver at $5.95 or Gold at $7.95. Address **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., [illegible] Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

If You Have CATARRH You Are in Danger of CONSUMPTION DEAFNESS

READ the Story Told in These Pictures. A Story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK Area Shows the EXTENT of the Disease. The WHITE Shows the Area Reached by Different Remedies.

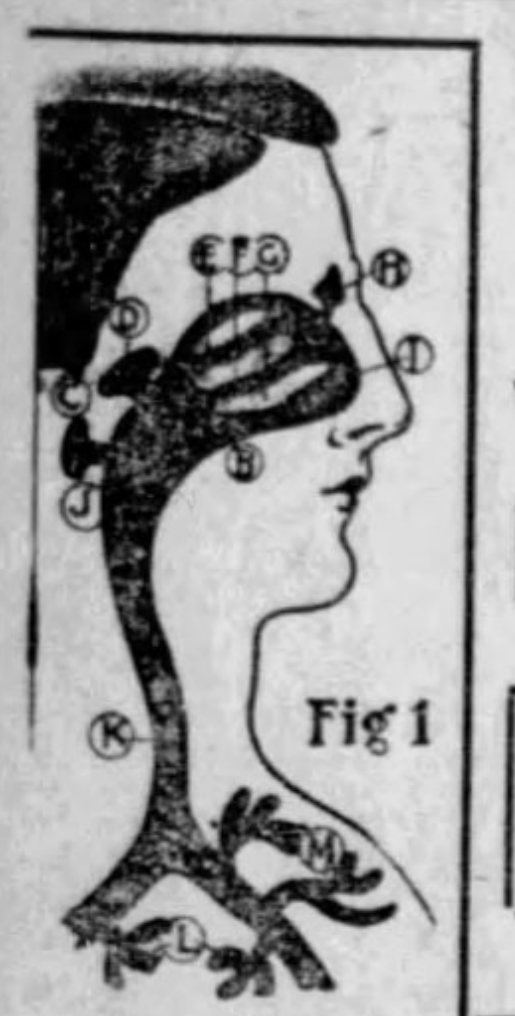


Fig. 1.—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the spheno'dal sinus (D), etc.

TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

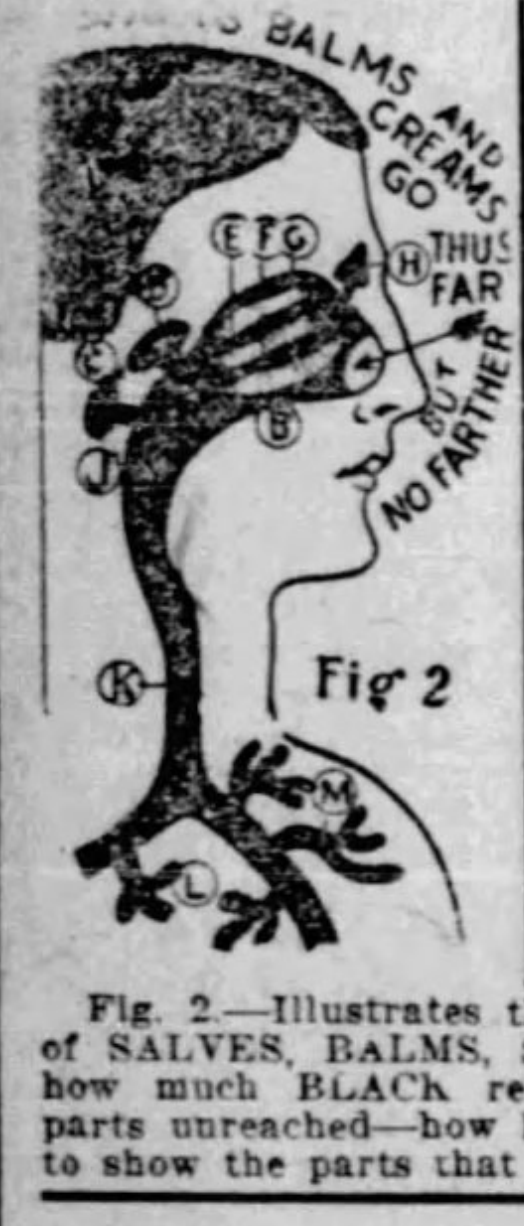


Fig. 2.—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

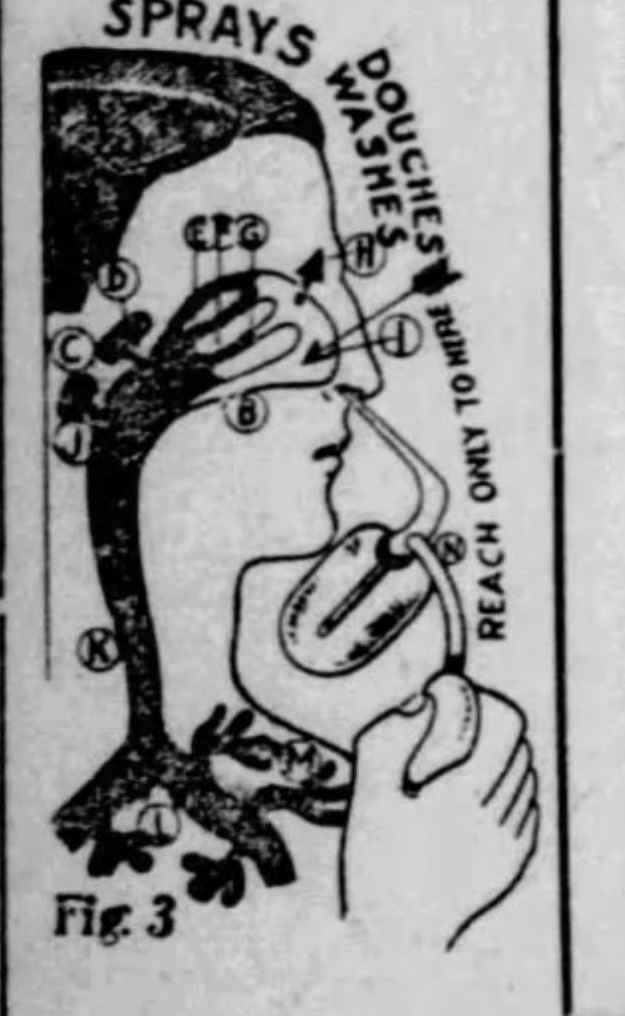


Fig. 3.—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES and all WASHES AND LIQUIDS.

By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.

WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY (See Fig. 4).

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a profuse discharge through the nostrils or into the throat.

It usually begins with a cold in the head.

Beginning in the nostrils it soon spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs.

The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

STOP IT NOW! AFTER AWHILE MAY BE TOO LATE!

There are many so-called "Catarrh Cures." Most of them fail for three reasons:

First—They are not composed of ingredients that possess the necessary healing properties. It seems that the medical fraternity at large has not yet learned this secret. There is one really satisfactory treatment. That will be explained further along.

Second—Many of the remedies, such as they are, cannot be applied so as to reach one-half or even one-fourth of all parts that are affected. How much good can a remedy do when the disease is far back in the head and the medicine only reaches the nose? Even if the application should do good so far as it reaches, what good can it do to the part it does not reach? This is the trouble with the treatment of catarrh in most cases. The remedies, poor as they are, can only be applied in the nose, while nearly always the disease is not alone in the nose, but often reaches far back into the head, and even down into the bronchial tubes.

Third—Many doctors do not seem to know any better than to dose the stomach in their vain attempt to reach catarrh. Their remedies will often ruin the stomach, but never reach the disease in the head.

With the above facts before us, need we wonder that the treatment of catarrh has generally before been a failure?

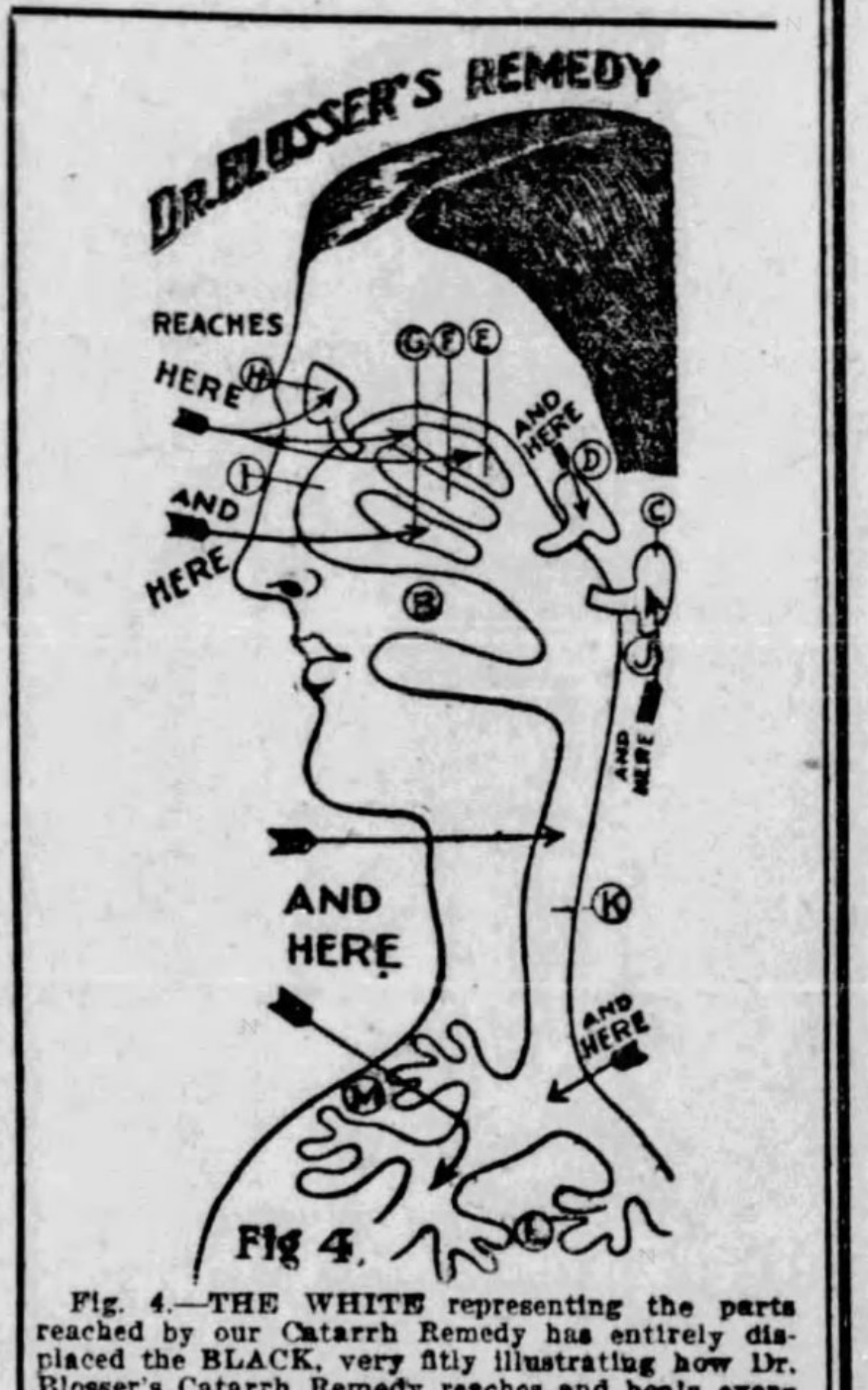


Fig. 4.—THE WHITE representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner 'n the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D & H). It gets under the turbinates (E, F & G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

LOOK AT THE PICTURES!

To make all of this clearer and more forcible we give herewith the series of pictures.

No. 1—Shows where the disease is located. It is liable to extend to all parts shown by the solid black.

No. 2—Shows how little of the disease is reached by snuffs, balms, etc. Notice how small a patch of the BLACK has been displaced with the WHITE.

No. 3—Shows how small a portion is reached with a spray from an atomizer or by a douche. Notice how little of the BLACK has been displaced by the WHITE, and yet that is the best that the spray treatment can do.

No. 4—Shows where the medicine goes when Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is applied. In the picture the WHITE has entirely displaced the BLACK, because the remedy goes into every part of the head, throat, ears, and bronchial tubes. It is applied warm; it is very penetrating and healing. While it is not strong enough to do any harm it is sufficiently powerful to wipe out the disease. It sets into operation a healing process that will in due time make the diseased parts sound and healthy.

FREE BY MAIL

If you want to have a demonstration of what my remedy will do without cost, fill out accompanying coupon or write me, and I will send you absolutely free, enough of the medicine to prove to you that the treatment goes directly to every diseased spot with its healing power. When you try this free treatment I think you will be convinced that the remedy is exactly what I claim for it. I will also send you free an Illustrated Booklet giving you exact and correct information about catarrh.

Just Fill In Coupon, Cut It Out and Mail Today

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free, Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name...

Town...

Street or R. F. D.............................State...................

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

No More Wrinkles BEAUTIFUL BUST

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic by a New Discovery.

Let this woman send you free full particulars, follow her instructions then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has discovered a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid. She is fast becoming famous as the most expert beauty culturist in the world.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. It is a well-known fact that she turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods.

You can imagine the joy when by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no masks or common massage, no harmful plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her secret process she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

Many of those who have used her process report astonishing results. Mary Merritt of Wis., writes that her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes she has not a wrinkle left. Ada Dunkle of Oil City writes in that her bust developed one inch in a few days. Miss Devereaux writes that she made her eyelashes and eyebrows long, thick and silky by this remarkable method. Mrs. Harry Baker also writes in that the new treatment made a wonderful change in her face and body quickly.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of delightful women who write regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, particulars regarding her new discovery and will show our readers

How to quickly remove wrinkles.
How to develop the bust.
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows.
How to instantly remove superfluous hair.
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.
How to remove dark circles under the eyes.
How to quickly remove double chin.
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite 185, 7 Randolph st., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Everything she sends is free and private, and she wants every woman, mother, wife or girl to write for her famous beauty secrets and her latest book, "Nature's Way to Beauty," which will be sent free. Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose wither into the drift of yesterday's flower.

The world would be better off if there were a few more kind women like this in it.

NO B. & O. STRIKE

Way Paved for Adjustment of Disputes on All Eastern Lines.

Baltimore, March 12.—There will be no strike of conductors or trainmen on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, Commissioner of Labor Neill having early this morning brought to a successful conclusion his efforts as mediator in the wage dispute between the railroad and the men.

The terms of the settlement were not disclosed. Both sides made material concessions. The settlement does not bring the men in the east to a par with the railroad men of the west, but it represents a substantial incrase in their earnings and—what the men value very highly—it seems to insure the standardization of wages. By mutual agreement the question of double-header freight trains, the abolition of which the men asked, was laid aside for settlement in conjunction with other roads.

Presidents Garretson and Lee, of the two organizations representing the men, are busy today preparing a statement to be sent out to the members of their organizations showing just what has been gained in the fight just closed.

The amicable settlement of the controversy is understood to be of far-reaching importance. When President Willard called upon the federal board of mediation, composed, under the Erdman act, of Chairman Knapp, of the interstate commerce commission, and Commissioner of Labor Neill, to take up the matter of the differences between the railroad and its employes, it was after the men had laid before him their demands. These had been refused recognition, and he had, in behalf of the road, presented a counter proposition. This in turn had been rejected as altogether unsatisfactory by the men. It was then recognized that the controversy was one which could not be bounded by the confines of the Baltimore & Ohio system. A number of roads had been approached by the organizations named with propositions as to wages and service conditions similar to those laid before the Baltimore & Ohio and either they had been turned down or their consideration was still under way.

It has been tactily understood that whatever was done by the Baltimore & Ohio would be taken as the basis of settlement by all other roads interested. These include practically all railroads east of the Mississippi river. The Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk employes have already voted and have declared in favor of a strike if those roads do not recede from their position. The negotiations on the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern have been broken off. The men of the Delaware & Hudson are now being polled and negotiations are on with the New York, New Haven and Hartford. These negotiations, would, it is said, be followed by similar ones on most, if not all, of the roads in the eastern section of the country.

POOR MAN LIVED LIKE KING

Accomplice in French Scandal Purchased a Chateau.

Paris, March 14.—The reopening of all the accounts and proceedings in connection with the liquidation of the property of the religious orders, and the possibility of the recovery of considerable sums which have disappeared through excessive fees and charges of "collusion sales," is now the hope of the government, whose law officers believe they can appeal from the judgment confirming the liquidation, under a recent decision of the court of cassation.

It may even be possible to set aside some of these "collusion sales," notably those in connection with the Stanislas college and the Chartreuse contracts.

Many stories are published of the riotous living indulged in by Martin Gauthier, who is now under arrest as an accomplice since he became associated with Dueze. Prior to this he earned only $40 a month. After he had entered the employ of Dueze he attired himself in the height of fashion, sported automobiles and indulged in many other luxuries and had just purchased a chateau when he was arrested.

TOSSED ABOUT IN THE AIR

Paulhan Makes Perilous Trip in Biplane.

New York, March 14.—In a cross, choppy wind of about 20 miles an hour, which caught his biplane at the start and tipped it from side to side like a boat in a rolling sea, Louis Paulhan, the French aviator, made a daring flight at the Jamaica (L. I.) race track yesterday afternoon. He was in the air for 8 minutes and 10 seconds, and covered about six miles.

Paulhan headed the big Farman biplane into the wind and flew straight out over the countryside toward Far Rockaway and the ocean, making a graceful turn in the distance and coming back with the wind at a good speed.

Returning, he soared over the grandstand, missing its flagpole by only a few feet, and landed in the enclosure within 100 feet of the starting point.

TOOTS IN SARDONIC GLEE

Soldiers Who Deserts With Bugle Annoys Officers.

Buffalo, March 14.—William Allen, a deserter from the Twenty-ninth Infantry, now stationed at Fort Niagara, is having lots of fun with the United States officers and soldiers at the fort these days. Allen crossed Niagara river to Canada three weeks ago, taking his bugle with him. Since then each afternoon when the bugle calls officers and men out for inspection at the fort Allen has stationed himself on the river's edge in Canada and blown answering calls on his instrument, followed by a succession of derisive toots and blasts which make the officer furious.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Why not make it? Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Wonderful invention—drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Get our grand confidential proposition quick. Sample free—don't delay—experience not needed—write at once. THOMAS MFG. CO., 2278 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

TO PUT HARAHAN OUT

Faction of Illinois Central Directors Want New President.

New York, March 12.—It was learned in Wall Street today that for more than a month a corps of expert accountants have been going over the books of the Illinois Central railroad of which J. T. Harahan is president.

The accountants are working under the direction of Haskins & Sells of 30 Broad street, though most of their work is being done in the Chicago offices of the railroad company.

The accountants were put to work by a committee of directors not because of suspicions of dishonesty, but to disclose the exact financial condition of the railroad and the precise causes of the falling off in earnings of some of the subsidiary lines.

It has been rumored for some time it was the purpose to depose Mr. Harahan from the presidency of the company and that to do this it was deemed advisable to get some specific reasons for his retirement. The dominant figure in the directorate of the Illinois Central is Charles A. Peabody, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., and manager of the late E. H. Harriman. Mr. Harriman and Mr. Peabody forced Stuyvesant Fish out of the presidency of the Illinois Central in November, 1906, and elected J. T. Harahan in his stead.

Some of the directors and largest stockholders of the Illinois Central have been restive for some time, believing the property was not being managed with the skill which made its securities gilt edge investments during the 20 odd years Mr. Fish was at the head of the road. Some have thought that Mr. Harahan, by reason of failing health, was incapacitated from doing full justice to the property.

There has also been a report it was the desire of those controlling the road to bring its management directly into the charge of the group of men who direct the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and other Harriman lines. Under such an arrangement ex-Judge Robert S. Lovett would become the chief executive of the Illinois Central railroad.

One of the chief subsidiaries of the Illinois Central is the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad Co. That road has a bonded debt of $30,007,434, all of which bonds are owned by the Illinois Central. For the first time in its history the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley road failed to earn the full interest on the bonded debt during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, the shortage being $318,509.

CREED MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

Five Religions Blended in Marriage Ceremony.

New York, March 14.—Jacob Hirschfield, Jr., a Jew, was married to Miss Hattie Sommers, a Presbyterian, by the Rev. William C. Stiles, a Congregational clergyman, who used an Episcopalian service book published by the Methodist Book concern.

"Friends," said Mr. Stiles, after the happy man had kissed his bride, "you probably hold a record for cosmopolitan marriages. If fortune comes to you through as many avenues as marriage did, all I can see for you is great happiness and prosperity ahead."

ROOSEVELT WELCOMED

Thousands Pay Honor to Hunter and Traveler When He Enters Khartoum.

Khartoum, March 14.—Welcomed by a cosmopolitan crowd of many thousands, Theodore Roosevelt entered this city late this afternoon and his journey through the heart of wildest Africa was at an end.

Clad in the clothes of civilized society that he had donned at Gordon's Tree, a station some distance above here, Colonel Roosevelt appeared quite a different man than he did when he reached the head waters of the Nile.

But it was the same old colonel who stood smiling and bowing on the deck of the steamer as the plaudits of the multitude rang out from the thronged walls of the ancient desert city.

Waiting for the distinguished traveler and his son Kermit were Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel, who arrived earlier in the afternoon. After the happy family reunion at the landing Major General Sir Francis Wingate escorted his guests to the palace, where they were shown to their apartments and left to themselves for the evening. The Sirdar had arranged that they should dine alone and be free from any intrusion during their first evening after the long separation.

Will See the Sights.

Tuesday will be devoted to sightseeing around Khartoum, and visits will be paid to the Gordon Memorial college and other noted institutions. In the evening the heads of the governmental departments and their wives will meet the Americans at a dinner at the palace. The guests will include Slatin Pasha, the writer, who has so vividly described the massacres in the Sudan.

Wednesday morning Colonel Roosevelt will visit Omdurman. The hills of Kerreri, seven miles from Omdurman, mark the site of the great battle of Omdurman, on September 2, 1898, when the khalifa's army was annihilated and the rule of the khalifa brought to an end. He will inspect the khalifa's house and meet the local celebrities. In the afternoon a game has been arranged for his benefit at the gymkana polo grounds, and after that he will visit the American mission. In the evening he will be the guest of the Khartoum club at a dinner, at which covers will be laid for 60.

Thursday is a free day, but it is probable that the ex-president will attend the Masonic lodge before his departure and witness the Sudanese drill. Colonel Roosevelt and his family will leave here by special train on Thursday night to visit Assouan, Luxor and Edfa on the way to Cairo. His visit there will be of an entirely official character. He will enter Europe either by way of Naples or Brindisi.

European Plans Complete.

Colonel Roosevelt's European itinerary has been worked out. He expects to arrive in Naples April 1. He will spend one day in Rome and will call upon the king of Italy and the pope, but he will make no address either before the Methodist Missionary society or any other organization.

He will be in Vienna April 15 and in Paris on the 23d. While in the French capital he will deliver an address at the Sorbonne. He expects to spend one day in Brussels, where he will personally thank the new king of the Belgians for the courtesies extended to him by his government at Lado Esclave. He will spend one day in Holland, the home of his ancestors.

Mr. Roosevelt expects to be in Christiania, May 1, where he will deliver his Nobel peace prize address. From May 10 to 14 he will be in Berlin, and from there he goes to London, where, on May 18, he will lecture at Oxford University. The rest of his plans have not been worked out. He expects, however, to spend most of his time while in England visiting friends, attending the theatres and making calls upon literary people in whom he is interested.

During most of his stay in Europe he requests to be left alone with his family without journalistic attendance. He wants to travel like a private citizen and in an unostentatious manner.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

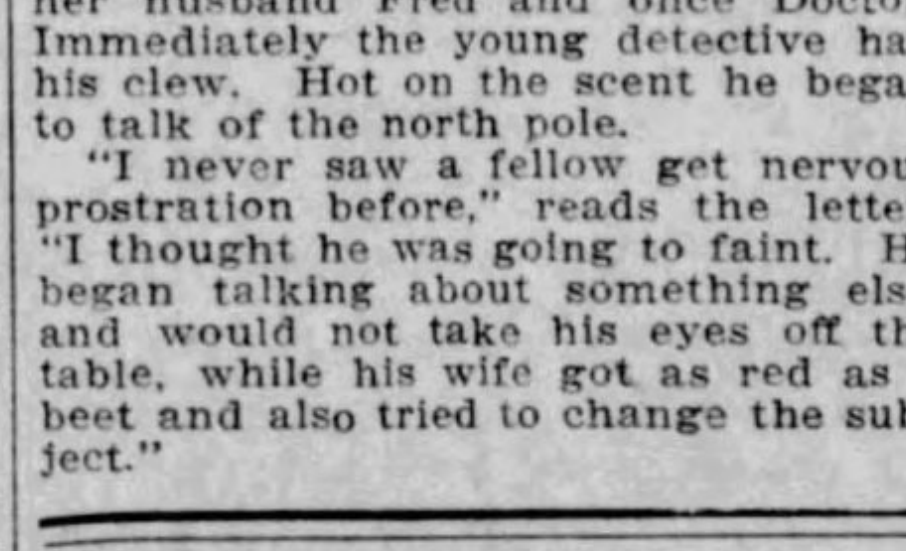
DR. COOK ALMOST FAINTED

Amateur Sleuth Insisted on Talking About Pole.

New York, March 14.—While all the world was looking for Dr. Cook it remained for an amateur detective, a New York boy of 17, to find him. In a letter received here by C. B. Riker, a merchant, from his son Daniel, who happened to be a passenger on the same steamer by which Dr. Cook, under the name of F. Craig, took passage from Buenos Ayres to Valdiva, Chile, the particulars are related.

Young Riker writes that when he embarked at Montevideo he was surprised to find an American and his wife on board. His curiosity awakened, he tried to engage them in conversation, but found them evasive and reticent. Once the wife called her husband Fred and once Doctor. Immediately the young detective had his clew. Hot on the scent he began to talk of the north pole.

"I never saw a fellow get nervous prostration before," reads the letter. "I thought he was going to faint. He began talking about something else, and would not take his eyes off the table, while his wife got as red as a beet and also tried to change the subject."



Which is the Better Roof

3 Years After Laying?

A composition of tar paper roofing which dries out in a few months, rots, and is a constant fire menace—or a galvanized, fire-proof Edwards Steel Shingle Roof which outlasts composition roofing six times and wood shingles four times.

Yet Edwards Steel Shingles cost half as much as best cut wood shingles and about the same as high-grade 3-ply prepared roofing.

Edwards "REO" Steel Shingles

Easy to Put On—Cheapest Fire Insurance

Come in stamped sheets of finest Bessemer Steel, 5 to 10 feet long, covering width 24 inches, either galvanized or painted. Can be laid with hammer and nails. No soldering—no tarring—no trouble.

$10,000 Guarantee Bond Against Lightning. We will refund amount paid for our steel shingles if your roof is damaged by lightning.

Buy at Factory Prices. We are largest makers of iron and steel roofing and pay the freight on all Steel Shingles; Plain, Corrugated, V-Crimp Roofing, Imitation Brick Siding, etc. Send for our lowest factory prices delivered, also for free catalog No. 259 Write today.

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SEND NO MONEY—NO STAMPS Simply mail us the coupon printed below, or write us a postal, if you prefer. We will then mail you this great book, now fresh from the presses, picturing more than 3,000 new-style things for the home. A part of the pictures are in actual colors. This book shows a greater variety of Furniture, Carpets and Housefurnishings than is shown in any retail store in Chicago. On each article it quotes a price lower than you ever saw. It shows the newest creations in furniture, draperies, etc. And it offers you credit on everything. Have whatever you want, at our lowest cash prices, and pay us a little each month.

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Carpets—Rugs	Lamps—Clocks	Washing Machines	Baby Carriages
Silverware	Refrigerators	Talking Machines	Draperies, Etc.

We sell goods on credit at lower prices than ever were quoted for cash. You can have these home comforts now, and begin at once to enjoy them. No need to wait for the money. Simply pay as you can. We charge no interest and ask no security. Our dealings are all confidential. Any person who wants to make home more attractive is the right sort of person, and his credit is good with us.

OVER A YEAR TO PAY

Pay a few cents down on each dollar. Then take the goods, use and enjoy them, and pay us a little each month. On the average, we allow a year to pay. On pianos, two years. If misfortune comes, or loss of work, we do what we can to help out. Our whole effort, from the time you first deal with us, is to make you a permanent customer. And you will be. You will never buy housefurnishings elsewhere, and pay others' prices, after you once deal with us.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Whatever you select can be used for one month before you decide to buy it. Every article is sent on approval. You not only see it, but use it. You compare it with other similar articles, and compare our prices with others. If the article, for any reason, is unsatisfactory, simply send it back. You are under no obligation. The month's use will not cost you one penny.

FACTORY CASH PRICES

Cash mail order houses will try to convince you that credit costs more than cash. See for yourself if it does. Get our catalog and compare the prices. See who sells the lowest. The fact is, we sell on credit exactly as low as for cash. Our cash customers get not a penny of discount. To all we sell at factory prices, plus our one small profit. No middlemen of any kind get profit on our goods. We defy any other mail order house to show one price as low as we offer on a similar piece.

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We guarantee on every article a saving of 15 to 50%. We don't refer to your local store prices, for they are enormously high. We refer to catalog houses, selling for cash, and claiming to undersell us. Get our goods on trial. If you don't find that we undersell everyone else, simply send our goods back. Ask others to send goods on approval, as we do, and keep those which cost the least.

CAPITAL $7,000,000

This is the largest concern of its kind in existence. Our combined capital is $7,000,000. We have 500,000 customers. Our mail order buildings cover six acres of ground. In addition, we own 25 mammoth retail stores, in the heart of the largest cities, where we meet the fiercest competition in America. The only way in which we have grown to this size is by underselling all competition. Now we dominate the field. We control the output of scores of factories, and our enormous buying power enables us to practically fix our own costs. It would bankrupt any lesser concern to attempt to meet our prices.

You may pay cash if you want to, but we have no discount for cash. You may as well buy on credit, as half of the world is doing. You gain nothing by paying cash.

FOUR FREE CATALOGS

Our General Catalog gives pictures, prices and descriptions of everything for the home—of 3,000 things like these:

Furniture, Chinaware, Sewing Machines, Carpets, Rugs, Silverware, Washing Machines, Draperies, Lamps, Clocks, Baby Cabs, etc.

Our Stove Catalog shows 70 styles of Empire stoves and ranges, costing from 89c up. Any one of these stoves will pay for itself in fuel saving before you finish paying us.

Our Piano Catalog shows the very finest grades of pianos, as low as $175.00. We accept no money down, but simply send the piano and let it sell itself. This book will save you at least $100 on any piano you want.

Columbia Graphophones are shown in a separate catalog—all styles and all records. We will send you a machine with 12 records on 30 days' free trial.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON and mark which catalogs you want.
Please do it now—before you forget it. Let us prove at once that credit costs you less than cash.

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Please mail me the catalogs marked.
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SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO., 3450 Fisk Street, CHICAGO

PATTEN MOBBED

Jostled and Hustled on the Floor of Manchester Cotton Exchange.

London, March 12.—James A. Patten, the Chicago speculator, who came to England, as he said, to look around, found occasion to look sharply yesterday from the moment that he appeared on the cotton exchange at Manchester. His appearance was the signal for a hostile demonstration which resulted in his forcible ejection from the exchange and a flight through the streets from a mob that was prevented only by the police from doing him serious harm. Patten was hidden for a while in a business office and later smuggled into a cab and driven to more secure refuge.

Patten's coming to Manchester had been widely heralded since his arrival in Liverpool, and the reception was ready for him. There are persons in Manchester who were squeezed in the Patten rise in the price of cotton last year, and they have neither forgotten nor forgiven the man who at times has forced the price of cotton and grain to new figures.

As soon as Patten appeared on the floor of the cotton exchange at the Cottonopolis today, a broker shouted "Patten!" Instantly hostile cries were raised, and the air was filled with "booings" and hootings, mingled with an occasional cheer.

Amid the din the brokers rushed toward the American, who was quickly surrounded by a threatening mob and jostled hither and thither as the pressure of excited throngs behind carried those in the center of the circle up and down the floor of the pit in an exhausting scrimmage. After a while the brokers, exerting their energies in a common effort, made a final rush and drove the wheat king out of the door and into the street.

The business of the exchange was suspended and hundreds of men left the pit and followed the speculator into Banks street, where a crowd of men was soon assembled. At this point the visitor received a reception even more riotous than that which greeted him within the exchange. The mob hurled epithets, and a hundred fists were shaken at Patten, who turned deathly pale as the threatening crowd pressed closely, and seemed on the point of personally assaulting him.

At a critical moment, a strong force of police arrived, and, forcing their way through the rioters, the officers surrounded Patten, and a moment later they had hustled him into an office and out the back door into a cab, in which he was hurried to a railroad station. He took the first train for Liverpool.

$10,000 PAINTING STOLEN

Millet Work Cut From Frame in Crowded Museum.

San Francisco, Cal., March 14.—Carefully cut from its frame while a score of persons wandered about the other works of art, the famous painting, "The Shepherd and Flock," by Jean Francois Millet, was stolen from the art museum in Golden Gate park yesterday. No one saw the thief remove the canvas and the police are without the slightest clue. The painting is valued at $10,000.

The painting is the property of Miss Sarah M. Spooner, of this city, who is now traveling in Europe. The canvas is 21 inches in length and 17 inches tall. Alexander Lawson, the curator of the museum, says that shortly before the theft was discovered he saw a poorly dressed man lugging a bundle from the institution, but a crowd was visiting the hall at the time and he attached no importance to the incident.

The painting was insured against fire for $10,000.

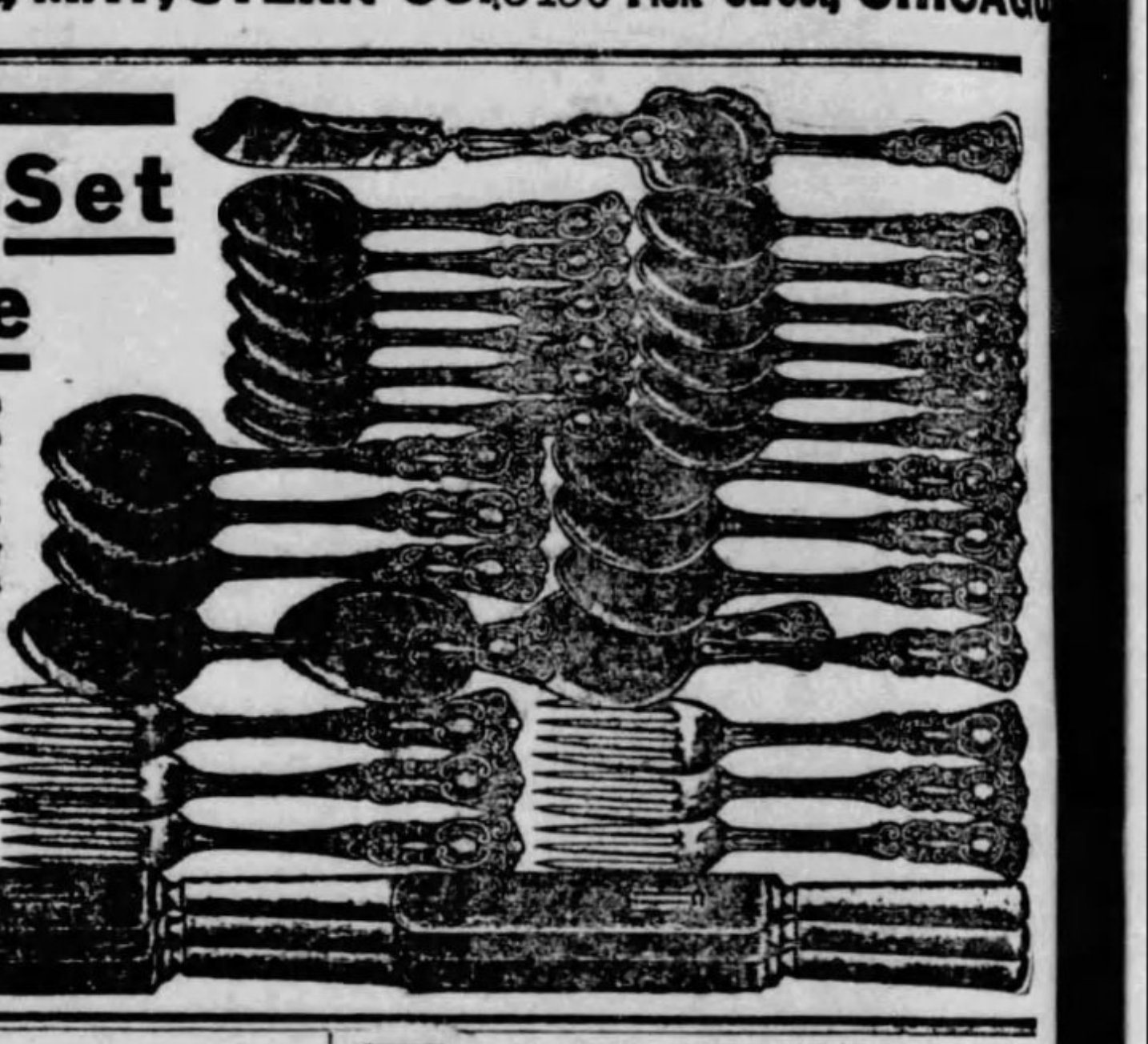
ALREADY TIRED OF PRISON

Application for Pardon of Walsh to Be Made Shortly.

Washington, March 11.—John B. Walsh, convicted bank wrecker of Chicago, wants to get out of the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth Kansas, although he has hardly got his cell warm. An application for his pardon is to be made in a very short time.

The petition asking President Taft to show mercy to a "70-year-old convict," has already been drawn. It reposes in the desk of Representative William A. Cullop, of the Second Indiana district, awaiting an opportune moment for its presentation to the President. That moment may arrive next week or the week after, but will be very soon.

Mr. Cullop says the people behind the movement are urging early action, but that just now he is holding them off.



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BUILDS FLIER OF IRON

German Hopes to Beat Zeppelin.

Trier, Germany, March 14.—An immense air-cruiser to carry from 50 to 60 persons and intended to travel at from 44 to 50 miles an hour is approaching completion here and will be launched early this spring by its inventor, Anton Border, an engineer of this city. It introduces an entirely new departure in the construction of airships, as it is built of iron. The new vessel is expected to achieve even more successful result than those of the rigid aluminum type built by Count Zeppelin, on which it is chiefly modelled. It is to be named the "Trier" after the town.

The skeleton of the balloon is formed of rolled iron piping. The central hollow iron shaft is 410 feet in length and about 16 inches in diameter. There are 16 other side shafts in the framework, each of them about 328 feet long and 8 inches in diameter. These are joined to the central shaft by a lattice work of iron.

The gas is contained in 12 ring ballonets, in the same manner as in the Zeppelin craft. The ballonets are just over 27 feet long by nearly 40 feet in diameter and they lie end to end along the body of the airship. The vessel is provided with five motors, developing altogether 480 horse power. One of them, of 80 horsepower, drives the propeller, which is fitted at the bows. The other four develop 100 horse power each and are utilized to put into movement the 16 vertical and eight horizontal screw planes which steer the ship upwards and downwards and to starboard and port. The entire weight of the framework, motors and equipment is 30 tons.

GIRL ARRESTED AS SPY

German Maiden Tries to Bribe French Soldier.

Paris, March 14.—A German girl named Mariette Lerond was arrested at Nancy a few days ago on a charge of espionage. As she made frequent trips across the frontier, the French secret service police set a watch upon her movements.

It was found she made the acquaintance of young soldiers of the Nancy garrison, evincing a special regard for those belonging to the machine gun section. She offered a sum of money to a soldier named Kerkof to procure her a diagram of the breech blocks of the machine gun. The latter professed willingness to comply with her request, but was careful, however, to inform the military authorities.

A dummy diagram was prepared, and at the moment that she received it from the hands of Kerof, the police intervened and arrested her. Other arrests are expected.

LANDIS COMES DOWN HARD

Judge Sentences Oleomargarine Dealers in Chicago.

Chicago, March 11.—Summary action was taken today by Judge K. M. Landis in the United States district court in sentencing violators of the federal laws regulating the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. The court fixed the punishment of Smuel Driesbach, who pleaded guilty, at a fine of $15,000 and six years' imprisonment in the United States penitaentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. To Daniel Bortz, who also pleaded guilty, the court meted out an 18 months' term in house of correction in this city. William Broadwell, who was sentenced some days ago, must meet like punishment with Driesbach. On the order of the court Bortz was taken to the house of correction, and preparations were made to take Driesbach and Broadwell to Fort Leavenworth today.

Should the grand jury which is to take up the investigation of the alleged irregularities in the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine desire their evidence they will be returned from the prison to testify.

Free Fit Cure

Cures Even Worst Cases To Stay Cured

To prove to any sufferer, that epilepsy can positively be cured, and to show you how we are curing the worst cases of long standing with our wonderful new Kiro treatment we will send a two weeks full treatment absolutely free. You will not be asked to pay us one penny for this proof treatment. Our treatment is positively harmless and safe. It contains no alcohol or dangerous drugs. The fits will stop at once. You will feel better right from the start. All that is necessary to get the two week's free medicine, is to send your name and address, with 10 cents in stamps, telling how long you have been sick, and how often the attacks occur, to Kiro Remedy Co. 241 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

Stomach Troubles Vanish Like Magic

FREE to Every Man or Woman

Dr. Young's PEPTOPADS cure where medicines alone fail. They regulate the bowels, relieve soreness, and strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach in either sex. You can eat what you want and all you want without fear of distress. The cures effected are marvelous. If you have Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache, etc., send 10c to cover cost of mailing, and I will send you a $1.00 treatment absolutely free. It will relieve you immediately. Address DR. G. C. YOUNG, 42 National Bank Building, Jackson, Michigan.

Try This Free! For CATARRH COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, GRIPPE, WEAK LUNGS, HEADACHE, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

No doping; no big monthly fees. A scientific, hygienic treatment which has cured thousands of men and women after all else failed (Send for convincing testimonials). Clay's Medicator is not to be compared with ordinary inhalers, douches and atomizers. Medicated air is blown (not inhaled) direct to seat of trouble in head, throat or lungs; 40 per cent more effective than any similar treatment. Quickly kills germs, heals and soothes inflamed membrane, stops mucus discharges, sweetens bad breath, restores lost taste and smell, and lasts a lifetime. Surest, promptest, cheapest cure! Because Clay's Medicator (pocket size) does all that's claimed, we gladly send it to you, with 3 month's treatment, on FREE TRIAL. If not entirely satisfied, return Medicator and it costs you not one cent! Write today! CLAY SALES AGENCY 41 [illegible] 46 State St. Chicago.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

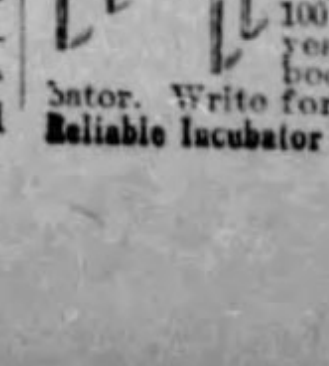
We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. F-64 CHICAGO



Big Incubator Yields

We want to send you, absolutely free, a copy of our famous "Reliable" Book on incubator yields. Tells all about eggs, poultry and incubators—the "Reliable" Incubators especially. Over 100 different subjects indexed. Our years' incubator experience and this book should help you choose an incubator. Write for it. It's free.

Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Box D 50, Quincy, Ill.

Advanced Case of Consumption Cured in Four Months.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: I feel it my duty to write you that I have been saved from the grave by Lung-Germine. Every one that saw me thought I would die in a short time, and my doctor told me he could not help me. Analysis of my sputum by the State Board of Health showed that thousands of tuberculosis germs were present. I was having hemorrhages very bad, and fever 103 every day.

I heard of Lung-Germine and began its use. At the end of two months my cough was all gone and I was gaining very fast. I sent another sample of my sputum to be analyzed and the reply came back that there were no germs whatever. When I began Lung-Germine treatment I weighed 95 pounds. I used the treatment four months in all and today I am well and strong. I weigh 115 pounds, and can truthfully say that I am completely cured of consumption by Lung-Germine. Yours very truly,

MRS. LUCY BUNDY,
1403 E. 33d Ave., Denver, Colo.

Cured of Chronic Consumption.

Dr. C. R. Wendt, Jackson, Mich.,
% Lung-Germine Co.

Dear Doctor: It is with pleasure that I write to you to let you know that after taking two months' treatment of Lung-Germine I am completely cured of chronic consumption. My case was diagnosed before taking your medicine by several local physicians, and they pronounced my case Chronic Consumption. They also told me that my right lung was so nearly closed up that not a particle of air entered it, and so to speak, was of no good to me whatever.

I called on my regular physician the 10th of this month again, and he tested my lungs. After doing so, he told me my lungs were sound as those of any healthy person. He was greatly surprised to find them in this condition. I must, of course, give Lung-Germine absolute credit for the condition my lungs are in today.

I have increased in weight from 109 to 120 lbs. and so far as I can see, my cure is complete. I assure you that I will recommend your Lung-Germine to anyone whom I may run across with weak lungs.

With best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA HAYWOOD, Ogden, Utah.

P. S.—Please address all correspondence to me in my husband's name, Mr. Jas. W. Haywood, Ogden, Utah, Gen. Del.

Cured of Consumption Five Years Ago; Not a Single Sympton Has Appeared Since.

Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Gentlemen: In response to your inquiry I can say that Lung-Germine cured me completely and permanently of what was pronounced by my attending physicians, GENUINE TUBERCULOSIS. I used only two bottles of your Lung-Germine, and this I took in March, 1902, so you see it is over five years since I was cured, and there is not the slightest indication of a relapse, and not a single symptom has returned.

Before using Lung-Germine I was losing flesh very rapidly, had night sweats, and I had two hemorrhages. I assure you that I appreciate beyond expression what your medicine has done for me, and I hereby give you permission to publish my letter if you wish. Yours sincerely,

WM. BERLEMAN,
1948 Herbert St., St. Louis, Mo.

Chronic Bronchitis and Lung Trouble Cured Three Years Ago, and Patient Remains in Perfect Health to This Day.

Following are a few extracts from a letter which we received recently from Mrs. H. C. Boldt, of Cuero, Tex.: "I was permanently cured of lung and throat trouble by your Lung-Germine three years ago, and I am glad to say that I am feeling fine as silk, and I have not even suffered with a cold to amount to anything since I was cured. Before using Lung-Germine I had tried almost every known remedy and several of our best doctors, without relief, and I had lost all hopes of ever getting well. I recommend Lung-Germine as the only medicine in the world that gives permanent relief."

Mother and Son Cured Five Years Ago, Perfectly Well Today.

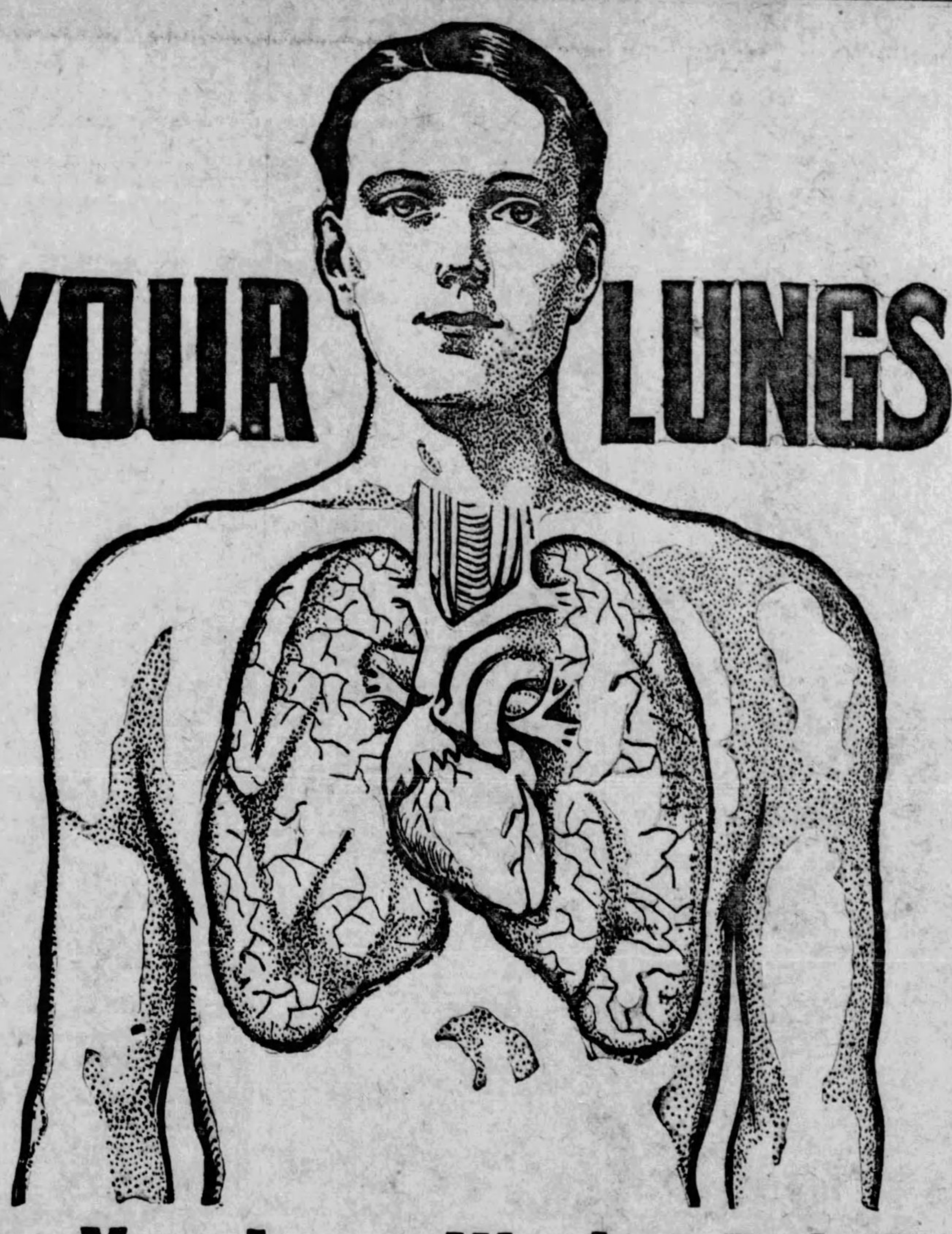
Lung-Germine Co.,
Jackson, Mich.

Dear Sirs: As to the condition of myself and mother, I can say that we are both in normal health. In the year 1902 we were cured of genuine consumption by your Lung-Germine. Before using Lung-Germine we were treating with the best physicians in Jackson, but seemed to get no relief, to say nothing of a cure. One physician told my father that nothing more could be done for my mother, she being in the last stage of consumption. I was in the second stage. Soon after getting this information Lung-Germine was recommended to us, and we both began its use. The result was that we were both cured, completely and permanently. No trouble of this kind has been noticed since we were cured, which is now just about five years ago.

I shall ever be enthusiastic over Lung-Germine and recommend it to anyone who has lung trouble in any form. No matter how far the disease is advanced, I believe it is never too late to give this medicine a fair trial, for it certainly has been successful in our cases, one of which was a most advanced one.

Yours very truly,
ALONZO BECKER,
R. F. D., Jackson, Mich.

YOUR LUNGS



Are Your Lungs Weak or Painful

DO YOUR LUNGS EVER BLEED?
DO YOU HAVE NIGHT SWEATS?
HAVE YOU PAINS IN CHEST AND SIDES?
DO YOU SPIT YELLOW AND BLACK MATTER?
ARE YOU CONTINUALLY COUGHING AND HAWKING?
DO YOU HAVE PAINS UNDER YOUR SHOULDER BLADES?

THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

WE STAND READY TO PROVE TO YOU

absolutely, that Lung-Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Diseases.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

It is not only a cure for Consumption, but a preventive. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

We Will Send You Proof Positive---Proof That Will Convince Any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you proof of many remarkable cures; also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME.

LUNG-GERMINE CO., 547 Rae Block, Jackson, Mich.

A RAILROAD WIPED OUT

Boston Transcript.

Some kinds of news travel slowly. A sentence or so in a private letter to Boston from Nevada seem to indicate that a railroad 780 miles long had been for two months put out of business by a thaw and washout. The thing seemed incredible, yet investigation proves that one road from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, Cal., is practically abandoned and no through trains are likely to run until next fall. The official name of the road is the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroad, now known as the Salt Lake route and formerly called Senator Clark's road. It has abandoned all through trains and discharged hundreds of its employes, including many high in the traffic department. The road is operating only its local trains in Utah and in California with a mixed train from Los Angeles to Las Vegas, Nev., daily, and a mixed train once a week from Las Vegas to Moapa, Nev.

In five years the Salt Lake route attained a remarkable position in trans-continental travel. It had a line of low grades and light curvature 781 miles from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, over 500 miles shorter than its competitor, the Southern Pacific. From the Utah-Nevada state line to Moapa the road was built through a deep dry wash known as the Meadow Valley wash, remarkable for its scenery and beautiful colorings. How the calamity occurred is soon told.

The winter fall of snow was very heavy, commencing November 21, earlier than usual, and the hills on both sides of this canyon received a heavy fall of snow. The snows froze on the mountains and all the later precipitations found a solid foundation on this coating of ice. The fall of snow continued up to the end of December, and on the last day of the year came a disastrous thaw which brought the top coating of snow sliding easily from the ice foundation and into the canyon, where it formed a great wall of water. This, on rushing down into the canyon, took everything before it. The road, being insecurely built in the first place, offered little resistance to the deluge, and in consequence was practically wiped out between Barclay and Moapa, Nev. Several lives were lost in the flood and a car load of horses was caught in the rushing water and most of the animals were drowned.

Train No. 4, a fast limited, was caught below Barclay and its passengers had to be brought to Modena, Utah, by sleighs. The train is still marooned, with part of its equipment careening in the bottom of the canyon. Two freight trains were also caught in the water and abandoned. The fruit and perishables in them were given up, but the merchandise was sold to nearby Nevada merchants who emptied many box cars.

The road is practicaly washed out for 80 miles. From the end of the track near the Utah-Nevada line to Caliente, a railroad town, is 19 miles and this will probably be rebuilt so as to get out equipment to the amount of $2,000,000. However, as a branch runs from Pioche to Caliente, the rebuilding of the break would not be necesary should the line be built from Modena to Pioche. Much other equipment is marooned down the canyon. Thus a transcontinental railroad, with a line almost as long as from Boston Cleveland, is absolutely tied up and some go so far as to say that it will not be opened for through traffic until late in the fall of the present year. This is the worst washout ever known and is in some respects an unparalleled disaster.

Now the question arises, "where shall the line be rebuilt?" As it his been washed out many times since it was opened in 1905 it would be merely suicidal to rebuild in the Meadow valley, for it would mean another disaster annually. Owing to this fact surveyors have gone over the ground and to date two routes have been talked of, one ia St. George, Utah, and one ia Pioche, Ne. Look at the map of Utah and Nevada showing the line of this road from Modena to Moapa. Then draw a line through those points through St. George, Utah, and another through Pioche Nev., and the situation will be explained.

The St. George route would be an agricultural line through a Mormon valley where semitropical fruits are raised and which was settled by Brigham Young 60 years ago. The other would take in the mines of Pioche, and it has been argued that the agricultural valley would produce far greater tonnage than the one mining camp. How it will be decided yet remains to be seen, but St. George seems to be favored, owing to the physical characteristics of the route and its traffic possibilities.

An Indian's Hatred.

The Missourian.

Chariot, hereditary chief of the Bitter Root Indians, erroneously called the Flatheads, is dead. He was every inch an Indian, reserved, taciturn, haughty self-contained, and at times resentful. But to those who broke through the crust of his reserve he was known as a loyal friend, as steadfast in that role as when he played the foe. Charlot suffered most over the wrongs that were inflicted upon his people. Some of his personal grievances he forgave, but he was resentful to the very end against those who had, according to his belief, robbed his people. He was proud and he despised deceit. He had some warm friends among the whites; these he trusted to the limit. But to his last breath he cherished a fierce hatred of the men who lied to him and who drove him from his ancestral home in the Bitter Root. And where is the white man who would not have done the same?

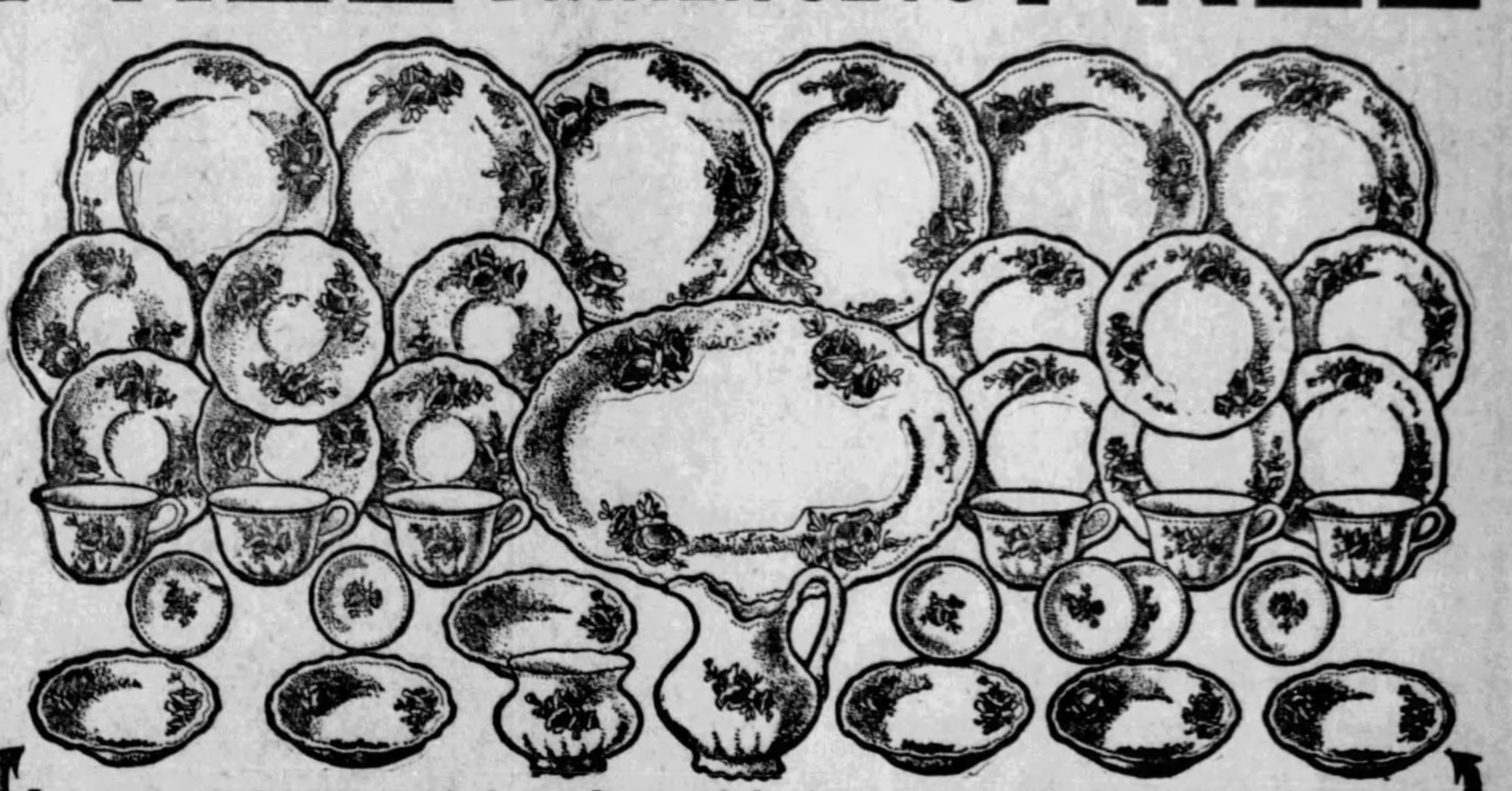
Prince George Banished.

Boston Transcript.

Prince George of Servia, the excrown prince, who has been living quietly for some time, has again attracted attention by his behavior towards M. Alimpics; prefect of police. Some months ago Prince George, meeting M. Alimpics in the corridor of the palace, insulted him. M. Alimpics asked the government to relieve him of his post, but was begged to remain. On New Year's Eve at the court ball, Prince George, observing M. Alimpics, insulted him grossly in a loud voice, causing general consternation among all present. The prefect immediately left the palace and the next day demanded his release from his post, at the same time charging the prince with insult.

The cabinet met shortly afterward specially to discuss this, and decided to keep the prefect in his position and to compel the prince to leave the country for some time. This decision was reported to the king, who approved it, and Prince George will now be made to leave Servia.

FREE 39 PIECE DINNER SETS FREE



I want to give one of these beautiful American Beauty Rose Dinner Sets to every Lady Reader of this Paper ABSOLUTELY FREE.

My Offer. I will give every lady reader of this paper one of these beautiful 39-piece Dinner sets, decorated with the large, deep glowing American Beauty Rose, the most beautiful rose in the world. I INVITE YOU TO TAKE IT. I ask you only to aid me in the very slightest degree among your friends. Just speak a kind word in my behalf. I really want to place this magnificent dinner set on your table without allowing you to pay me one penny.

Send me no money. Just mail me a postal card or sign the coupon. ***But do this Today.*** I will then send you, ***all charges paid,*** 20 packages of my very best high grade post cards. I want you to give a package of post cards ***free*** to your friends on my 25c introductory offer. Each package contains an assortment of cards, all different, no two alike. These are the very finest gold finished flower and motto post cards, and all your friends will want a package when they see how beautiful the cards really are. When you have given away the post cards on my special intoductory offer, the 39-Piece American Beauty Rose Dinner Set will be shipped to you at once absolutely free. ***There will be no delay.*** The dinner sets are packed in strong boxes guaranteed against all breakage.

Special Extra Prize. I will give you a whole box of six lovely and beautiful handkerchiefs if you are ***prompt*** and show me that you mean business. But you must be ***prompt.*** I insist on ***promptness.*** Send me your name and address ***today.*** Let me hear from you at once. Remember, you get the handkerchiefs in addition to the Dinner Set. The half dozen handkerchiefs is an ***extra gift,*** given you for being prompt. ***Don't delay a minute.*** Get your pencil and write ***today. Do it now!*** Remember, you get the 39-piece Gold Medal Dinner Set ***Free.*** And besides an ***extra gift*** of six beautiful handkerchiefs for promptness. Address

C. E. Smith, 1419 Virginia St., Kansas City, Mo.

The Decorations are the real genuine American Beauty Rose design, intermingled with the most exquisite traceries of gold. And each piece bears the genuine stamp and ***trade-mark*** of the great world-renowned Owen Potteries of Minerva. This stamp ***guarantees*** the quality of the china, guarantees it absolutely. It proves to you that you are getting the real ***Gold Medal*** China, the ***"Ware that Wears."*** You should see the rich, deep red of these delicious roses. They are burned into this handsome chinaware by the triplicate process of firing and then glazed with the perfection of knowlege gained by nearly half a hundred years of china making. This is an offer you ***must*** accept if you want the ***most beautiful Dinner Set*** ever made.

Sign this Coupon—

Put Your Name Right Here!

Do it NOW! Never before has there been such a startling and wonderful premium offered. Remember it is free to you —39-pieces free—no disagreeable work and a grand extra prize of six handkerchiefs if you are prompt. **Sign this Coupon today.** Grasp this great and extraordinary offer—the greatest and the most extraordinary offer ever made.

Sign this Coupon TODAY. Don't Delay. Do it NOW!

CUT OR TEAR OFF ON THIS LINE.

C. E. SMITH, 1419 Virginia St., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me the 20 packages of post cards to give away on your 25c introductory offer. I want the 39-piece Dinner Set.

NAME

P. O.

STATE

St., R.R. or Box

A Paradox of Climate.

New York city is unique in that it has never experienced any extremely low temperature such as should, it would seem, occur in a city situated in its latitude and unaffected by any extraneous influence, as the gulf stream or the Japan current. In fact, the metropolis since the establishment of the United tSates weather bureau and its incontestable records, has never seen colder weather than six degrees below zero.

According to the scientists there are several factors which separately or in unison determine what the climate or any particular district shall be. Aside from latitude, which must always be the chief consideration, there remain the direction of the prevailing winds, the elevation of the general land surface above the level of the sea, and the relative distribution of land and water.

On Jan. 19, 1904, the thermometer in New York city registered one degree below zero, while at Saranac Lake, a mountain station in the Adirondacks, it was 46 degrees below. The difference in altitude between these two places was the principal cause of the wide divergence of temperature, although New York city's proximity to the ocean added a great deal to the mildness of the weather at that place. It is well known that water loses its heat much more slowly than land, the latter responding more quickly to direct insulation and correspondingly losing heat by radiation more rapidly.

Paradoxical as it appears, nevertheless, it is true that the New Yorker need only turn to the south or the southwest if he wishes to learn what cold weather really is. It seems almost incredible that Nashville, Tenn., or Atlanta, Ga., should have experienced colder weather than New York; yet such is the case. Atlanta boasts of eight degrees below zero, and Nashville of 13 below.

Out of Sight of Land.

Denver Post.

"Yes," said a traveling man last night, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean 21 days."

There was a small sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up.

"On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for 29 days," he said.

A little bald-headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I started across the Kaw river at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than 300 feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little bald-headed man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."

THIS $7.75 OUTFIT FREE

This big outfit, valued at $7.75, is ***absolutely FREE*** to honest agents.

This Outfit Contains:

1 Crayon Portrait,	$1.50
1 Sepia Portrait,	$1.75
1 Pastel Portrait,	$3.00
1 Leatherette Roll,	$1.00
1 Family Record,	$0.25
1 Memorial	$0.25
Total,	$7.75

All FREE to Honest Agents

This sample outfit is 3 inches in diameter when rolled up. 17 inches long, and weighs about 2 lbs.

Fill out coupon and mail today for this big free outfit

We want honest workers in every county in the United States and Canada. We will send them this big outfit, valued at $7.75, absolutely free.

Simply sign the coupon and mail it to us. We want to hear from you right away, because we must have at least one good hustling agent in every county in the United States to represent us.

You Need No Money—We Furnish Everything

You are out nothing. We only want you to show the samples, book the orders and send them to us. We will ship goods enough to fill your orders. *You deliver the goods, collect the money, pay yourself, and any time in thirty days send us our part, which is about one-fourth of what you collect.* You always have money enough on hand, which has been collected from your subscribers, to pay yourself and us. In other words you deliver the goods, collect the money, keep your part and any time in thirty days send our part. You take a part of what you collect to pay for the goods actually delivered. Generally about 25 cents out of each $1.00 is sent us.

You Keep 75 Cents Out of Each Dollar

Putting it in another sense, out of every $100 collected you get $75 and we $25. You send our part any time in thirty days after the goods have been shipped to you.

No Experience Required because we send you full instructions with the samples and also send big catalogue showing all kinds of portraits, frames, sheet pictures, mouldings, postcards, stereoscopes and everything in art at the lowest wholesale prices. Also send our instruction book called "Nuggets of Gold," which tells you in plain, easy language just how to run the business. You can learn the whole plan in a few hours after you get the samples. **Samples, catalogue and instruction book all go together and are free. You can clear big money showing our samples and the job lasts the year round.**

J. F. Pope, of Tennessee, writes, "I haven't had a fair test yet to see just what I can do. I have a wife and five children to support. I have made $16.00 a day. I will say that if any poor man wants to get in a business that he can make money at, heshould not look further."

Andrew Fodor, of Streator, Illinois, booked $101.40 worth of orders in 17 hours by showing our samples. [illegible]

H. A. Lowery, of Yeager, Oklahoma, booked $29.50 in 11 hours. [illegible]

L. J. O'Brien, of Massachusetts, writes, "My average net profit is $20.00 per week [illegible]"

H. P. Watkins, of Kansas, writes, "My first lot from you delivered for $318.40." He sent us in thirty days after the goods were shipped $72.85, which paid for them. He kept the difference.

P. P. [illegible], of Utah, writes, "I would be safe in saying I earned [illegible]"

J. Fred Lightsey, of Georgia, wrote "I cleared $200.00 [illegible]"

L. F. Williams, of Alabama, wrote, "I have a mother and small [illegible] children to support and I have paid $300.00 [illegible]"

These testimonials, with hundreds of others, are now on file, [illegible] book their orders and send them to us. **We will ship you goods enough to fill all the orders you get, let you collect the money, pay yourself** [illegible] one-fourth of all the money you collect [illegible]

Write At Once For Samples We want honest agents in every county. None need apply [illegible] send samples and allow anyone to handle our goods and samples who are not respected by friends and neighbors and who cannot give good references. We want good, reliable agents.

FREE This Elegant Watch To quickly secure a good honest agent in every county in the U. S., we give this genuine Elgin Watch, absolutely free [illegible] gest money you ever made. We furnish you [illegible] ten years. **The watch is free and the samples are free, so fill out the coupon right away and mail it at once. SEND COUPON TODAY.**

Send Coupon TODAY

It will more than Pay YOU

Consolidated Portrait & Frame Co.
"The Company That Helps Agents"
1029 W. Adams St., Dept. 4533, Chicago, Ill.

CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO.
"The Company That Helps Agents"
1029 W. Adams Street, Dept. 4533 Chicago, Illinois.

GENTLEMEN:
Please send at your expense and risk, catalogue, instruction book and all you [illegible] If your plan suits me I can begin about ....
Name ....
Address .... State ....
R. F. D. No. ....

FREE $1.00 BOX ON TRIAL

IF SEEKING HEALTH----READ THIS

Biel's New Nerve Tablets act on the vital organs like **Steam on an Engine.** They generate vital warmth and **nerve energy.** They make you feel strong, vigorous and full of **Natural Vim and Nerve Force,** which makes you equal to the duties of life. If you are weak, nervous, lack strength, energy, ambition, feel run down, worn out, or are restless, thin, have bad dreams, poor memory, or suffer with pains in the kidneys, liver, heart, side or shoulder, we will send you **a full dollar box on trial.** When you are satisfied that our Tablets **restore health and vitality,** then send us $1. You are not required to pay one penny if you are not perfectly satisfied that they will restore you to **Health and Strength.** Send your name and address and we mail you a **dollar box** at once.

Biel Mfg. Co., Dept. 338, Denver, Colo.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

FAT is Danger

SHOWING REDUCTION OF 98 POUNDS.

Mrs. J. H. Wooldridge writes: *"My figure and appearance wonderfully improved; have lost 98 lbs."* 1000 other testimonials, men & women, with full addresses will be given you. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part my **PROOF TREATMENT FREE.** It reduces fat at rate of 1 lb. a day, safely & permanently. I will also send **free BOOK of VALUABLE ADVICE—Costs absolutely nothing.** Write to-day. I will send all **FREE,** sealed, postpaid. Address: **DR. BRADFORD,** 249 Bradford Building, 20 E. 22d St., New York. (*Licensed physician by the State of New York.*) **FREE**

LADIES, $500 REWARD

ERGO MYRRH COMPOUND CAPSULES

Best for monthly irregularities. **Absolutely safe and reliable.** Mailed in plain wrapper, $2. **DR. O. TRUDEL, 156 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.**

Economy.

Washington Star.

Secretary Crowley, of the Cattle Raisers' association, praised the other day in Galveston the cowboy automobile.

"The cowboy automobile has come to stay," he said. "A cowboy at the wheel can handle a hundred times as many streets as a cowboy in the saddle."

"But the expense!" said an English rancher.

"It's cheaper in the long run," said Colonel Crowley. "I don't believe in cheeseparing on these western plains of ours. Cheeseparing out here amid this bounteous nature, looks as ridiculous as the tactics of the St. Joseph miser.

"There are, you know, two famous misers in St. Joseph—two old bachelors, of course. The old miser called on the younger the other night and found him sitting in the dark. He lit up, however, when he found there was a mortgage paper to be examined. Yes, he lit up a small candle. But as soon as the paper was read through he blew out the candle again.

"'Why did he do that?' his guest, a little offended, asked.

"'Now, my dear sir,' said the host, 'can't we talk just as well in the dark? Of course we can, and think how it saves the candle.'

"So they talked on. Money, money, money. But the host noticed strange sounds coming from his guest's chair—strange creaks and rustlings—and at last he said:

"'What are you doing there, anyway?'

"'Why,' said the other, 'it's dark and nobody can see me, so I thought I'd take off my trousers and save wear and tear.'"

GOLF AT PANAMA

Course on Which a Red Bug Plays Its Own Game.

New York Sun.

"No, sir! Catch me playing golf in Panama!" exclaimed the isthmian civil service worker. "They've a fine course laid out over on the Pacific side—due north, by the way, from the Atlantic end of the canal, you'd think it would be west—but I don't play any golf. Not I!

"That course is the standing joke up and down the line. The new men, just out from the states, they play on it, but in about three days they wish they hadn't.

"A tiny little bug infests the grass there and it's a terror. The people in Spiggoty Land call it the red bug.

"Well, about the time one of the new fellows is trying his first drive from the tee every red bug on the grounds has marked him out for a good thing and they're making in droves for hole No. 1, beating him out to it.

"The bug always gets there first. By the time Mr. Newcomer is holing they're in committee of the hole, sitting on all available blades of grass. It's even whispered that certain artistocratic members of the red bug community have learned the art of firmly sticking to the ball wherever it touches the green and thus traveling with it into the hole.

"When the innocent player, joyous at his fine form, puts his hand into the hole, the waiting red bug jumps up his sleeve and proceeds to get busy. In the meantime all the other hosts of relatives make a concerted attack on the player. They make a specialty of getting down into his shoes, between his toes.

"Fleas bite, but the red bug digs in and proceeds to tunnel under your skin. The females lay little nests of eggs in your anatomy and they start to hatch. If one of those nests hatches it's a dangerous proposition. Many a man is lamed for life by neglecting a nest.

"When the player makes the course he don't quite know what's the matter with him. The wise ones grin delightedly at the squirming unfortunate and finally put him wise.

"Oh, the cure is easy. Get into a bathtub and rub yourself down with fresh tobacco leaves. This will make you a pale, yellow-green color all over; but the red bug drops off you. Finish up with a regular bath and also put your golf outfit sadly away for keeps. Always keep away from grass in Panama."

No Good Way With Sin.

Indianapolis Star.

In Pennsylvania divorce is easy for almost any cause; in New York it may be obtained only for the "statutory" offense, and in South Carolina it is never granted at all. Yet home are broken up with about equal frequency in all three states. There is no way of getting on happily and contentedly with bad husbands and weak wives.

In this country we have capital punishment and want it abolished. In France they abolished it and have taken it back. As a measure for preventing murder, every method of punishment is a failure. There is no royal road to the elimination of hatred from the heart of man.

When sin rules the life, it is impossible to devise laws that will prevent it from breaking out. No one should be discouraged in the labor of reform because wickedness is temporarily triumphant.

THEY WATCH YOU IN BERLIN

And It Is Sometimes Convenient When Looking Up a Friend.

New York Sun.

"I had no idea that they kept such an espionage over strangers in Berlin until a friend of mine had occasion to look up some one there," said a traveler. "We had come up from Vienna and as my friend was in the diplomatic service, we called at the embassy.

"While there he happened to think of another friend, an American who had gone to Berlin about three years before to represent an American concern and wondered how he could get a trace of him.

"'Nothing is easier,' said the embassy secretary, 'Just wait a moment.'

"He wrote a note and handed it to a messenger.

"'We shall know all about your friend in 15 minutes,' he said.

"Sure enough, within that time the messenger reappeared with an answer. From it the secretary read that Soandso had arrived in Berlin on such a date three years previous, that he lived at a certain address, that he had gone the week before to a little town in the interior, but that he was expected back within three days.

"Well, he turned up on the day the police said he would and we had dinner with him."

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It takes but a few hours' time and the study is both easy and fascinating. Learn to control others. The surest passport to health, wealth and happiness. Hypnotism cures diseases and bad habits and is unequaled as an entertainer. If you learn Hypnotism you can do hundreds of amazing things that others cannot do and surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. As a professional Hypnotist you can make big money giving entertainments and teaching the art to others. Used secretly the power is equally as valuable. Investigate NOW. Success sure. Very low cost. Write for free illustrated booklet on Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, Personal Magnetism and other occult sciences. Address **M. D. BETTS, Dept. 52, JACKSON, MICH.**

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A dead liver means awful sickness—don't let it come when it can be prevented. Cascarets keep the liver lively and bowels regular and ward off serious, fatal illness. 901

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To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cent stamp we will mail a set of the finest post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Birthday and Motto cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards all different 25 cents. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

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Can be told from childhood up, past, present, future. Cause of failure and key to success free to all. Send 2c stamps and birth date for a free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 1158 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

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Byron Forrest Co., Dept. 127, Chicago.

FEARS ROCKEFELLER PLAN

Critic Foresees Combination of All Rich Families.

Washington, March 9. — From George W. Da Cunha, an architect of Montclair, N. J., has come an open letter protesting against the Gallinger bill to grant a federal charter to the Rockefeller foundation. The letter was received by the senior senator from New Jersey. It sets forth "that the incorporation of Rockefeller's millions and the granting of a charter by the United States is a dangerous precedent against public policy, being in line with the granting of charters by crowned heads with extraordinary powers."

It is stated by Mr. Da Cunha that the placing of accumulations of Rockefeller in an incorporated body eliminates the family, and henceforth there can be no inheritance tax collected from the successions of this fortune. If the extraordinary charter asked for in this case is granted, says Mr. Da Cunha, "there can be no excuse for not granting similar charters to all the wealthy families of the land. They in turn could combine and form one corporation of the greatest sum of money in the world, and that corporation could dominate and overcome all opposition."

An open meeting of the senate committee on the District of Columbia will be held Friday, at which Starr J. Murphy, one of the Rockefeller representatives, will explain the purposes of the foundation.

INSURGENTS CATCH IT

Cannon Lampoons "Demagogues" and Praises Aldrich Tariff.

Springfield, Ill., March 15.—Speaker Cannon, in a letter read at a meeting of Republican editors here today, renewed his attack on the "insurgents" and declared that all the pledges of the platform will be kept by the Republican party if it has the continued support of the people.

The letter is addressed to George C. Rankin, president Illinois Republican Editorial association, Springfield, and in part is as follows:

"Dear Mr. Rankin—I have your favor of the 8th instant, informing me that there will be a meeting of the Illinois Republican Editorial association at Springfield, March 15, and inviting me to give you a word of encouragement and suggestion.

"I thank you for the courtesy, but I feel that there is no occasion for me either to advise or encourage the Republican editors of Illinois, who have been a potent factor in the politics of the state since before the Republican party was formally organized.

No Principles Discarded.

"The Republican party has not discarded any of its principles, nor has it sought any new issues simply for the purpose of catching the crowd ever ready for novelties. Where it has added new planks to its platform, it has kept its pledges. Republican majorities in house and senate, co-operating with the President, placed the Payne tariff law on the statute books August 5, or within less than five months from the beginning of the session.

"Within six months after its enactment that law has demonstrated that it is the best revenue producer, as well as the most scientific adjustment of protective duties, we ever had, fully justifying the President's declaration that it is the best tariff law ever enacted. The Republican party did not promise a free-trade tariff, not a downward revision, but a revision in which should be recognized the principle of protection, with the minimum and maximum rates to preserve, without excessive duty, that security against foreign competition to which American manufacturers and producers are entitled: and also to maintain the high standard of living of the wage-earners of this country, who are the most direct beneficiaries of the protective system.

Says Tariff Is all Right.

"In carrying out that pledge of the platform, we enacted a tariff in which there were 654 decreases from the Dingley law, 220 increases, and 1,150 items of the dutiable list unchanged. The articles on which duties were decreased represented $5,000,000,000 worth of consumption, while those increased had a consumption value of less than $1,000,000,000. The increases were on luxuries, and the decreases on necessities, and in the first six months of the law more than 51 per cent of our importations were free of duty, the largest percentage of free imports we have ever had under any tariff, not even excepting the Walker tariff of 1846, was called a free trade tariff. The increase of revenues has been nearly $50,000,000 in six months, making the Payne law the best revenue producer we have had, and that is a prime necessity in our increased expenditures for the greater development of the country.

"The Republican party has carried out its tariff ledges in a way to justify the President's pride in that enactment, and it will carry out its pledges as it has time for discussion and agreement on the form of the wise legislation to meet these pledges.

"The present congress in regular session has been more energetic and more successful in carrying forward the work before it than has any other congress in recent years.

"The committees have been giving most careful study to the number of bills to amend the intestate commerce law and other legislation promised in the Republican platfrom, and I think I can safely predict that this legislation will be added, while all the party pledges of the platform will be kept by the party is it has the continued support of the people. No party has ever been able to accomplish all it promised in one session of congress, and such an accomplishment has never been expected.

Scores the Demagogues.

"It is the function of the Republican editors to keep the people informed as to the work accomplished, that they may not be misled by demagogues, whose function is to complain and create dissatisfaction; and the Republican editors of Illinois can be of material assistance in presenting the truth to meet fiction, that the people may fairly judge as to the fidelity of the present administration to the principles of the party that gave it power, to the end that the President may continue to have the support of the legislative department in working out the policies of the Republican party."

Cullom Urges Party Loyalty.

A letter from United States Senator Shelby M. Cullom to Mr. Rankin, which was read at the meeting, is in part as follows:

"It seems strange to me, but the Republican party, with its magnificent record, is in danger of defeat unless we harmonize our differences and present solid front to the enemy in the coming campaign. Differences of opinion of the tariff or any other question should not be allowed to divide the party, which would surely result in the election of the Democracy.

"Whatever opinions there may be as to whether the tariff revision was up or down, the fact remains that it is a Republican tariff, passed by a Republican congress and approved by a Republican President, and it should have the support of all loyal Republicans.

"If we are to be victorious in the coming election, the attacks by Republicans on Republicans must cease. The party should uphold its leaders and stand by its principles. No man should be made an issue. I write this letter because I feel that party success is in danger, and I want the Republicans of Illinois to realize the importance of burying our differences."

The letter praises the courage and ability of President Taft saying that his sole aim has been to do what is the interest of the whole people. Speaker Cannon characterized him as "patriotic, fearless and loyal to his country and party."

Taft Sends Telegram.

Washington, March 15.—President Taft sent to the convention of the Republican editors at Springfield, Ill., today a telegram in which he expressed the hope that the Editorial association would stand by the Republican congress and the administration in its attitude toward the tariff and other legislation. The telegram, addressed to George Rankin, president of the Illinois Republican Editorial association, was as follows:

"Sincerely hope that you will have a full meeting; that there will be harmony and that the Republican editors of Illinois will stand by the action of the Republican congress and Republican administration in reference to the tariff bill and other progressive legislation. The expression of a meeting like the one you have called, arising from a normal, sane and patriotic Republican attitude, will have much influence for good in Illinois and the rest of the country."

OPENS UP MORE LAND

Ballinger Reverses Acts of Garfield.

Washington, March 10.—A large part of the lands withdrawn by former Secretary of the Interior Garfield along the Grand river in Colorado and Utah on the ground that they contained power possibilities will be restored to entry by Secretary Ballinger, an examination having shown that only 12,392 acres are serviceable for that purpose.

The testimony of former Secretary Garfield before the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee today was enlivened by the declaration of the witness that he did not believe the $30,000,000 bond issue, recommended by President Taft to congress, was necessary for the proper forwarding of irrigation work in the west. Mr. Garfield said this in defense of the co-operative agreements he entered into with water users' associations and of the reclamation certificates he issued in evidence of work performed and which have come to be known as "Garfield currency."

Mr. Garfield claimed that it was evident Attorney General Wickersham and President Taft did not have the proper facts before them when they reached opinions adverse to the legality of the reclamation certificates. The witness implied that Ballinger might have been responsible in this connection, but he did not make an outright statement to that effect.

The former secretary took issue with Mr. Ballinger as to certain statements made by the latter in his reply to President Taft regarding the various charges made against him. Mr. Garfield said he could not recall any conference with Mr. Balinger regarding the Cunningham coal claims, although Mr. Ballinger said he had immediately conferred with Mr. Garfield after the receipt of Glavis' protest against the clear listing of the Alaska claims.

Mr. Garfield admitted that in urging general coal legislation by congress early in 1908, he had made the statement that he was willing to condone fraudulent entries in Alaska provided the entry men were compelled to pay an increased price for the land to the government.

HANDSHAKES AS CURE

Human Sympathy Tried on Insane.

Washington, March 15.—"Sympathy kindness, a hearty handshake for the patient who is suffering from any of the forms of mental ills are just as much a part of the modern treatment of insanity as medicine and diet," said Clinical Director Henry W. Miller, of the great Government Hospital for the Insane at Anacostia, D. C.

"The gentle encouragement of treating the patients as one would treat a healthy-minded normal acquaintance is part of the scheme in all the modern hospitals for mental diseases. We would no more think of advocating brusque or rough methods in the handling of a person suffering from insanity than we would of using similar methods on a pneumonia patient.

"This is one of the chief principles of modern mental treatment. The results are surprisingly satisfactory. I have read the extract published from the report of the Western State hospital, of Virginia. There they have inaugurated a regular system of having the physician meet and shake hands with every patient daily. The idea is a good one and we are working along similar lines here. Gaining the sympathy and confidence of the patient is part of the cure."

At the Government Hospital for the Insane are nearly 3,000 sufferers from every variety of mental trouble. There are no less than 800 soldiers of the United States army confined there for treatment. Many of the soldiers lost their minds for their country in the fetid heat of Philippine swamps. Others lost their reason through the monotony of life in the lonely army posts of the far west. All of them are sufferers and in need of just the sort of man to create intimacy and friendship that the rules of the government hospital prescribe.

The report of the Western State hospital, after dwelling at length on the development of the present system in vogue there, quotes as the basis of its theory the following lines from James Whitcomb Riley:

"When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's
feeling kind of blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an'
won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh, my brother, for
a fellow just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way."

TIMOTHY HARRINGTON DEAD

Irish Leader Was Formerly Lord Mayor of Dublin.

London, March 14.—Timothy Harrington, member of the house of commons for Harbour division of Dublin, died Saturday. He was born in 1851. He was graduated from Trinity college, Dublin. In 1901 he was elected lord mayor of Dublin and was re-elected in 1902 and 1903. He was formerly proprietor of United Ireland and of the Kerry Sentinel. He was at one time secretary of the Irish National League and a Parnellite, but in 1897 he declared himself to be an independent nationalist.

CONGRESSMAN PERKINS DEAD

Washington, March 11.—The body of Representative James B. Perkins, of Rochester, N. Y., who died early today, probably will leave Washington for Rochester Sunday night. The arrangements for the funeral are now only in tentative shape, but it is believed that the principal services will be conducted in Christ church, Rochester, on Monday.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

MORGAN BUYS E-M-F

Pays $5,000,000 Cash for Detroit Auto Plant.

Detroit, Mich., March 9.—A deal of immense importance in the automobile world and one which promises to add much to Detroit's industrial advancement was closed yesterday in New York by which the entire plant and stockholdings of the E-M-F company were transferred to J. P. Morgan & Co. The price paid was $5,000,000 in cash, it is said.

J. B. Book, vice president of the E-M-F company, said that that property alone will ultimately be capitalized at from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000.

"It is true that the stockholders of the E-M-F company have sold to Mr. Morgan," said Vice President Book last night.

According to the terms of the stock transfer the working personnel of the company remains the same as it has been, with Walter E. Flanders as general manager. He also remains as a member of the board of directors, and retains a block of stock in the new company. Messrs. Book, Palms and Barbour, of Detroit, retire as members of the board of directors and they will be replaced by Messrs. Stevens and Delafield, of the Morgan company.

While no statement can be secured as to the entry of the Morgan company into the automobile field, it is stated that the acquisition of he E-M-F company by the Morgan interests is the first step in the organization of an immense combination which is to be gathered together. The intimation is made that the E-M-F company is to be greatly expanded and that as soon as the practical plans can be worked out the company will engage in the manufacture of commercial behicles.

Big Combine Planned.

New York, March 9.—A consolidation of certain large automobile companies having a capitalization of several hundred million dollars is believed to be under way. J. P. Morgan & Co., who yesterday purchased the E. M. F. Co., of eDtroit, will, it is understood, finance the combination.

Of the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. the following statement was issued today: "Pursuant to an arrangement with stockholders of the Studebaker Brothers' Manufacturing Co, J. P. Morgan & Co. have purchased substantially all of the stock of the Everett-Metzger-Flanders company, of Detroit, not already held by stockholders of the Studebaker Brothers' Manufacturing Co. In connection with the purchase, a contract has been entered into with Walter E. Flanders to continue as president and general manager of the Everett-Metzger-Flanders Co. for a period of three years. As a part of the transaction the litigation pending at Detroit is terminated."

SPEAK UP PROMPTLY!

Taft Appeals for Aid to Census Men.

Washington, March 15.—President Taft, in a proclamation issued today, urges everybody throughout the United States "to answer promptly, completely and accurately all inquiries addressed to them by the enumerators or other employes," who will be engaged in the taking of the thirteenth decennial census, which work will begin one month from today. The proclamation follows:

"Whereas, By the act of congress, approved July 2, 1909, the thirteenth decennial census of the United States is to be taken, beginning on the 15th day of April, 1910; and

"Whereas, A correct enumeration of the population every ten years is required by the constitution of the United States for the purpose of determining the representation of the several states in the house of representatives; and

"Whereas, It is of the utmost importance to the interests of all the people of the United States that this census should be a complete and accurate report of the population and resources of the country;

"Now, therefore, I, William Howard Taft, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and make known that, under the act aforesaid, it is the duty of every person to answer all questions on the census schedules applying to him and the family to which he belongs, and to the farm occupied by him or his family, and that any adult refusing to do so is subject to penalty.

"The sole purpose of the census is to secure general statistical information regarding the population and resources of the country, and replies are required from individuals only in order to permit the compilation of such general statistics. The census has nothing to do with taxation, with army or jury service, with the compulsion of school attendance, with the hegulation of immigration, or with the enforcement of any national, state, or local law or ordinance, nor can any person be harmed in any way by furnishing the information required. There need be no fear that any disclosure will be made regarding any individual person or his affairs. For the due protection of the rights and interests of the persons furnishing information, every employe of the census bureau is prohibited, under heavy penalty, from disclosing any information which may thus come to his knowledge.

"I therefore earnestly urge upon all persons to answer promptly, completely and accurately all inquiries addressed to them by the enumerators or other employes of the census bureau, and thereby to contribute their share toward making this great and necessary public undertaking a success.

"In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this fifteenth day of March, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and ten, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-fourth. By the President:

"WM. H. TAFT.

"P. C. KNOX,

(Seal.) "Secretary of State."

The proclamation is for the purpose of removing fears from the minds of some people who are of the opinion that information which they give concerning themselves to the census taker may be used in some way to the detriment of their personal or business interests. Against any such abuse, however, the government has thrown the strongest safeguards.

NO MORE LIQUOR FIGHT

Defeat of Dean Bill Has Settled Question.

Columbus, March 9.—The defeat yesterday afternoon of the Dean bill intended to exempt cities voting wet from the operation of the Rose county option law, marks the beginning and end of pro-liquor legislation in the seventy-seventh general assembly. The vote, 16 to 18, was exactly the same as that of last year when the senators went on record on the same proposition.

If Senator Dean carries out his plan to have a similar bill introduced in the house, it will doubtless be referred to the dry temperance committee and pigeon-holed, so that it would not even serve the purpose of getting the representatives on record.

Among the spectators who crowded the senate lobby when the vote was taken, was former senator Isaiah Rose, of Washington county, author of the county option bill. He is again a candidate for the Republican nomination for his former seat.

Wayne B. Wheeler, superintendent of the Ohio Anti-Saloon league, said last night:

"The defeat of the Dean bill was anticipated by all who knew the situation. The average public sentiment in the state was strongly against any change in the county option law until the people had been given a full opportunity to test its efficiency. The first year of its operation has been very satisfactory, and we are confident there will be no change."

URGES NEGROES TO STUDY

President Taft Approves of Higher Education.

Washington, March 9.—President Taft, in an address to an audience of several hundred negroes here tonight at a rally in the interest of Wilberforce university, of Ohio, made a strong plea for university education for the negro. "The negro race is a great and growing race," said the President. "At the close of the war there were in this country 4,000,000 negroes; today there are 10,000,000, a race with whose history the United States has been bound and with whose progress and improvement it always must be bound and united.

"While the white people and the negroes live contentedly together in this country, the negro race must have highly educated leaders who must come from a highly educated class. We hear many criticisms of higher education of the negro and many say that money spent on university education of the negro is wasted. I do not agree with these critics. The negro race must have the highest education, and the higher the better for the community. The negroes are very susceptible to pulpit influence, and their ministers who are the best educated can do more than anything else to help uplift the race. The better educated their industrial teachers, so much the better for the race."

ESTRADA QUITS THE FIGHT

Leader of Revolution Knox Backed Admits Defeat.

Washington, March 9.—General Estrada, the head of the Nicaraguan revolutionary faction, is now ready to accept any reasonable terms as a basis for peace. The state department has received, through the United States consul at Bluefields, a communication from General Estrada, asking for the intervention of the United States with a view to the selection of a provisional president of Nicaragua other than himself or Madriz.

It can be said upon authority that the present attiture of the United States is an indispostion at this time to make any suggestions in response to these appeals. In other words, to keep hands off the Nicaraguan situation until there is a practical agreement of the two factions for an appeal to the United States for assistance in solving the present difficulty.

ROUGHS WILL BE THERE

Roosevelt's Old Comrades to Join in Welcome.

Oklahoma City, March 11.—Charles E. Hunter, commander of the Rough Riders, last night issued a call for every member of the regiment to meet in New York City on June 16 to join in welcoming former President Roosevelt on his arrival from Africa. The Rough Rider veterans number about 600.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, March 8.—Senate—The senate today disposed of the agricultural bill, with total appropriations of $13,500,000, and adjourned.

House—The house passed the postoffice appropriation bill, aggregating $241,000,000, and took an adjournment.

Wednesday, March 9.—Senate—The senate made the administration railroad bill the unfinished business of the senate and its consideration, until passed, cannot be interfered with except by appropriation bills. After the first reading had been concluded a number of bills were passed, including one to establish a court of patent appeals and one authorizing the construction of a $12,000,000 building in Washington for the use of the departments of state, justice and commerce and labor.

House—The house considered bills on its calendar, passing several measures of local importance. During the early portion of the session it sustained a point of order by which the bill for the construction of embassy buildings in foreign capitals will not be permitted again to come before the house during this session.

Thursday, March 10.—Senate—The senate passed the Indian appropriation bill, carrying $10,000,000, and adjourned.

House—The house passed the United States Military academy bill, carrying $1,700,000, and began consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, which as reported by the committee appropriates $34,000,000.

Friday, March 11.—Senate—The senate was in session less than an hour and transacted no business of importance.

House—A number of pension bills were passed by the house today and consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was begun. After a five-hour session the house adjourned out of respect to the memory of the late Representative Perkins, of New York.

Saturday, March 12.—Senate—Ceremonies attending the acceptance by congress of the statue of John C. Calhoun was the chief business transacted in the senate today.

House—The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was under consideration for several hours in the house today and the Calhoun statue occupied some time.

Monday, March 14.—Senate—The nationality and mother tongue of all persons enumerated for the next census was provided for in a bill passed by the senate. The provision for recording the race of persons enumerated was left out of the present law, but upon demand of a large number of citizens of foreign birth, its reinstatement was decided upon. The senate also passed a bill providing for an election by the people of Hawaii on the subject of prohibition for the islands.

House—The consideration of local bills affecting the District of Columbia consumed the entire time of the house.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, March 15.—So sensitive is the market to factors affecting the crop either way that prices were forced lower by predictions of rain in Kansas and Missouri. The fact, however, that a mild drought over the growing districts has not been broken furnishes long interests, with no mean resisting powers. Liverpool grew weak in face of the advance in America, mainly because of poor demand for parcels and good seeding weather in the United Kingdom. There may be some damage from alternate freezing and thawing before spring opens up. In fact, the freeze last night was hard enought to cause apprehension. Toledo cash opened ¼c higher at $1.20¾, May ⅜c advanced at $1.21⅞ and July unchanged at $1.09⅛. A loss of about ½c developed early in the morning.

Cash closed 1¼c off at $1.19¼, May 1¼c down at $1.20¼ and July 1¼c lower at $1.08⅝. There were 17 cars of wheat received in Toledo today, 9 being 2 red.

After opening rather firm and a trifle higher corn weakened in sympathy with wheat. May started ¼c up at 67¼c, July ⅜c advanced at 69¼c and September ⅜c up at 69⅝c.

Closing corn prices: Cash, 64¼c; May, 66¼c; July, 68¼; September, 68⅝c.

Fair commission house buying put strength into oats at the outset. As with other grains, the bearish sentiment appeared to be in the air and prices worked downward. May opened unchanged at 48½c, July ¼c off at 46½c and September ⅛c down at 41⅝c.

Cash oats closed at 47½c, May at 47⅞c, July at 46¼c, September at 41⅛c.

Clover seed showed some recuperative powers after yesterday's slump. Opening prices were about steady and towards midday cash and March gained 5c. Initial prices were: Cash and March, $6 85; April, $6.45, and October the same.

Final prices in clover seed were about unchanged. Receipts were 560 bags, against 487 a year ago. Shipments were 1,195, compared with 388 a year ago.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.15.	Close Mar.14.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.20¾	....	....	1.19¼	1.20½
May	1.21⅞	....	....	1.20¼	1.21½
July	1.09⅞	....	1.08¼	1.08⅝	1.09⅞
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	64¼	65
May	67¼	....	....	66¼	67
July	69¼	....	....	68¼	68⅞
Sept	69⅝	69½	....	68⅝	69
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	47½	47¾
May	48½	....	47¾	47⅞	48½
July	46½	....	....	46¼	46¾
Sept.	41⅝	....	....	41⅛	41¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.85	6.90	....	6.87½	6.85
March	6.85	6.90	....	6.85	6.85
April	6.45	....	....	6.40	6.45
Oct.	6.45	....	....	6.42½	6.42½
Rye.					
No. 2	....	....	....	....	80
No. 3	....	....	....	....	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.95	1.95
March	....	....	....	1.95	1.95
Alsike.					
Prime	....	....	....	7.30	7.25
March	....	....	....	7.30	7.25

CHICAGO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.15.	Close Mar.14.
Wheat—					
May	1.14⅛	....	1.13	1.13⅜	1.14¼
July	1.08	....	1.06⅝	1.06¾	1.08
Sept	1.05⅛	....	1.03⅝	1.03⅞	1.05⅛
Corn—					
May	65¼	65¼	....	64⅝	65¼
July	66⅞	67	....	66⅛	66⅞
Sept	67⅝	....	....	66½	67¼
Oats—					
May	46	....	....	45⅝	45⅞
July	43⅝	....	....	43⅛	43⅝
Sept	40¾	....	....	40¼	40¾

NEW YORK.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.15.	Close Mar.14.
Wheat—					
May	1.24⅛	....	....	1.23⅛	1.24⅛
July	1.16⅜	....	....	1.15½	1.16⅜

ST. LOUIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.15.	Close Mar.14.
Wheat—					
May	1.12¾	....	....	1.11⅜	1.12¾
July	1.06⅛	....	....	1.05⅛	1.06

MINNEAPOLIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.15.	Close Mar.14.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.13⅛	1.14⅛
July	....	....	....	1.13⅜	1.14½

DULUTH.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.15.	Close Mar.14.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.15
July	....	....	....	....	1.15

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.15.	Close Mar.14.
Pork—					
May	26.20	26.25	25.37	25.72	26.15
July	26.20	26.07	25.37	25.70	26.05
Sept.	25.70	25.80	25.25	25.42	25.75
Lard—					
May	14.25	....	13.75	13.82	14.22
July	14.10	....	....	13.67	14.07
Sept.	14.07	....	....	13.65	14.07
Ribs—					
May	13.62	....	13.32	13.85	13.62
July	13.50	....	13.17	13.20	13.50
Sept.	13.47	....	13.15	13.17	13.45

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, March 15.—Hog receipts were light and the market remained steady. The close was firm and packers were the leading buyers. Other live stock ruled steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $11.05@11.10; good mediums, $11.00@11.05; heavy yorkers, $10.90@11.00; light yorkers, $10.75@10.85; good mixed, $11.00; good pigs, $10.75@10.85; bulk of sales, $11.00; stags and roughs, $8.00@10.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.75@7.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.50@7.00; fair to good, 950 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@6.00; common and light steers, $4.75@5.25; choice fat cows, $5.00@5.50; fair to good cows, $4.25@5.00; common cows, $3.25@3.75; canners and cutters, $2.00@3.50; prime export bulls, $5.25@5.50; good butcher bulls, $4.75@5.00; fair to good bolognas, $4.00@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good heifers, $4.75@5.25; common to light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.40; fair to good feeders, $4.50@4.85; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.65; stockers, common to fair, $3.50@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and lambs—Prime wethers, $5.50@6.00; good to choice mixed, $4.50@5.50; fair to good $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $3.50@4.00; yearlings, $5.50@6.50; lambs, fair to good, $7.50@8.00; lambs, top $9.25; common, light, $6.00@7.00; culls, $5.00@6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9@9.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pail fed, $4.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., March 15.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, one car, steady. Hogs, five cars, lower; heavy, $11.15; Yorkers and pigs, $11.10@11.15. Sheep, three cars, slow; best lambs, $10.25; yearlings, $9.25@9.40; wethers, $8.50@8.75; ewes, $7.50@8.00. Calves, $5.00@10.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 15.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 4,000, market strong; beeves, $5.30@8.40; Texas steers, $4.75@6.00; western steers, $4.80@6.65; stockers and feeders, $3.60@6.25; cows and heifers, $2.65@6.70; calves, $7.50@10.10. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 15,000, market strong to 5c higher; light, $10.45@10.90; mixed, $10.50@10.95; heavy, $10.60@11.05; rough, $10.60@10.70; good to choice heavy, $10.70@11.05; pigs, $9.65@10.50; bulk of sales, $10.80@10.95. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 10,000, market strong to 10c higher; native, $5.00@8.15; western, $5.50@8.15; yearlings, $7.80@8.85; lambs, native, $8.00@9.75; western, $8.25@10.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 15.—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Receipts, light, market active, 5c higher; prime, $11.25; mixed, $11.20@11.25; mediums, $11.20; porkers, $11.00@11.15; lights, $10.90@11.00; pigs, $10.50@10.90. Sheep—Steady, $8.50 down; top lambs, $10.40. Calves, $10.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 15.—(Wall Street)—Opening dealings in stocks today were apathetic. The strike order to the locomotive firemen of the western railroads caused a heavy tone. United States Steel lost ⅝ besides the 1¾ per cent dividend which came off the stock. New York Central, St. Paul and American Smelting also declined large fractions.

Selling was concentrated on United States Steel, Union Pacific and other favorite stocks, causing prices to break with some violence. Losses of a point or more were quite numerous. Union Pacific declined 2⅝. Louisville and Nashville and Utah Copper 2. United States Steel and St. Paul 1¾. Southern Pacific and Amalgamated Copper 1½ and Reading and Great Northern preferred 1⅝.

The threatened strike of firemen and enginemen on western railroads was the principal topic in the morning stock market. Shares of railroads immediately affected were weakest, but the whole list declined with some violence. Professional operators sold freely on the short side, and the recent support was withdrawn. The hardening money market acted as a discouragement to purchases of stocks. Union Pacific's decline ran to 2⅝. Northern Pacific and Great Northern preferred 2½, and Southern Pacific and Reading 2. In the industrial department Westinghouse Electric fell 3, Amalgamated Copper and American Locomotive 2, American Smelting 1¾, and National Lead and American Telephone 1⅝. Losses up to 1½ were common to the whole list. Noon prices were a fraction above the lowest. Bonds were easy.

The recovery in prices was short lived, further selling extending the loss in Union Pacific to over 3 points and pulling the rest of the list to a lower level. Federal Mining lost 6½. United Railways and Investment preferred advanced 4 points.

New York Stocks.

New York, March 15, 1910.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p. m.
Am. T. & T.	141⅛	141⅛	140	140
Am. Loco. com	51⅞	51⅞	50½	51
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	124½	124½	124	124
Atchison	116¼	116¼	115⅛	115¼
Am. Car & F. Co.	65	65	64	64
Anaconda	50	50	48½	48⅞
Amal. Copper	78⅞	79	76⅝	76⅞
Am. Smelters	86½	86½	85	85½
Am. Woolen Co.	38¼	38⅜	38⅛	38⅛
Alton com	57	57	57	57
Am. Tobacco pfd	98	98	98	98
Am. Ice Sec	26¾	26¾	26⅛	26⅛
Am. Beet Sugar	39½	39½	38⅝	38⅝
Balt. & Ohio	112¾	112¾	112	112
B'lyn R. Trans	76⅝	76⅝	75⅜	75⅝
Cast I. Pipe pfd	76	76	76	76
Chicago & G. W.	30½	30⅞	30	30
Canadian Pac	179	179	178½	178⅝
Clover Leaf	44¼	44½	44¼	44½
Clover Leaf pfd	68¼	68¼	68¼	68¼
Colorado Fuel	41⅛	41⅛	39¾	39¾
Ches. & Ohio	86¾	87	85¾	86
Central Leather	42½	42¾	42½	42¾
Consolidated Gas	147½	147½	145¼	145¾
Can pfd	77⅞	77⅞	77½	77½
Del. & Hudson	175	175	175	175
Erie com	31	31	30¼	30⅜
Erie 1st pfd	50	50	48¾	49
Gt. Northern pfd	137½	137½	135½	136½
Ill. Central	142½	142¼	141	141
Interborough com	22⅛	22⅛	21⅜	21¾
Interborough pfd	50	50	55¼	55⅜
Louis. & Nash	152	152	151¼	151¼
Misouri Pacific	70¼	70¼	[illegible]	[illegible]
M., K. & T. com	43¼	43¼	42⅜	42½
North. Pacific	136½	136½	134¼	134¾
National Lead	83¼	83¼	82⅜	[illegible]
Northwestern	156	156	156	156
N. Y. Central	125¼	125⅜	124⅜	124½
N. & W. com	104	104⅛	103⅛	103⅜
Ont. & Western	45	45	44⅞	44⅞
Pr. Steel Car com	44	44	43¼	43⅛
Penn. Ry.	137⅛	137⅛	136	136
Pacific Mail	32	32	32	32
People's Gas Co.	110¼	110¼	110	110
Reading com.	168½	168⅝	166¾	167¼
Rock Island	50	50	47⅞	47⅞
Rock Island pfd	91	91	90	90
Rep. I. & S. Co.	41¼	40¼	39	39½
Rep. pfd.	103	103	103	103
Ry. Steel Springs	43	43	43	43
South. Ry.	28⅛	28⅛	28	28¼
South. Ry. pfd.	66½	66½	66½	66½
St. Paul	146⅛	146⅛	144½	144½
South. Pacific	130	130	127⅜	128
Texas Pacific	31	31	29¾	29¾
Tenn. Copper	33½	33½	33	33
Union Pacific	189⅛	189¼	186⅛	187
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	110⅛	110¼	110	110
U. S. Steel	86⅜	86⅜	84⅜	85¼
U. S. Steel pfd.	122	122	121½	121½
U. S. Steel 5s	105⅛	105⅛	105	105
Utah Copper	50	50	48½	48⅞
Virginia Chem.	57¾	57¾	56¼	56½
Wabash com.	22	22	21½	21½
Wabash pfd.	49½	49½	48⅛	48½
Western Union	76	76	75½	75½

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints 33c; solid pack, 32c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; dairy butter, 25@26c.

Butterine—Tubs, 16@18½c; 1 lb. rolls, 19½c; 2 lb. rolls, 16½@19c.

Eggs—Current receipts, 22c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 17@17½c; New York State, 18c; brick, 19c; limburger, 19@20c.

Onions—Spanish, crate, $1.65; home grown, yellow globe, 50 lbs., 80c.

Celery—Florida, crate, $2.50@2.75.

Lettuce—9c; head lettuce, dozen, $1.20; Florida, hamper, $3.25.

Asparagus—2 doz. bunch crate, $4.00.

Spinach—Baltimore, hamper, $1.00; bbl., $2.00.

Pie Plant, dozen, 50@75c.

Tomatoes—Florida, 6 basket crate, $4.00; hot house, lb., 20c.

Potatoes—35@40c; new Bermudas, bbl., $9.00.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, 1¼ bu. hamper, $1.00.

Cabbage—Home grown, 2c; ton, $35.

Cauliflower—Florida, crate, $3.50.

Cucumbers—Hot house, $1.75@2.00.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, $5.50@6.00.

Beets—50c.

Parsnips—Bu., 60@75c.

Carrots—45c.

Turnips—40c.

Radishes—20@25c doz.; parsley, 60c doz. bunches.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.50@2.00.

Pineapples—Cuba, doz., $1.50@1.75; Bermuda, case, $3.75.

Apples—Baldwins, $2.00@4.50; Kings $4.00@5.00; Ben Davis $3.00@4.50; Russets, $3.50@4.00; Pacific northwest, box $1.75@3.00; Michigan, box $1.25@1.75.

Malaga Grapes—$5.50@6.50.

Lemons—$3.25.

Limes—Box of 100, $1.00@1.25.

Oranges—Florida, [illegible]@2.50; Navels, prime high colored, $2.65@2.75; Indian River, $3.75@4.

Grape Fruit—Case, $4.00@4.25.

Strawberries—Quart, 50@60c.

Maple Syrup—Gallon, $1.00.

Honey—Strained, 2 doz. cases, $1.75; fancy new comb, lb., 17@18c; amber, 16c.

Peanut butter, 16@23c.

Horseradish—Bbl., $5.00.

Cider—Gallon, 15c.

Maple Sugar—One-lb. bricks, 9c.

Popcorn—Old, lb., 3c.

Onion Sets—Yellow, bu., $1.75@2.00; white, $2.50.

Hickory Nuts, large, 50@75c bu.; small, $1.75@2.25; almonds, 16c; cocoanuts, doz., 60c; filberts, 12½c; English walnuts, 15@18c; Brazil Nuts, 10c.

Mushrooms, 4-lb. basket, $1.50@2.00.

Dressed fowl, 18@19c.

Poultry—Alive, chickens, 16c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 12¼@13¾c; heavy and rough, 10½@11c; calves, prime, 12½@13c; fair, 10@11c.

Lambs—13@14c.

Sheep—6@7c.

Cow Beef—4½@7½c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@9c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, March 15.—Butter—Creamery extras, 33@33½c; firsts, 30@31c; seconds, 28@29c; prints, 34@34½c; process extra, 27½@28c; firsts, 26½@27c; fancy dairy, 23@24c; packing stock, 21@21½c; butterine extra, 21c; firsts, 18c; standard, 15c; common, 11@13c. Cheese—York state cream, fancy, 18½@19c; Ohio creams, 18@18½c; Swiss No. 1, 19@20c; No. 2, 15@16c; bricks, 18@20c; limburger, 18@20c. Eggs—Current receipts, 21½c. Poultry—Chickens, 17@17½c; dressed 1@2c higher than alive.

New York Produce.

New York, March 15.—Butter—Firm, unchanged; receipts 7,741. Cheese—Firm, unchanged; receipts 533. Eggs—Easy; receipts 7,558. State, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery, white, fancy 27@28c; ditto gathered white, 25@27c; ditto hennery, brown and mixed, fancy, 25½@26c; ditto gathered, fair to prime, 24½@25c; western firsts, 24⅜@24½c; seconds, 23½@24c. Flour—Quiet and without quotable change; receipts, 42,092. Rye—Dull; No. 2 western, 90c nominal f.o.b. New York. Wheat—Cloudy weather, with probability of rain in Kansas, bearish northwest statistics, good increase in the European visible, poor Liverpool cables, scattered unloading by local longs, and absence of support resulted in a ¾-cent decline in wheat this morning. May, $1.23⅜@1.24⅛; July, $1.15¾@1.16⅜. Receipts 10,800. Corn—Receipts 141,750. Beef—Firm; family, $18.50@19.00. Pork—Strong, mess, $27.00; family, 27.50, short clears, $26.00@28.00. Lard—Firm, middle west, $14.60@14.70.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, March 15.—Butter—Firm; creameries, 26@31c; dairies, 22@27c. Eggs—Steady; receipts 8,174 cases at mark, cases included, 19c; firsts, 20½c; prime firsts, 21½c. Cheese—Steady; daisies, 16½@16¾c; twins, 16¼c@16½c; young Americas, 16½@16¾c; long horns, 16¼@16¾c. Potatoes—Steady; choice to fancy, 35@36c; fair to good, 33@34c. Poultry—Firm; turkeys, 16½c; chickens, 15½c; springs, 15½c. Veal—Steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 9@10½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 10½@11½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 11@12½c.

Cotton.

New York, March 15.—The cotton market opened firm at an advance of 4@12 points with new crop months relatively firm in sympathy with the showing of Liverpool, where the continent was said to be buying late positions. Business was active and quite general during the early trading, with commission houses doing more in the new crop months, but realizing was heavy at the initial advance, prices eased off 3 or 4 points from the best in consequence.

Business was very active during the forenoon and large blocks changed hands. One prominent local broker sold the New Orleans bull leader three blocks one after another of 10,000 bales each of May from 14.98c to 14.96c, and later May sold at 14.89c. There was no sign of weakness on the part of the bulls, however, and later in the morning prices recovered to 15 cents for May and the market at midday was about 4 points lower to 2 points higher, with late months relatively firm. Spot—Quiet; middling uplands, 15.20c; middling gulf, 15.45c. Estimated receipts at the ports today 14,000 bales, against 11,623 last week and 19,717 last year. For the week 70,000 bales against 77,105 last week, and 95,442 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans 2,701 bales, against 3,911 last year and at Houston 3,550 bales, against 5,755 last year.

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